

COFFIN NAILS:

THE
Story of Jane McGregor



By MRS. ROSETTA B. HASTINGS,
Superintendent Anti-Narcotics, Kansas W. C. T. U.

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Jane McGregor

BY

MRS. ROSETTA BUTLER HASTINGS

State Superintendent of Anti-Narcotics

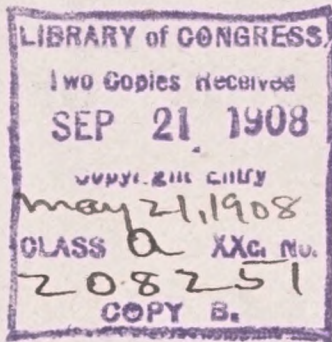
In The Kansas Woman's Christian Temperance Union

and

Author of "Jared Humphrey," "A Tavern Keeper's Daughter," "A Friend In Need" and "Neighbors."

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CHAPTER I.

THE COWBOY GIRL.

ONE hot August afternoon, soon after the boom in the short-grass country, a horseman rode across the plains. His eyes ached with gazing on the wide stretch of parched grass, bounded only by the horizon.

On account of the wholesale slaughter carried on by hunters, the buffaloes were well nigh extinct. But it had been reported that a small herd had passed that way a few days before. He had hoped to catch sight of them ere he returned home. Now he saw a herd of grazing animals in the distance. Urging his tired horse to increased speed, he eagerly rode toward them. They were not buffaloes, only cattle. But he rode on, for cattle denoted settlers, and he wanted a night's lodging. The startled cows pricked up their ears, and sidled away, but the young cattle started off on the run, as he galloped up. A little girl sprang up from behind a bunch of weeds, with the words: "Dinna ye ken what you're aboot?" And, without waiting to hear his apology, she ran to a pony which was picketed close by, unsnapped the lariat from the halter, sprang from the ground to the saddle, and galloped off after the cattle. The traveller waited, fearing to try to help her, lest he do more harm than good.

She was a chubby girl of about twelve, with a freckled face, and frowzy red hair. In her haste she had dropped her sunbonnet, and a book she had been reading. The

stranger alighted, and picked them up, thinking the cattle might run over them. He had expected to find a dime novel, but to his surprise, he saw that it was a work on geology.

The young herder soon rounded up her calves, and rode up to the stranger with a polite "Good evening. You frightened me so I forgot my manners."

He apologized for his carelessness, and handed her the things he had picked up.

"Thank you. I was scairt to forgetting them. I mostly put the book in here," she said as she slipped it into a pocket on the side of her saddle.

He learned from her that her people lived a few miles away, and that they often kept travellers.

"The night is soon here," she said, "when I start the cattle, you can coom with us."

Jumping down, she picked up a small mallet, knocked the picket loose, coiled the rope, and hung it on her saddle, and put the mallet in her saddle pocket. Remounting, she soon had the cattle in the home path. While waiting for her to do so, the stranger lit a cigar, and was loth to throw it away when she rode up. He thought she was only a child, that her father probably smoked, and that she would take it as a matter of course. But he had no sooner ridden near her than she exclaimed: "It's nae clean to smoke. Auld Indians smoke."

"Are there any Indians here?" he asked, thinking to divert her attention.

"They're gane noo," she answered, "but father took me to their tepee lang time ago. The squaws braided the gay mats, but the auld Indians joost lay aboot and smoked. You're too bonnie a gentleman to smoke like a dirty auld Indian." With a sudden flirt of her whip she knocked the cigar from his mouth. But she laughed with such childish merriment that he could not get angry.

THE COWBOY GIRL.

"Do you like to read?" he asked.

"To be sure. It's lonely oot here, and father says all school is nae good for bairnies."

"Do you go to school?"

"Not noo, the settlers have mostly gane away. But I study three lessons the day oot here, and then I can read."

"Do you like to read geology?"

"To be sure. I like to read about the queer stones, and the uncanny creatures that lived long ago."

"Do you ever read stories?"

"To be sure. Pilgrim's Progress, and Shakespeare, and Old Mortality."

"Which one of Shakespeare's stories do you like best?"

"Midsummer Night's Dream, the fairies are so quaint. Father likes Macbeth and Hamlet, but they're too gruesome. It's fearsome reading. I like Rob Roy best of all the stories. Father says they're oor ain folk. He says we cam' doon from the auld clan McGregor."

"Is your name McGregor?"

"To be sure, Jane McGregor." Then she entertained him by telling him about the prairie dogs. After awhile they came to the top of a slight rise in the undulating plain, and a narrow valley lay below them, following the sinuating course of a dry ravine. She explained that this was their home, though the traveler looked in vain for a house. But a windmill, a corral and a few sheds evidenced a human habitation, and the sight of a patch of greenness seemed refreshing.

A short stout man, with red whiskers, came out and greeted them, and Jane explained that the gentleman wanted to stay all night.

"I am benighted on the prairie, and crave your hospitality," said the stranger.

"You're welcome the night. Nae mon can say that Sandy McGregor turned any mon frae his dour," replied his host, extending his hand, and speaking with a Scotch accent.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. McGregor. My name is Donald Cameron," said the traveler, shaking the proffered hand, and alighting from his horse. "I shall be very thankful for the shelter, if it is not troubling you too much."

"Nae, nae; dinna be thanking me for the tribble; it's nae mair than right. The Camerons are from auld Scotland too. I mind me o' the Camerons o' Glasgow."

"Yes, my grandfather was a Scotchman."

Ha'e ye ganged far the day?"

"About thirty miles, I think."

"Nae doot the beastie's near dead wi' tire. A drink o' water, an' a bit o' aits will hearten her oop. Happit you're seekin' a hame amang us, as oor neebur?"

"No, I am not a homeseeker. A party of college boys have been hunting in the Rocky Mountains. We stopped off the train up north, and secured horses to hunt buffaloes, but we have not seen any. We heard there were some to the south, and the other boys are reconnoitering. I am interested in geology, and attempted to find some strange fossils that I heard were in the river bluff, but have lost my way."

"I ken the quarry you're seekin', it's a far step doon the glen. There's rare fossils doon there. I cam' on a footprint o' a bird doon there, as lang as a mon's foot."

"That's a rare specimen; I must see it."

"We'll gae doon the mornin'. There's a quarry on my ain place, well worth the saein'. There's muckle buildin' stane that you can saw wi' a saw, when you first diggit it oop, and then it hardens to rock. An' then I've anither quarry, an' if I'm not dotty, it's gypsum. I want

you to sae it."

"Certainly, I shall be glad to see them. You seem interested in geology."

"To be sure. I hae read muckle o' Hugh Miller's waurks."

The horse was taken to a hay-covered shed, against the side of the bluff.

"You have a comfortable shelter for your stock."

"It's nae mair than right to mak' them waim. I've enoo' of caves an' sheds for ilka beastie on the claim. It's shamefu' hoo some folk neglecit the poor beasties in winter."

The men were conversing so busily that they were at the house door before the stranger observed it. It was the rough stone front of a dugout in the side of the bluff, and the windows were so sheltered with vines, that at a distance it appeared like a ledge of rocks. Mr. McGregor introduced his wife, saying, "She's nae Scotch. I marriet her in this coontry. Noo, mon, sit doon, an' bide a wee, while the bairnies an' I milk the coos."

The stranger noticed that the dirt floor was neatly swept, while the walls were nearly as smooth as plastered walls. In the end of the room where he sat, were a lounge, and some shelves, well filled with books and papers. The hostess was moving around a stove at the other end, preparing supper. Farther back, smaller rooms were curtained off, and from behind the curtains a couple of chubby little faces peeped shyly out.

When the chores were done, and they were seated at the supper table, Mr. Cameron observed, "I have heard of dugouts, but I had no idea they were so comfortable."

"There's many a dirt dugout that's dire musty," replied his host. "But ther's muckle chalk in some o' these bluffs, an I happit on one o' them."

"Dug out of chalk, is it?"

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"To be sure. Chalky clay. We lived in a tent till I planted a crop, an' when the waurk lagged, or the weather was wet, I diggit a bit noo an' then, an' afore winter coom on, we had a waurm house. Afore mony years, when I can skimp the time to quarry out the stone, we'll be puttin' oop a fine stane hoose."

"I saw sod houses on the prairie today, but they all seemed uninhabited. Have you no neighbors?" asked the visitor, turning to his hostess.

"We had quite a neighborhood at one time," she replied, "but they all starved out the dry years, and went back east, except one family, several miles away."

"How are you able to stay, when others starve out?"

"No mon need starve," replied the husband, "if he has a bit o' gumption, and waurks and scrimps. When I cam' west to look about, the homesteads were all taken oop to the frontier. Some tell me there was nae rain, and naught would grow but the short-grass. But I be-thought me if the buffaloes can find browsin', why canna the coos? An' if there's nae rain, what washed these ditches oot? An' when I foond this chalk bluff, an' the two quarries, I said to mesel', 'Sandy McGregor, you're a canny mon if you poond your stakes doon in this bit o' glen.' I bought coos wi' what money we had scrapit together, an' I yoked them oop to break the sod. The neebors scoffit my coo team, but they waur steady in the yoke, and my wife made cheese from their milk the whiles. The railroad town was a far step away, but I hauled cheese the one way, and coal the ither. We had muckle rain, and muckle corn that year, an' the neeburs burned it, they waur too dawdling to haul coal. I diggit an' scrapit, frae time to time, at a dam to save the spring freshets, an' when the drooth cam' the next soommer, there was water for the coos, an' the bit garden. The neebors had scoffit me for sowin' so mooch wheat an'

barley, for they said the wheat canna' do weel on the sod, an' the barley was not mooch good. They could think of naught but corn, corn. But the wheat an' the barley crops waur fair big, while the dry winds seared the corn afore it tasselled."

The next morning, after visiting the quarries, the two men were talking geology as they saddled their horses for their visit to the bluff containing the fossils. "Jane," said her father, "fetch oot your kist of stanes, an' let the mon see them afore he gangs away."

She brought the box out in the yard, and soon became as much interested as her father, in showing the specimens.

"See this queer striped stone I found on the prairie," she said.

"Oh, that it a very pretty agate," replied Mr. Cameron. He took off his cameo scarf pin, saying: "I had this cut from an agate I found last summer." It was a delicately carved brown deer on a white ground.

She took it with an exclamation of delight. He had noticed her eyeing it curiously that morning, and, feeling under obligations for the hospitality shown him, he said: "I will trade it to you for this stone, and have this cut into another pin like that."

"Thank you," she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling, and she ran in to show it to her mother, as the men rode away.

CHAPTER II.

WALNUT HILL SEMINARY.

ONE bright September morning, four years later, there was unusual bustle in the little Illinois town of Eudora. Up the sloping streets from the depot hurried dozens of young people. Draymen were busy hauling trunks, and here and there a wagon hurried by, containing a farmer, a trunk and a boy or girl.

The large building standing in a grove of tall walnut trees was the pride of the town—Walnut Hill Seminary.

On Walnut Street, about three blocks from the Seminary, a country wagon unloaded a trunk, a woman, and a girl. A short round faced woman came to the door, exclaiming: "La, Aunt Hannah McCregor! I'm awful glad to see you. And is this the little Jane, the niece you were telling about? Come right in, and set down. But maybe Jane had better run right on to school. Mary Garner stopped in a spell, and I told her she'd better wait for you, see'in' as you was strange, but she 'lowed she couldn't wait, 'cause they was awful particular about bein' late. But you run right on, 'cause you can't miss the seminary, it's right up there. You'll find Mary Garner, the girl what rooms here, 'cause she's the biggest girl there, an' mighty friendly."

A few minutes later Henry Carson and Ned Grimes were leaning against one of the walnut trees on the campus, watching the students come in. As the peals of the first bell rang out, a girl in a blue calico dress and blue sunbonnet, came up the walk, with a brisk step.

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Her eyes were fixed curiously on the swinging bell in the tower overhead.

"There's a green freshie for you, I'll bet," said Ned.

"Blue dress. Are you color-blind, my boy?" remarked Henry.

"She looks like a dumpling."

"Just look at her cheeks, like two red apples."

"Call her apple-dumpling, then," retorted Ned, who usually found a nickname for everybody. So intently was she admiring the stately building, and listening to the great bell, that she did not observe the young men.

Knocking at the big door, she waited, but no one came. Several boys passed her and went in, and she followed. She found herself in a large corridor, with doors and stairways on every side. Boys and girls were passing in and out of the various doors, and speaking to each other, but no one noticed Jane.

"Which door shall I go in?" she asked of a girl who passed her.

"That depends on where you want to go," answered the girl, with a wink at her companion. Jane was hot with her rapid walk, and, taking off her sunbonnet, stood, fanning herself with it. Just then she heard a remark not intended for her ears, but the voice was too heavy a bass to speak inaudibly.

"That carrot head certainly grew in a country garden." Turning quickly, she saw the speaker, a tall haughty young man, who would have been handsome, but for his snub nose and heavy lips; and retorted: "Carrot heads and turnup noses grow in one garden."

A merry laugh from the girls around him brought the color to the young man's face.

"Got ahead of you that time, Cyrus," said Mattie Gaston.

Just then a large girl, with a pleasant face, came up

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and shook hands, saying, "Are you Aunt Hannah McGregor's niece that Mrs. Mallows was looking for?"

"To be sure. I am Jane McGregor, and no doot you are Mary Garner; Mrs. Mallows told me about you." Mary took her to the cloak room, and to the assembly room, as it was time for chapel, telling her that she would take her to the office afterwards, where she could see about her studies.

"I am fearful of the examinations; are they quite hard?"

"Well, not very hard."

"I learned my lessons weel at school, and when father speired me about them, afore I coom, he said I knowed them weel, but these college folk are so mooch wiser."

On the way to the assembly room Mary introduced her to other girls, explaining that they would also board at Mrs. Mallow's. One of them was Lucy Lambert, a quiet womanly girl, with dark eyes and hair, the other was Sallie Bane, a mischievous looking little girl of thirteen. A fair slender girl with yellow curls, delicate features, and smiles that rippled all over her face, came springing down the steps to meet them, exclaiming, "Oh, Mary Garner, I'm delighted to see you," and she threw her arms about Mary's neck and kissed her. "I've just been crazy to see you. I've hunted up stairs and down."

"Well, now, I have been here half an hour, and I surely have not been hiding, for I am real glad to see you, Nellie." Turning to her friends, Mary introduced her as Miss Warren.

As they waited in the assembly room, the faculty came in, and Jane whispered: "No doot that is the president. He looks like a grand auld prophet."

"Yes," answered Mary, "the one with the white beard is Prof. Porter."

"But who are the folks ahint him?"

"The other teachers."

"You dinna say it. They look just like common folk."

Mary remembered when she, too, had supposed that college teachers were so noble looking that they could be easily distinguished.

Jane passed the entrance examination and was placed in classes, and went with the other girls to Mrs. Mallow's for dinner.

Out ran a rougish, dimpled little boy to meet them, saying: "See my new pants. I thinks it was 'ou. Muvver said Mary was comin'. I knows 'ou jus' as easy way down 'e street."

"Why, now, Bennie Mallows! I hardly knew you," exclaimed Mary picking him up. "I see your pants, but where's your curls?"

"Muvver cut 'em off an' frowed 'em away in a box. She frowed my dresses away in a box, too. I's most a man. Mans don't wear dresses an' curls."

"Don't you know me, too?" asked Sallie, as Mary set him down on the porch.

"I knows 'ou little bit, course I does," looking shyly at her, and backing off.

"Don't you remember Sallie? She used to come to see us last winter, and took you buggy riding."

"Where's your buggy?"

"I left it at home. I'm coming to live at your house."

"Ou comes too soon enough, dinner ain't ready yet. I go tell muvver to make dinner quick enough."

"Oh, come upstairs with us," urged Sallie.

"There, now, Sallie, let him go to his mother," said Mary, who, with Jane and Miss Lambert, was already at the top of the stairs. "He bothered us so last winter I had to make a rule that he must not come into our rooms. Come up and put your things away, and then you can

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go down and play with him. You see," she explained to the other girls, "Sallie is my cousin. She really would have done better in the district school this year, but her mother wanted her here with me, and this is my last year."

"Why, Janie, you are not much taller than I am," said Sallie, as she came up.

"Dinna call me Janie, my name is Jane."

"Well, Jane, then, how old are you?"

"Sixteen years auld, the winter."

"Aint you Irish? You talk queer."

"No, I am Scotch. But mother is not Scotch. When I went to school the winter I talked like other girls, but mother said I had been too mooch afield with father the summer. She said I must be careful of my words or the girls would laugh. She trained me, and trained me about them, but I forget, I moost be careful."

When Mrs. Mallows called them to dinner, she introduced Mr. Mallows and Mr. Brown to the three girls, saying, "Mary don't need any introducing."

"I think we are slightly acquainted," said Mr. Brown. "I thought we were to have Josiah with us again," he continued, after they were seated.

"Yes, he did promise to come," answered Mrs. Mallows, "but he wrote the other day that he couldn't come till after corn-husking. He's such a moral young man, and talks mighty nice about folks being good, and doing their duty, I'd like to have him back."

"I wish he would practice what he preaches," replied Mr. Brown. "I remember he used to copy my arithmetic examples; and when the teacher said it was a bad sign to see our examples worked just alike, mistakes and all, what an injured look he put on, and whined that he thought it unjust to suspect such a moral young man."

"And you never said a word," exclaimed Mary.

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"What could I do, but wait for time to show which of us could work our own examples?"

"Have some of this slaw, Mr. Brown," said Mrs. Mallows, coming back from the kitchen, "it's fixed just the way you like it. You must all help yourselves, just like you was to home. Mr. Brown and Mary, they've boarded here so long, they're just like home folks."

"Home folks, indeed! exclaimed Mr. Brown. "It's Mr. Brown all the time. You used to call me Arthur."

"I aint forgot my part of the bargain no more'n you have. It's 'Mrs. Mallows, Mrs. Mallows,' you aint said mother today. You see I make my boarders call me mother, and I call them by their first names. You aint told us your first name yet," turning to Miss Lambert.

"Lucy."

"You do say! It's a mighty pretty name. Don't any of you folks quit eatin' till I bring you some peach cobbler."

"Mary, who was that stuck-up looking young man who made fun of Jane this morning?" asks Sallie.

"That was Cyrus Linville."

"Stuck-up lookin'? said Mrs. Mallows. "I should say he was. He thinks 'cause his pa's a banker here that he owns the whole creation."

"They say," remarked Arthur, "that Cyrus Linville and Henry Carson will both study law after they finish here."

"They ought to make sharpe ones," said Mrs. Mallows; "they do say those are the two sharpest boys ever come to this school. "Now make out your dinners. Don't stop hungry."

"Who's Henry Carson?" asked Sallie, as they started back to school after dinner.

"He is a young man from Peoria," answered Mary.

"I see Nellie Warren is back again," said Arthur.

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"Aint she a sweet girl?" put in Sallie.

"Henry seems to think so," replied Arthur.

"You think Flossie has cause for jealousy, do you?" asked Mary.

"Who's Flossy?" put in Sallie again.

"She's a girl from Peoria, but you're too inquisitive."

That evening Mrs. Mallows asked "Did you girls get acquainted much today?"

"We met several, but I fear I will have the strange names and faces mixed by tomorrow," replied Lucy.

"You do say! But you can soon learn the folks that live right along this street. Over on the next corner there's Mrs. Clark. She's a poor widow, with one girl, Elsie. She keeps boarders, and works mighty hard to edicate Elsie, and she's a right nice girl too. Nellie Warren is goin' to board there, I reckon, but none of the other girls she had last year has come back to school."

"I understand that school-ma'am, Miss Loraine, is to board there," said Arthur.

"Lucy, they're goin' to put you two school-ma'ams a year ahead of the rest of us new ones; that aint fair," put in Sallie.

"As I was sayin'," Mrs. Mallows continued, "on the next block there's another widow, Mrs. Heath, with one girl, Minnie, that she come here to edicate too, only she don't keep no boarders, 'cause she's a dressmaker. But I have my doubts whether she'll stand an edication, 'cause she's delicate, like, an' can't stand much. But Minnie's awful friendly. Then across the street from there are Martin's folks. They have plenty of boarders, mostly young men. Wonder who's there this year?"

"Henry Carson, and George Winthrop, and some Freshmen. And what do you think! Charlie's started to the Seminary."

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"Charley Martin! Do tell! He aint bigger'n a chipmunk, but then I know he's older'n he looks, and mighty bright. I'm afeard, though, he'll never learn to talk plain."

"I didn't like that black-eyed girl, Irene Earl. She just turned up her nose at Jane and me," put in Sallie, again, before Mrs. Mallows had finished. And Mary shook her head at her for her ill-manners.

"La!" exclaimed Mrs. Mallows, "she's that proud, 'cause she's a merchant's gal, she can't find anybody good enough to speak to."

"The fellow that made fun of Jane was talking to her about it," Sallie continued.

"Yes, I'll be bound," replied Mrs. Mallows. "They're both of a piece, and they're always together. Irene thinks everything Cyrus says is law and gospel."

In a Seminary, where there are only one or two hundred students, they soon become acquainted, and there is much fun and zest in school life.

"Our friends, who were known as the Mallows' crowd, entered heartily into both work and fun. Sallie was quite a pet, despite her pertness. She liked fun so well, however, that it took all of Mary's watchfulness to keep her up with her classes. Lucy was an earnest student, but, being shy and reticent was slow in making friends. Yet there was a kindly refinement about her that attracted the teachers and older students. Jane was not so ignorant, when it came to books, as they had supposed. She was no great talker, but she was an independent little body, and did not care who was hit by her words. She made some enemies, but more friends.

One, who had disliked Jane from the first, was Irene Earl, who had disdainfully remarked to her dressy chum, Flossy Larkin, the first day of school: "The idea of

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wearing a blue calico dress, and a sunbonnet to a Seminary!"

The fact was, she resented the curt rebuff that Jane gave Cyrus Linville that first morning. She had noticed Jane's cameo pin, with its daintily carved deer, and one evening, when the girls had gathered in the cloak room, she thought to have some fun at Jane's expense.

"What a beautiful pin," she said to her, with a wink at Flossy. "Is it a diamond or a pearl?"

"It is a cameo, cut from an agate," Jane answered, innocently. The girls laughed, and Jane glancing quickly around, caught the situation.

"But," continued Irene, "where did you find such a valuable jewel?"

"I dinna' find it, it was a giftie."

"Oh, did your mother give it to you? One of the jewels that graced her crown, wasn't it?"

"No, it was na' mother. It was a fine knight gie' it to me. Pity your mother did na' gie you the grace o' kindness."

Some of our friends belonged to the Athenians, the more exclusive of the two school societies, and proposed to invite Jane to join it.

"She's too green," said Irene; "they say she was raised in a dugout."

"The idea of an Athenian being raised in a dugout," exclaimed dignified Laura Loraine.

"But she's bright, anyway," answered Nellie. And she was taken into the society.

"You girls had a cold walk, didn't you?" asked Miss Miller, one of the teachers, one cold snowy morning, as Jane and Sallie came in, panting.

"Wind nor cold canna' shove me ahint," answered Jane.

"My nose and ears are most froze," pouted Sallie.

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"Why didn't you wrap up, child?" asked Miss Miller.

"I wouldn't wait for Mary to wrap me. We ran off," and they both burst out laughing. Miss Miller smiled, for she was quite indulgent with the girls. If there was any mischief brewing, she seemed to know it, and kept a watchful silence, until some of them confided it to her.

"Who's that burly fellow poking along with Arthur?" asked Irene.

"That's Falstaff," answered Jane.

"Who, did you say?"

"Mr. Jenkins, our new boarder," put in Sallie.

"What! Josiah Jenkins back again? Yes, that's him, sure enough. The greenest old granny."

"See," said Sallie, "he's breaking the wind off the girls. That's why we ran off."

"Doing what?"

"Acting as a windbreak for Lucy and Mary," answered Jane. "He told us at breakfast it was too severe for ladies to go out this extravagant weather," mimicking his drawling tone, "and he was always ready to sacrifice his comfort for the protection of the ladies, and we must all walk in the rearward of him and Arthur, and they would be a protectorate windbreakage for us. But who wants to dawdle after that lubberly lout?"

"He talks awful funny," said Sallie, "but Mrs. Mal- lows won't let us laugh at him; she says he's a good young man."

"So good he's good for naught," snapped Jane. "It passes me how a body with so little in him has the face to open his mouth."

"But we ought not to ridicule those who are so unfortunate as to lack sense," said Miss Miller, laying her hand gently on Jane's head.

The door was opened suddenly, and a boy cried: "Miss Miller, come quick! Professor Porter's dying!"

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"Oh!" screamed Minnie, and Miss Miller said, as she hurried out, "Don't let Minnie faint." Nellie threw her arms around her, while Jane rubbed her face with a snowball she had been eating.

The boys had gathered in Prof. Porter's office that morning discussing the weather. He had come early, and was sitting near the big, old fashioned stove. Suddenly he gasped, and his head fell back. The boys sprang to his side.

"Henry, call Professor Felton," said Philip Dayton, as he supported the dying man. "Arthur, run for Dr. Hawley. George, bring some snow." All efforts to resuscitate him were in vain, and when the doctor came, he pronounced him dead.

The last sad rites were over, and the students had gathered in the assembly room, with a feeling of awe, and a hush of manner. Prof. Felton had spoken to them feelingly of the death of their old teacher. Pausing a moment, he said, solemnly: "There is one thing more I think ought to be said, yet I hesitate, for it seems like reproaching the dead. But the dead are beyond the reach of our praise or reproach. The living are here, and need all the help we can give them. The physicians tell us that Prof. Porter died of heart trouble, brought on by his habit of chewing tobacco. Our friend and teacher had formed the habit while young, and regretted it much. He had made an effort to quit using it, but without success. I would not intrude this subject at this solemn hour, but that I hope these words may prove a timely warning to our young men. Tobacco is always injurious, and more deaths are caused by it than physicians usually make known.

"We will carry on the school as best we can, until the Christmas vacation, when the Board will employ a new President."

CHAPTER III.

THAT NEW SOCIETY.

AS the girls gathered in the cloakroom that noon, Minnie said: "I dread to pass the office door. I seem to see Professor Porter lying there. Wasn't it awful to die so suddenly?"

"I did not know he used tobacco," said Mary.

"Nor I, either," said Elsie. "Poor man, the doctor ought to have told him it would hurt him."

"Nae doot he knew himself it was poison," spoke up Jane. "It's like Shakespeare said: 'O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains.'"

"I don't like to smell the nasty stuff, but I didn't know tobacco was so awful bad," said Nellie.

"Oh, cigars are not so bad," remarked Irene, "as nasty tobacco chewing, or stinking old pipes. I rather like the smell of a good cigar."

"Yes, if men must use tobacco, cigars are least offensive," was Laura Lorain's comment.

"I have heard of many being injured by tobacco, and I think it wrong to use it in any form," answered Lucy.

As the boys passed out of the door, Josiah Jenkins said, in his drawling way: "I think you fellows what smoke got hit. Prof. Felton give you what you deserve. I always knowed tobacco was sickening, and made folks die sudden like. I hold myself above any such low-down habit."

"Oh, you bet! Your highness feels a mile above it."

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"You're just sailing around in a balloon about our heads," replied Joe Blazer.

"Josiah feels awful high above us common folks. Let's give him a little more smoke, to send his balloon hinger," said Ned Grimes—who was beginning to think himself a young man—as he pulled out a cigar.

"Put that back, my boy, till we get off the campus," said Philip Grey, in the quiet way that always commanded the respect of his schoolmates.

"I expect to be persecuted for my righteousness. All great men have been persecuted," whined Josiah.

"Oh, you poor martyr, we'll not burn you at the stake, we're not heathens!" exclaimed Henry Carson, contemptuously.

"I don't want to boast about myself," said Arthur, soberly, "but I never learned the habit, and I am glad of it."

"I expect we would all be better off without tobacco," said Philip Dayton. "I know it does me no good, even if it does no harm. Maybe we would better all quit."

"I could quit any day, if I wanted to," replied Henry Carson. "But maybe the doctors don't know what did ail Prof. Porter, anyway."

"Doctors never agree, anyhow," exclaimed Cyrus. "One says pizen, and another says honey."

"I've known lots of old men who used tobacco," continued Henry, "and they looked stout as mules."

"You bet," said Joe Blazer. "There's an old fellow I know, as grey as a rat, and so old his face looks like tanned leather."

"Maybe he wouldn't look so old if tobacco hadn't tanned him. I know two brothers, the younger one uses tobacco and the older don't, and the younger one looks ten years the older," said Arthur.

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"Who cares what the doctors say?" exclaimed Joe Blazer. "Let's be jolly while we're young."

"If I thought it hurt me to use tobacco," said George Winthrop, "I would just quit, for it's a costly habit. But I never could see that smoking a little did much harm."

"Where's Bennie?" asked Sallie, as they came in from school that noon.

"Oh, he's down to the store with his pap. The poor little fellow was that tired staying indoors all this bad weather. Mr. Mallows said he might have a good run o' trade today, seein' it's moderatin', and we needn't wait dinner on him."

"Mrs. Mallows, it was chewing tobacco killed Prof. Porter," Sallie said, as soon as she could get in a word.

"Laws a massy, child! You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Mallows from the kitchen. "Now, when I was a girl I heard my mother's cousin—her name was Polly Smith, and she come to visit us ten years ago, or was it only nine?—That's right, sit right down and go to eatin',"—seein' her boarders at the table. "I'm a comin'," and she appeared with a steaming dish in each hand.

"What was that story Sallie was a tellin' about tobacco killin' Prof. Porter?" she asked, as soon as she succeeded in turning her conversation away from excuses about her dinner.

"I am sorrowful to relate that our respectful president got his call to everlastin' habitation through the abominatin' practice of chawin' terbaccer," replied Josiah in his most sanctimonious tone.

"You don't say so!"

"Prof. Felton gave us a grandiloquent speech," he continued. "He made them fellows squirm, that's guilty of smokin' an' chawin'. They looked like sheep-

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killin' dogs. But we fellows what's kep' clear of such pollutin' practices jest held up our heads like turkey gobblers."

"You don't say so! Take hold now, and help yourselves."

"I did not feel proud," said Arthur. "Tobacco never was any temptation to me. But my conscience hurt me because I have not tried to keep other boys from using it."

"Example is better than precept," answered Mary.

"I hope," said Lucy, "this warning will prevent the other boys beginning, but I doubt whether it will break those who have formed the habit."

"The law ought to forbid tobacco using, as it does murder," spoke up Jane, vehemently.

"You don't say so! They wouldn't mind no such laws. Men will have their terbaccer. Mr. Mallows says he makes more money sellin' terbaccer than anythin' else. A man come in the store to buy some flour an' sugar, an' tobaccer, an' some calico for his wife a dress, an' come to find out he didn't have money enough, and he jest give back the sugar an' calico, but you're mighty right he kept the terbaccer."

"I wish we could do something to check this habit," continued Lucy. "Where I live but few young men use tobacco, and those that do, are hardly thought respectable enough for good society."

"That must be an exceptional neighborhood," Arthur replied. "But girls might do much to stop bad habits if they would shut tipplers and smokers out of society."

"In my opinion, ladies ought to mitten every contemptable puppy that smokes them cigars," added Josiah.

"Oh, they'd all die old maids," put in Mrs. Mallows.

"Old maids, or no old maids! Who wants to marry a smoke-house?" exclaimed Jane, contemptuously.

Just then Mr. Mallows and Bennie came in, and

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Sallie jumped up and pulled off Bennie's coat and mittens, and put him in his high chair.

"My footses is mos' freezed," said Bennie. "I jus' knowed dinner was mos' ready, but pappy wouldn't come too soon enough."

"Do you want Sallie to hold you by the fire and warm your feet?"

"No, Bennie wants pertaters an' dumplin' an' meat. Meat's better'n candy. 'Ou may have two pieces o' candy," he said, pulling some out of his pocket. "Pappy's got big heaps o' candy in the store. Don't open 'e door, Arfur, 'e freezes might come in an' get Bennie's footsies. Sallie, does chickies' footsies get cold?" he asked, presently, when he had swallowed a few mouthfuls.

"Oh, yes, sometimes. Look out and see that poor chicken standing on one foot."

"Poor chickie, did you been cold? What's he done wiv one footsie? Did it freezed off?"

"No, he is holding it up to keep it warm."

"Have 'e put it in his pocket to hide it so 'e freezes can't get it?" But Sallie did not hear, she had left the room.

That same evening the girls were studying in their room, when Nellie, Elsie and Minnie came up for a little visit. After a bit of lively chat, Elsie said: "We've been trying to think of some way to get the boys to quit using tobacco."

"It does seem terrible to think of their running such risks as Prof. Porter did," added Minnie.

"We thought," said Nellie, "if we would write a petition depicting the dangers of the habit, and explain how horridly we detest it, they would all quit."

"Now that looks plausible," answered Mary, "but I fear they would laugh at us for our pains."

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"That's just what we were talking about at dinner," said Sallie. "Arthur and Josiah said if girls would mitten such fellows, that might help."

"Why, yes," replied Minnie, "that would be better."

"If we were all brave enough to do it and stick to it," observed Lucy.

"To be sure! We'd need a deal o' backbone, for it canna' be done in a minute," said Jane.

The girls were silent a moment. Mary smiled a little bit, and resumed her study, but Lucy was thinking seriously. Could this girlish enthusiasm be turned to account for good?

"Elsie," asked Sallie, "did you notice Flossie's new dress today?"

"Oh, yes, she always has nice dresses; it was real pretty."

"Oh, wasn't it superb, and wasn't her ribbon lovely?" asked Nellie.

"What is the use?" thought Lucy, "when a pretty ribbon diverts their thoughts so quickly?" Looking up she saw Minnie still serious, and Jane in a brown study, heedless of the prattle about dress.

"Nae doot we ought to do it—start a society," exclaimed Jane suddenly, "and pledge not to go with tobacco users, and have officers, and debate and all that."

"Dear me, that's just the thing," said Elsie. "No telling how much good we could do."

"Dinna think we can turn the world oopside doon."

Then Lucy talked to them of the influence wielded by girls, and their responsibility for its use. She said that if the majority would form such a society, and keep their pledge, it might do good, but they ought to count the cost, and not expect too much. Minnie skipped around, and said to her, in a low voice: "It must be right, because you never do anything you think is the

least bit wrong. But I would rather ask mamma about it."

"That is right, Minnie. I wish I had a mother to ask."

Sallie spoke next, "I ain't afraid but I can keep that pledge. I don't want any beaux, whether they use tobacco or not. If ever I get back to my ma, I'll stay there and never marry." The others smiled a little, but they decided, with the consent of the teachers, to have a meeting called.

Mary was elected temporary chairman of the meeting. Many of the girls attended, without knowing its purpose, until it was explained by Lucy in a short speech, which she prefaced with a touching reference to their teacher's death. Jane was the first on her feet, with: "I favor this society; but society, or no society, I dinna' choose to keep company with tobacco users. I dare to do right, and gang my ain gait, beaux or no beaux. What matters it what others think, gin you be right yourself. But some folk daurna' stand alone. They're neither one thing nor the ither. So we will start a society, and make it the custom to hate tobacco. And we must na' shove ahint, but keep it opp for aye."

Irene arose at once, saying: "I am opposed to any such society. We would be meddling with what is none of our business. If men want to use tobacco, it is their own affair. I will not make myself a laughing stock by trying to order the gentlemen around, as if I was their grandmother." Elsie followed with: "We are only saying that if they like tobacco better than they like our company, we will seek better company elsewhere." Then Flossie arose. "Such a movement would be ridiculed in polite society," she began, with a contemptuous toss of her yellow curls. "In the city, a young man who does not smoke cigars is rated old-

fashioned by the upper tens. You country girls cannot persuade me into any such nonsense."

"Oh, my," whispered Sallie to Zina Green, "if Flossy don't go into it, Nellie will lose Henry Carson. He'll go back to Flossy." Perhaps Nellie thought as much, for her cheeks grew red, then white, but she bravely rose, and spoke enthusiastically in favor of the society. Others followed, favoring it.

A majority voted for the society, and it was started in due form. But a large minority waited to see if it was popular.

CHAPTER IV.

SOMETHING DID HAPPEN.

NEW YEAR'S morning came, and, with it, Prof. King, the new president. He was a dapper little man, with an intellectual face, who walked to the platform with a brisk, decided step.

As the girls came down from the Seminary that evening, there, in the middle of the street, stood Josiah, turning around, as a crowd of the younger boys pelted him. Between dodging snowballs he drawled, "The Bible says: —'If any man—smite you—on one cheek—turn to him—the other.'"

"I'd give it back to 'em, Josiah, good as they send, so I would," called Sallie.

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"The Bible says: 'Return good—for evil.' Oh! that was—dreadful hard. You ought—to be ashamed persecuting—a innocent man." With a rush they tumbled him in the ditch, and washed his face, while he begged pitifully.

"The lubberly poltroon!" exclaimed Jane.

That evening Philip Dayton was trying to bend his mind to the solution of a difficult problem, when he was disturbed by a knock at his door. Joe Blazer and Henry Carson entered, and, after friendly greetings, and a little school news, Henry pulled a package from his pocket saying:

"Got a present from an old chum who is traveling in Cuba. The dandiest cigars, real Havanas. Have a smoke?"

"Since Prof. Porter's death I have almost decided to quit smoking," returned Philip.

"Nonsense! Don't let Prof. Felton's fanaticism keep you from enjoying a luxury."

"Honestly, Henry, my eyes have bothered me for some time, and the doctor told me that I was smoking too much, and I have limited myself to two smokes a day."

"Sorry for your eyes, but you must break your rule this time."

"Well, just this once, but I sometimes wish I had never formed the habit."

"Bother the habit! Have a good time while you're young. Here, Joe, have another."

"I never refuse a cigar," answered Joe.

"Tom wrapped them in newspapers," continued Henry, after the boys had complimented their quality, "and fooled the custom house out of the duty."

"Why! that was cheating the government," said Philip.

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"You bet! But it won't break Uncle Sam."

"But it was dishonest, and it hurts your friend's character, and yours, too, to accept dishonest gains," Philip continued, laying the cigar down.

"You're too honest for your own good. You'll never succeed."

"I do not want to succeed at the cost of my self-respect."

"Didn't know you were such a Puritan," said Joe.

"How do you like our new president?" asked Henry.

"Very well. He seems energetic and cultured, a little self important, however."

"Oh, yes, he does feel his oats a little, but then he is fresh from the University. Right up to date. He wants us to organize our classes, and get up class spirit, and a gymnasium, and a ball team."

"Those things may be well enough, but my studies keep me busy. I have little time for play."

"Have you fellows found out what the girls are up to, about some mysterious pledge?" asked Joe.

"No," answered Philip, "I have heard nothing."

"Flossy hinted that the McGregor dumpling had put the girls up to giving us smokers the mitten," remarked Henry.

"She's as independent as a hog on ice," returned Joe.

"Nobody cares what she says, though," said Henry. "The other girls are certainly too well bred to interfere with a gentleman's habits."

"How about Nellie, if it is true?" asked Joe.

"Let me just ask Nellie for her company, and I don't give a fig for her pledges."

"And Miss Lucy, hey?" Joe queried, turning to Philip.

"Miss Lambert has the right to decide what company she wishes."

Wednesday morning brought the Athenian society meeting with its usual round of debates and recitations. Among the latter was one by Jane McGregor, entitled, "No Kisses for a Smoker," which was greeted by a contemptuous smile from some of the boys.

Then followed the Athenian Torchlight, read by Mary and Nellie. After several of the usual short essays, Mary read an article telling of the sudden death of some tobacco users, and finishing thus: "How disgusting are the yellow teeth and dirty lips of old tobacco users. Not only their own breath and clothing, but the clothing of their families, smell of the foul weed. Gentlemen, we beg of you to quit this habit, before you become slaves. A clergyman who saw that it injured his usefulness, said: 'I have tried a hundred times to conquer this appetite. I never succeed.' A lawyer said to a friend: 'I will give you a hundred dollars if you will tell me how to quit using tobacco, and not return to it again.'" It is more degrading to be slaves to a low-lived habit, than to a human master. Young men, will you be slaves, or free men?"

Following that, Nellie read some local pleasantries, and then this announcement: "An organization of young ladies, called the Anti-Nicotines, have signed the following pledge: 'I promise never to marry, nor to keep company with, any man who uses tobacco, and to use all laudable means to oppose the tobacco habit.' We have taken this step because we think the use of tobacco is wrong, and we have determined to do what we can to check the evil. We intend to stand by the right. Now, young gentlemen, we ask you who are guilty to quit the habit, not for our sakes, but for your own."

The boys looked at each other significantly. After the society adjourned, several of the young men waited in the vestibule, among them Henry Carson—hand-

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some, genial, wealthy, and well aware of these charms. When Nellie came out of the cloak-room, he asked to escort her home. Her face turned pale, but she uttered a very decided "No, sir." The other boys took warning, and let the grils pass out.

This episode created a slight commotion, but it was soon overshadowed by a new excitement. That school, like many seminaries, had but three classes: Freshmen, Juniors and Seniors. The Juniors and Freshmen imagined that something was going to happen, but just what, was hard to tell. The Seniors were observed, first in one room, and then in the other, whispering confidentially, and, as soon as one of the other classes noticed them, they separated. One evening the Seniors were closeted with Prof. King. George and Charley hid in the boys' cloak room, adjoining, and tried to listen. They slipped out before he dismissed the Seniors, and joined Jane and Sallie, who were waiting, and who inquired eagerly if he were scolding them.

"It did not thound like a reprimand, I heard him thay 'up to date.' " lisped Charley.

"And what do you think?" said George, "I heard him say 'Universalist;' guess he don't believe in the hot place."

"Universalists!" exclaimed Jane, "university, wasn't it?"

"Guess it was, he has university on the brain."

Josiah helped to keep up an interest in the new society by his officious talk. He heard a little of the girls' plans at Mrs. Mallows' table, and elaborated them in his telescopic brain. He advised his schoolmates:

"You boys better be abstaining from your low down practice. Them girls have sent for deficent tracts to overthrow a wheelbarrow. They are goin' to employ

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me on a colpertour mission, distributin' them tracts pertainin' to the abominatin' weed.

The girls did send for some tracts and distributed them among the tobacco users, but they did not ask Josiah's help. He had caught the idea from one of Sallie's jokes. Another of her jokes made Lucy no little trouble. When the girls sent for their tracts, the society money ran short, and Lucy finished paying for them. Arthur remarked: "Lucy must have a gold mine." Sallie took it up, and kept teasing her about her gold mine, advising Josiah to study mining, so he could work it. Josiah kept trying to walk to and from society with her, without asking her leave. She made all manner of excuses, and avodied him in every way possible, but he would not take the hint. He was constantly boasting to the boys: "It aint every fellow what can keep company with a lady what owns a gold mine."

The three societies had decided to unite and invite the public for a couple of evenings to a program consisting of music, recitations and debates, to raise money to furnish the society rooms. The girls had challenged the boys to debate the tobacco question, and the challenge had been accepted. Mary, Lucy, Jane and Nellie had been selected by the girls, and on Friday evening they were to meet to prepare for the debate. As usual Sallie remained in the dining room to romp with Bennie awhile. At length she said: "It is time for Bennie to go to bed, and let Sallie study." So she put on his gown, and tucked him in his crib.

"Put Dotty in too," and she put his kitty in with him. Then he reached his arms up around Sallie's neck, and kissed her good-night, saying: "I loves 'ou, Sallie."

As she was starting up stairs, Nellie and Minnie came in.

"Oh, Sallie, wait a minute," whispered Nellie, as

they started up stairs; "you know Mary is a Senior. What in the world are the Seniors up to, did the boys find out?"

"They think Prof. King has put the Seniors up to some class prank."

"Of all things! What does it mean? I'm most dead with curiosity."

"You don't think they will hurt anybody, do you?" asked Minnie.

"Hush! Hurt nobody! It's all a joke," replied Sallie.

Upstairs they ran, and found the girls with their books out. Jane had a temperance scrap-book, Lucy had borrowed some big books of Dr. Hawley, and Mary had found some census reports in the library.

"We are looking over our books and papers, and sorting our material," said Lucy. "Each one of us will talk about a different part of the subject."

The last class had recited, a few evenings after this, and the tramping of the throng of outgoing students on the stairs and corridors had died into silence. But Lucy still sat in the music room, where she had been practicing her lesson. It was a gloomy day, so dark she could scarcely see her notes, one of those days that takes the courage out of the heart, and makes one see the darkest side. Her fingers were no longer practicing chords, but were softly thrumming "Home, Sweet Home." A forlorn, homesick feeling came over her. She was lonely. Not a place in the wide world that she could call home. An only child, bereft of her father in childhood, she and her mother had been all in all to each other, sharing their joys and sorrows, their thoughts and plans. The mother had inculcated in the heart of her daughter religious principles, earnest devotion to duty, and noble aspirations for usefulness. But she died, just as Lucy

reached womanhood, and she felt keenly the need of a mother's guiding love and sympathy.

She was beginning to feel that there was one who appreciated her, when this question of duty stepped in between them. Was this struggle for reform practical? Was it worth what it cost? What could a handful of girls do against a world-wide evil? And the constant annoyance of having a silly fellow, like Josiah, claim her attention, because he, too, pretended to be a reformer, was more than she could bear. And there was so much criticism of their conduct, too. Mrs. Mallows had taken pains to repeat it all in their ears. Some said that they were doing more harm than good; others that they were bold and unladylike; and still others, that they were foolish, and wasting time when they ought to be studying. The sneers that only aroused Jane's combativeness, or were passed by with a laugh by Mary or Nellie, cut her to the quick. She admitted to herself that she had thought Philip Dayton a man of such integrity of character that, when once his attention was called to the evil of the smoking habit, he would abandon it. But now she knew that he was to be one of the speakers on the negative. Perhaps she ought to be thankful that she had learned so soon of his habit, and his persistence in standing with its defenders. Had she not taken this public stand against the evil, perhaps she would have learned, too late, that she could not trust a man who was a slave to a filthy habit. She felt that, whether or not they succeeded in accomplishing anything, she must be true to her own idea of right. Yet why should she, a young girl, set herself up as wiser and better than thousands of older people? She longed for some friend in whom she could confide. To be sure, she had an aunt who generously insisted on giving her a home during vacation, but she was not like mother. Mrs. Mallows

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tried to be motherly, but she was superficial, so very different from her own mother. Mary Garner was kind, and doubtless would be glad to help her, in her practical common-sense way, but, naturally reserved and reticent, Lucy shrank from confiding her feelings even to her.

Just then she heard a single footfall breaking the silence of the hall. Thinking it one of the teachers, she began gathering up her music. It paused at the open door, and then entered. She turned, to see Philip Dayton standing near her. "Excuse me, Miss Lambert," he said, "but I was passing, and wish to ask you a question. Are you and Miss Warren and Jane McGregor in earnest in your singular project? or are you merely playing a part?"

"Certainly, we are in earnest."

"And I suppose you expect to turn the world upside down?"

"I think Jane and Nellie do, but I am not such an enthusiast, I hope, however, to do some good, in a small way."

"People of good judgment should not allow themselves to be led by enthusiasts into such Utopian schemes."

Lucy hesitated a moment, then said, with forced calmness, "Do not mistake my meaning. I always despised tobacco, and have always felt that my—my intimate friends must be free from its use, but I had not expected to make a public demonstration of my principles, until Jane spurred us up to showing our colors."

"I had supposed you above coquetry," he replied, turning to leave the room.

"Mr. Dayton." He turned in the doorway, noting as he did so, her white face, and the tremble of the hand that held her roll of music, and wondered whether it

was caused by pain, or merely embarrassment. "In justice to myself," she continued, "I must say that I did not know that you smoked until after Mr. Porter's death."

"Thank you." It was spoken with cool politeness, and he was gone. She listened as his steps passed down the walk.

"Have I wronged a man's heart? Am I doing more harm than good?" she asked herself. Dropping her head on the instrument, she moaned, "Oh, mother, mother!" and the lines of the sweet poem came to her lips:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!
Make me a child again. just for tonight;
Mother, come back from the echoless shore;
Take me again to your arms as of yore."

It seemed to her, as she looked forward, that this disappointment, that made the path of duty so hard, would enshroud her whole life with gloom. She did not know, as older people know, that these hard lessons taught by experience, however sore they may be at the time, are but episodes in a long life of sunshine and shadow, and that we often look back upon them as valuable lessons. But her trouble seemed very real and bitter to her. "It is so lonely, so lonely, I haven't a friend to help me do right," she sobbed. Then she remembered that she had a heavenly friend to whom she had gone in trouble, and that He, too, had been tempted and tried. The memory of His long, lonely vigil in the wilderness rose before her as in a vision. She saw him wandering among rocky hills, or resting His weary head on a stone. She felt the terrible loneliness that oppressed Him as He realized that he had turned his back on home and mother and youthful companions, to take up His work—with its days of weariness and privation, its homeless nights when He should have no place to lay His head. She comprehended how His sensitive soul

shrank back as He looked forward to the throngs—repulsive with dirt, disease and deformity—who would crowd about Him. She felt His craving for sympathy and love of the friends who would misunderstand Him, and His dread of the sneers, gibes and persecutions. She seemed to see His struggle against those fierce temptations to use His divine power to overcome His enemies, and to raise Himself to wealth and dominion, by seating Himself on the throne of David, and crushing the kingdoms of earth under His feet. She seemed to see Him putting them all behind Him, and praying for strength to accomplish the work for which He came into the world.

And then she prayed, and a new strength and calmness came into her heart.

She heard the janitor closing the doors, and, rising hastily, she saw that it was dusk, and hurried home in the gathering gloom.

Tuesday morning was crisp and cold, and many of the students were warming their fingers around the big Seminary stoves. George Winthrop, who boarded at Mr. Martin's, had gone home the previous evening with a couple of Freshmen who lived out in the country. Charley Martin was watching for them, and greeted them with: "I'm awfu' glad you've come tho' quick. Them Theniors are up to thome trick. They've been sneaking' round that Theminary bathment door all night. They got hammer an' nailth, an' ladder. But when I tried to get in the doorth wath all locked. I saw a light in the athembly room before day."

They hurried to the Seminary, for it was nearly school-time, and slipped quietly up and opened the assembly room door. Their excited exclamations caused Charley to say, "Huth! Huth!" The Senior colors, long streamers of bright cambric, were tacked up along the

high panelled ceiling. Down they hurried, and whispered explanations soon brought an excited throng of Juniors and Freshmen.

"What does it mean?" "How on earth did they get up there?" and "What will the professor say?" were some of the excited questions.

"I fear this will lead to serious trouble," said Lucy. "Why couldn't they have put up the school colors, if they wanted to surprise us?"

"No doubt they thought to taunt us by flaunting their red rags in our faces," answered Jane.

"Prof. King helped them plan it, I'll warrant," said George. "I know now that was his University trick."

"Tear it down! Tear it down!"

"Where's a ladder?"

But a couple of the boys had run for a ladder the first thing, and now came up the back stairway. But a Senior caught sight of it, and cried: "Seniors to the rescue!" There was a rush for the door, just as the ladder was safely inside, and the lock was hardly turned till they crashed against it, yelling, "Don't you dare tear that down!"

"Open this door, or we'll tell Prof. King."

"Unlock it, or we'll call the janitor."

"Oh, don't do that, or somebody'll get hurt," cried Minnie as they set the ladder on top of the table on the platform.

"O, dear! Too short."

"Bring a chair, quick, Jane!" called George.

"Not I. I have naught to do with it!"

"Who would have thought Jane was a fraid-cat?"

"Dinna call me a cooard! It was wrong to put that oop, and it's wrong for us to tear it down." But Nellie, all excitement, had brought the chair. It was put on the table, and the ladder on it.

"Oh, George, let Charley go up, he's the lightest," said Minnie.

"But my arms are longest. Hold the chair steady, boys." In the bustle inside they had not noticed the quiet outside. From the hall window to the portico Henry had beckoned the Seniors to follow him. He remembered an assembly room window with a broken catch, about four feet from the end of the portico. He snatched a window pole from the corner, as he ran, and from the portico threw the window up suddenly, and leaped in, followed by other Seniors. They rushed up with a deafening class yell. There was an excited skirmish—pushing—pulling—loud words, and Minnie's screams. Above the din Jane's voice rang out, "Jump, George! Jump toward the wall!" George jumped, taking the streamers with him, just as Henry's heavy kick sent the table, chair, and ladder tumbling off the platform. An angry scuffle for the streamers followed. In a moment they were torn to shreds.

In the confusion, Jane unlocked the door, and ran for water, when she met Prof. King in the corridor.

"What's the trouble?"

"A class fight. Minnie's fainted. I'm going for water."

"Order! Silence! Take your seats."

Had a bombshell burst in their midst, it would not have startled them more. Sending for the janitor to clear the rubbish, as soon as Minnie revived, Prof. King said:

"Fun is all right in its place, but this is not the time nor place, and disordered clothing, and hair awry, are not becoming in the schoolroom. Seeing that the Seniors had succeeded in putting their colors in such an inaccessible place, you might have allowed them the satisfaction of keeping them there one day, at least."

"They practiced your preaching. It is wrong to teach classes to quarrel," Jane said, springing to her feet.

"Never mind that now, take your seat."

Jane was afterward called to the office, and reprimanded for disrespect to her teacher.

"I dinna mean it aforehand," she replied, "the words came skelpin' themselves oot afore I thought. But I dinna know it was wrong. I told the truth, and stood oop for the right. Father used to say 'Dinna fear to stand oop for the right; an' dinna fear to say that wrong is wrong.' If I mistook the right, I am sorry."

Telling her that, hereafter, she must be more respectful to her teachers, and allow them to decide what was right, in the absence of her parents, she was excused.

CHAPTER V.

A COFFIN.

THE night of the entertainment found the assembly room crowded. After some preliminary business and recitations, Mary, who was an experienced debater, opened the discussion. "Honorable judges, ladies and gentlemen," she began; "The use of tobacco is a waste of money, and therefore wrong. If a man smokes three six-cent cigars a day, it amounts to \$65.70—say, in round numbers, to sixty dollars a year. If he, instead, would put this money at compound interest at six

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per cent, it would, in ten years, amount to \$790.58; in twenty years to \$2,006.46; and in fifty years to \$17,415.52. Has a man the right to burn up the price of a home, and leave his children homeless? Probably a hundred million people use tobacco, for which they spend nearly five billion dollars a year. People grumble about high taxes, but the tobacco money for one year would run the government three or four years. They complain of hard times, but, every year, they burn up from thirty to a hundred dollars each. The United States raises about six hundred million pounds of tobacco a year, besides importing cigars from Cuba and Mexico. The people of this country spend over seven hundred million dollars a year for tobacco.

The salaries of all the preachers in this country amounts to only six million dollars, less than a hundredth part as much as the tobacco costs. All the bread eaten in the United States costs only about five-eighths as much as the tobacco. All of our meat costs less than half as much as the tobacco. And this useless weed costs almost as much as all the clothing worn by rich and poor. The cost of all the schools in this boasted land of education is less than one-seventh of the cost of the tobacco burned in pipes and cigars. Add to this the cost of the buildings burned by careless smokers.

Half a million acres of the richest land, in the United States alone, is wasted in raising this poisonous plant, enough to raise twenty million bushels of corn. It is estimated that ten times that amount of land, the world over, is used for that baneful crop; enough to raise food for all earth's starving millions in every famine-stricken land.

Is it right to take the bread out of the mouths of children, and feed it to dogs?

There are men, even in this country, rolling their quids

A COFFIN

like sweet morsels under their tongues, whose children are ragged and ignorant. I appeal to you, in the name of all the famished children, is it right to cultivate a poison where wholesome food ought to grow?"

Of course they cheered the retiring speaker. They always cheered the young people at Eudora.

"Henry likes to sit at the back of the room, so that people can see him as he goes up," whispered Irene to Flossy, who retorted: "He knows he is worth looking at, as well as worth listening to. Where is Phil? I don't see him. Wonder if he has backed out, after all?" continued Flossy, but in so loud a whisper that Lucy, who sat near, heard every word.

"Yonder he is, in the corner. Why should he back out?"

"I thought maybe Lucy had given him his orders. Henry said he had hard work to coax him to debate, and today he tried to beg off with the plea that he couldn't spare time from his lessons."

"Don't you fret yourself. He is too smart to be caught with their crazy chaff. I saw him smoking a cigar today, and he hasn't spoken to her since Christmas that I've heard of. He isn't getting as good grades as he did, somehow, but the boys say he studies awful hard."

By this time Henry had begun his reply with a prelude of flattery to the beautiful ladies and intelligent gentlemen. "You have listened," he continued, "with patience, to the dry figures with which my opponent has worried you. She has shown you the cost of one of the luxuries, of civilization. Civilized men can afford luxuries, but savages content themselves with the bare necessities of existence. The amount of money spent for luxuries is one of the criterions by which we measure the advance of a nation in civilization. The lady does not admire our luxury, but tastes differ. Smoking was fashionable

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for women a generation ago, and they enjoyed it with as much gusto as men. Even at this day, it is fashionable in some parts of the world, but it happens to be out of style here. My kindhearted opponent seems much exercised because this money was not used for charity. I do not claim to be perfectly unselfish, but our lady friends are not guiltless in this respect. In fine dress and house furnishings they are equally extravagant. They spend a hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year for clothing. I do not object to this, but people who live in glass houses should not throw stones. She makes much ado over people's grumbling about taxes. But the maligned tobacco-user does more for his government than any one else except the whiskey drinker. The revenue paid our government by tobacco is twenty-six million dollars a year, and in England it is thirty-two million dollars a year. As for the poverty she depicts, of course we should all be charitable, but she need not try to work on our tender feelings. The poor are used to their poverty, and do not miss the things they never had. My idea of doing good is giving pleasure, and what can give a man more pleasure than to lean back in an easy chair and see the smoke curling up from a fragrant cigar? Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, I deny that the use of tobacco is an evil, and claim that it is a blessing."

The cheering was loud, by the boys and old tobacco users, for Henry's delivery had been eloquent, but the audience was a little disappointed in the young orator.

The society adjourned for the customary recess, and there was a general buzz of conversation in the room. But Sallie and her chum, Zina Green, with their usual restless hilarity, ran downstairs, and out, bareheaded, in the cold, after the snow to eat.

"Oh, my! What's that light in the attic for?" asked Sallie.

A COFFIN

"I would just like to know what they're doing up there," answered Zina, in a low tone. "I left a book here and came after it about dark, and I heard the queerest squeaking sound up in the attic, like somebody sawing wood. I was scared."

"It's just some of the boys making something up there, so it is. Let's slip up while they are in society, and see what they are making. Hurry, before somebody sees us."

So up two flights of stairs they ran, on tiptoe, but the attic door was locked. Sallie was not to be fooled, and, stooping, she peeped in at the keyhole. Suddenly she stepped back, with a startled whisper: "Oh, my! It's a coffin!"

"A coffin! You don't say so!" and down went Zina's eye to the keyhole. But she jumped up more quickly than Sallie did, with a frightened: "Pity sakes! Let's run down quick. I'm awful scared."

"Oh, my! Are they going to murder somebody? It's big enough for a man," Sallie whispered, as they slipped cautiously down. Jane, coming into the corridor for a drink, saw two pale, frightened looking girls.

"Why, Sallie, what's frightened you?"

"There's the awfulest thing in the attic," whispered Zina.

"Hush! It's a great big coffin, so it is," whispered Sallie.

"Nonsense! It passes all what a deal you can make out of naught."

"Just come up and see," said Sallie.

"I won't go up there again. I'm awful scared," said Zina.

"We can't go now, there's the bell for society; we can go after it's out."

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"Oh! Don't you tell anybody what we saw," chimed in both girls.

They were called to order, and it was announced that the debate would be resumed, to be followed by music and recitations. Lucy's turn had come, and she was much embarrassed, so much so that there was a perceptible tremor in her voice, as she explained that she was to tell them something of the effects of tobacco on the health. "The negative," she said, "failed to answer the arguments given by my colleague, but had much to say of the pleasure given by tobacco. If a child took pleasure in eating poisoned candy, would you hesitate about taking it away from him for fear of spoiling his enjoyment? Tobacco is a poison. Give a boy a small piece, and tell him to chew it, and to spit out all the juice. In half an hour he will be deathly sick. Go to a druggist and tell him you want a poison that will make a person violently ill by simply holding a small piece in the mouth, without swallowing a particle, and he will hunt his shelves in vain for one that, used in that manner, is equally violent, unless it be prussic acid.

"Doctors sometimes give tobacco as an emetic, but medical books warn them not to use it except in extreme cases of poisoning, and they give instances of death, caused by giving it for that purpose. Physicians estimate that twenty thousand people die every year, in this country, from the effects of tobacco, and that when a tobacco user is sick, it takes nearly twice as much medicine to have any effect. Dr. Gibbons says: 'Tobacco impairs digestion, poisons the blood, depraves the vital powers, causes the limbs to tremble, and weakens, and otherwise disorders the heart.' Dr. Jackson, who treated five thousand tobacco users, declares: 'The use of tobacco by our people is far more deleterious in its effects on their health, than the use of alcoholic drinks.' Dr. Stiles, the

author of the National Dispensatory, says of tobacco: 'It lessens the natural appetite and more or less impairs digestion, while it irritates the mouth and throat, rendering the latter habitually congested, and destroying the purity of the voice. It renders the vision weak and uncertain, similar derangements of hearing occur, with ringing in the ears.' Dr. Hammond, one of the highest medical authorities in America, says: 'It predisposes to neuralgia, indigestion, and other affections of the nervous, circulatory, and digestive organs.' Dr. Solly, F. R. S., says: 'Smoking is one of the insidious causes of paralysis.'

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have given you the testimony of the most eminent physicians in Europe and America. Do you not think that a poison which causes so much sickness and death, ought to be prohibited by law? Gentlemen, I beg of you to give up the habit before you bring suffering on yourselves, and become a burden to your friends."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Philip Dayton, as he stepped to the front, when the applause had ceased, "it becomes my duty to speak in opposition to the ladies. They are usually right, but on this question they have allowed their prejudice to carry them to extremes. They have proved that tobacco is a poison when taken in large doses. So are many other substances that are valuable as medicines in small doses. Doctors used to prescribe tobacco for toothache, earache, and dyspepsia. Farmers find it useful to destroy vermin on stock, and the women use it in their linen closets for the same purpose. It is useful as a disinfectant, destroying unwholesome odors. Physicians find it the most rapid emetic in case of strychnine poisoning. If its sale should be prohibited, where could it be obtained for these useful purposes? When a man is tired, it is a rest to sit down and smoke

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and it is a help to study and soothes the nerves when he is irritated. Our opponent talked about tobacco killing people. I have known some tobacco users who were old, and I have known people to die young who did not use tobacco. I have known tobacco users who seemed robust, and I have known sickly men who did not use tobacco."

When the society adjourned, Sallie and Zina were afraid even to look toward the stairs, for fear somebody would see them. The next morning Sallie and Jane went early, and tiptoed up the attic stairs. When Jane peeped through the keyhole, she saw a large box, shaped like a coffin, and partially painted black, and the room was littered with shavings. Sallie would not look again, but stood near the head of the stairs to watch, and she whispered:

"Was it a coffin? I'm awfully afraid somebody'll find us here."

"Dinna' be dotty! You are making o'er much of it. I heard Prof. Felton tell the boys that he needed a box for the skeleton. No doubt the boys are chaffing him by making it like a coffin."

"But won't you promise, Jane, on your word and honor, that you won't ever tell anybody we saw it?"

Days passed, and nobody was murdered, and nothing more was heard of the coffin. Sallie and Zina finally concluded that Jane's supposition was correct.

Down in the woods, near the railroad was a skating pond, to which Sallie and Jane had gone with the crowd on Friday evening. After a merry time, they started for home.

"Sallie, let's cut across by the grave-yard, it's nearer."

"Oh! I'm afraid."

"It passes all how fearsome you are. There's naught to fear. Come on." So, bidding the girls good night,

A COFFIN

they took the lonely street past the cemetery. Suddenly Sallie stopped, whispering, "I hear folks talking."

"It was naguht but an owl," laughed Jane.

Presently she stopped again to listen. "Oh, my! It is voices in there," she whispered, catching Jane's arm.

"It's some boys coming back from skating, cross lots through the cemetery, no doubt. Stand still in the shade till they pass by." A row of tall, untrimmed evergreens adorned the whole front of the cemetery, except about a rod on each side of the gate. The girls stepped back against the fence, in the shadow of the overhanging boughs, and waited. To their surprise the owners of the voices came up the street toward them, and turned in at the gate. As they came out into the moonlight, the girls could distinctly see six men, bearing a large coffin.

"It's a funeral," whispered Sallie. "Let's run."

"Hush! Keep still and see what it is."

"The pall-bearers, if such they were, turned to the right, after entering the gate, and came down along the inside of the evergreens toward them. The girls could not see them distinctly, until the strange procession halted in front of them, not more than a rod away.

"Oh! It's murder! It's that same big black coffin," gasped Sallie, clutching Jane's arm. Jane put one arm around the poor child, who was trembling like a poplar leaf, and steadied herself by leaning on the fence; while she peered cautiously through the thick boughs to see if she could identify any of them. Just then the moon, which had gone under a cloud, burst out, and she saw that they all wore black masques over their faces. They set the coffin down, and some of them picked up spades and began digging, but she could see no grave. One of them appeared to be screwing the coffin lid on tighter, and a low, coarse voice said: "Screw it so tight the

angel Gabriel can't open it." Suddenly the fence-board, against which they were leaning, cracked.

"Hark! Somebody's coming! We are discovered!" exclaimed one of the men. Dropping their tools, they ran, part toward the gate, but one—the one with the screwdriver—ran down towards the railroad, jumping the fence. The girls listened until the footsteps died away.

"Are they all gone?" whispered Sallie.

"To be sure! Ganged and left the dead man to the ghouls."

"Oh, my! Let's run home quick."

"It's an unco gruesome place, and no doubt we would best gang home, for you're frightened fair to skirling, but I'm keen to make oot the meaning of the vallainy," for Jane was sure she had recognized the voice.

"Oh, my! Don't stay any longer."

Thud! Thud! Thud! came from the coffin. Sallie gave a stifled scream, and Jane clapped one hand over her mouth, throwing the other arm around her.

The coffin lid flew off. The coffin tipped over, and the corpse rolled out. Sallie sank fainting against Jane, who caught hold of a tree for support. When she looked around, the supposed corpse—a big, burly man—was running toward the road, with an awkward lumbering gait that looked curiously familiar. And Jane laughed—her own impulsive hearty laugh. But it was not so funny, after all, to be out there with a fainting girl in her arms. Giving Sallie a good shaking, and rubbing her face with snow, she was soon aroused. It took considerable explanation to relieve her fright, and on the way home she started at every sound. The folks had all retired, and they crept into bed. Sallie covered up her head, as soon as Jane blew out the light, and whispered: "Please don't tell anybody what we saw tonight."

"Why not? What's the wrong of it?"

"I'm awful 'fraid somebody'll kill us if they find out we saw."

"Don't be such a dotty, there's no danger."

"But promise on your word and honor you won't tell."

Jane finally promised she would not tell unless the teachers asked her about it.

Jane had been asleep an hour, perhaps, when she awoke and saw a light shining up from the woods by the pond. It blazed up brightly for a bit, then died out.

Next morning the girls were allowed to sleep late, and woke to find it snowing. Arthur and Josiah had gone home Friday evening. Mr. Mallows did not come home to dinner, and the day passed quietly.

CHAPTER VI.

ANOTHER COFFIN.

"**B**BETTER lock the doors tonight," said Mr. Mallows at the supper table, "there's thieves in town."

"La sakes! What they stole?"

"You couldn't guess in a coon's age."

"Just like a man, making folks guess, when they're crazy to know. Didn't steal them breastpins out o' your showcase, did they?"

"No, they stole a coffin, finest one in the shop."

"A coffin!" exclaimed Mrs. Mallows and Mary in a breath.

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"Yes, somebody smashed in the undertaker's windows last night and stole the biggest coffin there."

"Who's dead? Who did it? I never heard of stealing a coffin."

"Nobody's dead that I've heard of. And that's what everybody wants to know, 'who did it?' The snow's covered up all the tracks, and it's the greatest mystery ever was in this town."

Sallie turned white, and looked at Jane, who gave her a warning look, but, in the excitement no one noticed them.

"That's awful!" exclaimed Mrs. Mallows. "Somebody's murdered, sure. Reckon I will lock the doors tonight."

"Oh my! Jane, I can't understand; were there two coffins," whispered Sallie, when they got upstairs.

"I canna' make it oot, I had no doubt that was the coffin we saw in the attic."

The storm increased in violence, snowing and drifting, so that it kept people at home on Sunday, and on Monday the students had hard work to reach the Seminary. It was several days before those who had gone to their country homes Friday evening got back to school. When Arthur returned to Mrs. Mallows' Tuesday evening, Bennie hailed him noisily, and Mrs. Mallows greeted him, saying: "The house is mighty quiet without you and Josiah; even Jane and Sallie act like they had the blues."

"Well, I am glad somebody misses me. Isn't this a terrible snow?"

"La sakes! I havn't seen nothin' like it since I was a girl. I mind we had a candy pullin' over to Smith's, and we walked on top of the drifts, right over the fences."

"I walked over fences this morning, to reach the depot," put in Arthur, who knew that it was useless to wait

for her to finish her story, for one thing always reminded her of another.

"What's come of Josiah? You don't 'spose he sunk in one of those deep drifts, do you?"

"Don't fret yourself about Josiah. I wouldn't care if he never came back. He's always bothering me to show him how to work his problems, and if I refuse, he slips into the girls' room, and steals Jane's or Sallie's papers and copies them. I caught him at it."

"The sneaking dastard!" exclaimed Jane. "I kent my lessons dinna ganged themselves off and home again without legs. I kenned he was a feckless hypocrite, with naught in him but what the spoon puts in."

"I did not know he was that bad," began Mrs. Malloys, coming in with a hot dish,—“Scat! Are you all blind, standin' here and lettin' that cat get on the table? Scat there!” and she chased the offending kitten out of doors. Bennie caught his own kitten in his arms, and called, “Don't hurt's a poor kitty, muvver. 'Ou won't make Dotty go out in 'e cold, will 'ou?”

"No, Dotty may stay in if she's good. Folks is everlastinly droppin' starved cats on my step. I can't turn around but that thing's into somethin'. Dick may have it when he comes."

"Why! Don't you know he's training his dog to kill cats?" asked Sallie. And Bennie, with terrified eyes, climbed on her lap, saying: "Don't let Dick Darnell take 'e poor kitty, will 'ou, Sallie?"

"No, I guess mother's 'joking, 'cause it got on the table."

"An' 'ou won't let 'im get Dotty?"

Scon the girls hurried upstairs, for the following evening they were to finish their debate, and the other girls came over. After a little chat, Lucy asked, "Have you found anything more for your speech, Nellie?"

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"Yes, I thought of a nice exhortation to finish off with."

Just then they heard a pit-a-pat on the stairs, and a pleading voice, "Bennie want to come in, p'ease open 'e door." Sallie started for the door, but Mary said, "No, Bennie, run down and stay with mother, we want to study." Then they heard a sob, and the little voice pleaded, "P'ease open 'e door for Bennie an' kitty." Sallie opened it at once, but it was not Dotty that he held tightly, it was the stray kitten. "Dick's comin', an' he'll make 'e bad dog eat kitty up," he sobbed.

"Oh my! Bennie, how cold your hands are, and your shoes are snowy; where have you been?"

"Bennie run out 'e front door, an' roun' 'e house af'er kitty, an' Bennie fall down in 'e snow."

"Come sit on Sallie's lap by the fire, and warm your hands."

"Warm 'e kitty, too, poo' kitty. 'Ou won't let Dick get kitty, will 'ou, Sallie?"

"No, we'll hide her up here, so Dick can't find her. Does mother know you are up here?"

"No, her don't know. Muvver put kitty out in 'e cold, an' said Dick may get 'e bad kitty."

Just then they heard Mrs. Mallows calling, "Kitty, kitty," and heard Dick's voice talking to her. Bennie jumped down, and ran and hid under the bed in the farther room, and lay there sobbing, with kitty hugged tightly in his arms. After awhile Mrs. Mallows' voice was heard at the foot of the stairs, calling:

"Is Bennie up there with the kitten?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mary.

"I wondered what come of the sneakin' thing. Bennie, come down now. Dick's gone home. Come down an' play with Dotty." But Sallie could not coax him out. He only cried the harder.

ANOTHER COFFIN

"Never mind, little man," said his mother, "I'll see that I put that thievin' cat where Dick can get it when he comes for slop Thursday night."

Sallie coaxed Bennie out, after he was sure his mother had gone back to the kitchen, and he cuddled down in her lap, with one arm around her neck, and one around kitty.

"I loves 'e poor cold kitty," whispered the child.

"And Dotty, too?"

"Yes, I loves Dottie too, an' Sallie, too."

"And mother, too?" The child shook his head, saying: "Muvver bad."

"What? Don't you love mother a little bit?"

"Jus' a little bit. I loves her big some day, when her gets gooder: I loves 'ou big now. Tell a story." And Sallie told a story.

"Where is Bennie?" asked Elsie, as Sallie came back into the room where the other girls were still talking about their debate.

"I rocked him to sleep and put him to bed."

"I will take that kitten to school tomorrow," said Jane. "He won't fret about it, if he thinks it's up there catching mice."

"You will have some good debaters against you tomorrow night," said Minnie, reverting to the subject, "but I think you will win."

"To be sure we'll win, dinna be cast doon," returned Jane.

"I think Cyrus is the best debater in school," said Elsie.

"I think George is better," replied Minnie. "He does not say such mean things about people, and he can talk and talk, like an orator."

"To be sure he can talk—an o'er muckle 'o words to a scant bit 'o thought," retorted Jane. "No doubt the boys think to lay us low, but dinn'a mourn to the breakin' 'o your hearts."

COFFIN NAILS: THE STORY OF JANE M'GREGOR

"Oh my! If you talk Scotch that way, people will laugh at you," said Sallie.

"Dinna fret, I know how to be careful of my words when I try."

The first thing Mr. Mallows said when he came to supper next evening, was: "They've found that coffin."

"La sakes! Where'd they find it?" asked his wife.

Dick Darnell and Ned Grimes were hunting rabbits in the evergreens, and saw a big black thing sticking up through the snow, and Dick says, 'I bet it's that coffin.'"

"Mercy, they've murdered somebody, and 'got scared, and run off afore they got him buried. You hain't heard tell of nobody disappearin', 'have you?"

"The boys probably saw a board sticking up in the snow, and were afraid to go near it," said Arthur.

"Sallie, let's go study our lessons before society time," said Jane.

"At the debate that night: "Ladies and gentlemen," Jane began, "you remember the arguments and facts by which my friends proved the costliness of the tobacco habit, and its injuriousness 'to the health, Tobacco does not hurt all people in the same way. It has a sharp nose to scent out the weakest part of the body. One of our opponents was so sure it would not hurt his health; let him beware lest it find his brain. Tonight I will give you a few facts about its effects on the mind. Dr. Willard Parker, of New 'York, examined the schools, and reported that 'Tobacco is ruinous to our schools and colleges, dwarfing body and mind of the 'pupils.' Dr. Stevenson says: 'It is ruinous to intellect, deleterious to brain and nervous system.' The Dublin Magazine says: 'The mental powers of many a boy are weakened by tobacco smoke.' The Scalpel, a 'paper published in London, and one of the best known medical papers in the world, says: 'If there is a vice more prostrating to body

and mind, and more crucifying to all the spiritual nature, we have yet to be convinced 'of it.'

"Dr. Twitchell, of Boston, says: 'Tobacco causes a loss of memory.' And Dr. Brown, says: 'There is no doubt that thousands destroy years of the ripest usefulness, and induce imbecility and second childhood by the habit of using tobacco.'

"Dr. Gleason, of Philadelphia, tells us that 'Tobacco causes mental irresolution, impairs and weakens the mind, and blunts the highest and holiest feelings of the soul, and is the most common cause of that indefinable depression of spirits 'commonly called the blues.' And do you know, my friends," asked Jane, "that this melancholy, or the blues, as Dr. Gleason calls it, is the cause of many suicides?

"Ladies and gentlemen, do you tire of 'so many quotations? Dinna weary, we have truths to tell that you ought to hear. 'We will make you see the truth, as well as hear it. You will see an uncanny sight tonight, one you never saw before, and may never see again. You will hear strange news tonight too, that will make you think of ghouls. So be alert.' "

These remarks had the intended effect. The people looked at each other wondrously. "They say," continued Jane, with innocent sincerity, "that when a girl wears a stiff corset all the time, on taking it off, she feels as if she would fall to pieces, because the muscles have leaned on the corset until they have become weak and flabby. That is a sure sign it is hurting her. So, when tobacco hurts a man's brain, he keeps it active by holding it up with more tobacco. But, when he stops using it, then he find how weak and flabby it has made his brain. Dr. Jackson said: 'No one is sensible of the effects of tobacco on the nervous system until he has attempted to abandon its use.'

COFFIN NAILS: THE STORY OF JANE M'GREGOR

"When Louis Napoleon was emperor of France, he noticed that the increase in the tobacco revenue was in exact ratio to the increase of insanity. He appointed learned men to study the facts. They found that not only were people often made insane by using tobacco, but, as a rule, the smokers in schools and colleges fell behind their classes. So the emperor forbade boys using tobacco. In this country the insane asylum doctors tell us that out of the seventy thousand insane, at least fifteen thousand were crazed by tobacco. Dr. Woodard, Superintendent of the Massachusetts Insane Asylum, quotes a large number of the most noted doctors who pronounce the use of tobacco one of the causes of insanity. And he states that much more than a fourth of those in the Massachusetts Insane Asylum were crazed by tobacco. Just think of it, good people, ten times as many as there are in this town, doomed to live behind barred windows, with the screams of maniacs ringing in their ears, and haunted day and night with visions of horrid ghouls tagging after them, and clutching at their hearts. You make laws against man-stealing. Is it worse to steal the body than the brain? You spend money building school-houses, then give the boys poison to make them stupid. If you dinna' watch you may gang ahint barred doors yoursels'. If you dinna' watch and thrav your auld pipes away, when the angel o' death cooms knockin' at your door, and the angels o' light an' darkness coom hooverin' down, eagerin' for your souls, your brains will be so clouded wi' smoke, you will mistake auld Satan himself for the angel Gabriel."

There was a moment's silence, then, as she turned to leave the platform, there was a burst of cheering. The people had feared a blundering failure from the little frontier girl, and they were surprised.

With more than his usual haughty mein, Cyrus stepped

to the front. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I am sorry that our opponents have descended from their exalted pedestal of delicate womanhood, on which they were placed by the love and respect of manhood, to the low plane of the fanatic and the Amazon. What right have they to dominate over man? Superior to them in reasoning powers, superior to them in worldly experience, it is his supreme right to decide what may, or may not, be his habits. No true lady will dictate to man in matters outside of her sphere. If she keeps within that sphere, she is a truly lovable being. Such beings the ladies have been who are our opponents tonight, but they have fallen into evil company. They have read the writings of a few theorizing fanatics, who imagine they can turn the world upside down with crack-brained notions. But, in practical life, the common sense of man decides what is best. Most of the physicians of my acquaintance use tobacco themselves. They know its value as a harmless stimulant—else they would throw it away, and warn us of our danger, were it so injurious as these ladies think. As my colleague has told you, it is a sedative to a tired or nervous man, and the ladies would find, to their sorrow that, without it, we would not be so good-natured. The world is not aware how much it owes to wine and tobacco for some of its best literary work. Poe's *Raven* was written under the inspiration of wine. While there may be danger from wine to those who are weak-willed, there is no such danger from tobacco. Many of our best writers light their cigars when they sit down at their literary employments. Admitting, for argument's sake, that its excessive use does produce some diseases, whose business is it but our own, if we are willing to suffer a little disease for the pleasure the habit gives us? Shall we let meddlesome fanatics dictate what we ought, or ought not, to do? Would you again force upon us sump-

tuary laws? They were the enactments of tyrants, the relics of a superstitious age, when men were supposed to be children, incapable of self-government. The Bible tells us that when God finished the work of creation, he pronounced it good, and tobacco was one of the things created. What do these young ladies know about this matter? Shall we let their pretty theories offset the facts learned by years of experience? I say emphatically, we ought not to have a law prohibiting the use of tobacco. Our citizens are capable of regulating their habits by their own common sense."

The applause was deafening, for the smokers felt vindicated. Just as they adjourned for recess, a large man entered, wrapped up, head and ears.

"Oh! Josiah's back again," cried Zina.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

"I'M awfully proud to see your faces again. Did you all think I was buried in a sepulcher?" said Josiah, shaking hands.

"We thought," replied Minnie, "you might be buried in a snow-drift."

"I had hardly missed you," said Elsie, "there were so many gone since the storm."

"How are you, Josiah? Glad to see you have dug through the snow-drifts at last," said Prof. King, coming up just then.

"I'm awful glad to get back in this old Seminary alive again. Them schemin' rascals mighty near deprived me of life."

"Do not talk so loudly. What is it? Has some accident happened?"

"Just come down to your office, Professor, I've got the out landishest yarn to tell you of my terrific experiences, that will make the hair stand, like bristles, on that head of yourn."

"All right, after the society adjourns. Take off your wraps and be seated, till they are through with the program."

The society was called to order, after recess, and Nellie all atremble, began: "Ladies and gentlemen, my friends have told you of the wastefulness and injuriousness of this pernicious habit. It is also immoral, because it makes men selfish. They will smoke and spit, no matter how sick or uncomfortable it makes those who must endure it. Even those who try to be Christians spend nine times as much for tobacco, as they spend to send the glorious gospel to the poor benighted heathen. The use of tobacco often becomes idolatry. Many a professing Christian loves his tobacco better than he loves his Creator. The Bible says: "Ye are the temple of God. If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy;" and: "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh."

"The tobacco habit is also immoral because it is a recruiting station for the great army of intemperance. When a boy begins to run with a smoking crowd, the next thing you know he has followed them into a saloon, and how long will it be till he learns to drink? Prison officials have stated that ninety-seven per cent of male criminals began with tobacco, and that, almost without exception, forgers, defaulters and swindlers use tobacco,

thus showing the deadening influence of tobacco on the moral nature of the user.

"The noted Dr. Brown said: 'The use of tobacco produces a dryness and huskiness of the mouth, thus creating a thirst which, in many instances, is not satisfied with anything short of alcoholic drinks.' Dr. McAllister says: 'Innumerable instances will be found where drunkenness follows as the legitimate consequence of using tobacco.' The well known Dr. Gunn said: 'My candid opinion is that the use of tobacco is the greatest obstacle existing to the progress of temperance. With very few exceptions, every drunkard is a tobacco user.' Men who want to give up drink have to give up smoking at the same time, for they say that a pipe or cigar generally excites a desire for liquor in an old drinker, very hard to control. A number of years ago over seven hundred drunkards joined the Washingtonians, in Baltimore. All backslid except the sixty-three who gave up tobacco at the same time. Can you make the plausible excuse that there is no harm in tobacco? Think of all the weeping wives of miserable drunkards; think of all the poor suffering children of drunken fathers; and ask yourselves if you are willing to throw your influence on the side of intemperance? Will you, by your filthy practice, block the wheels of the great temperance reform which is rolling on to victory in the glorious work of saving fallen man from earthly misery and eternal perdition?"

A storm of applause followed, prompted either by her eloquence, or by love for the warm-hearted girl.

George Winthrop next stepped to the front. "Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, and most honorable judges," he began, with a flourishing bow, "I have the delightful honor to appear in the presence of this respectable audience, to defend the inalienable rights of

my countrymen in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Our beautiful opponent has attempted to demonstrate that this harmless habit is selfish and irreligious. Even admitting her assertions, this is a land of religious liberty. It would be the height of intolerance to pass a law to regulate a man's religious duties. I speak in the name of liberty, which is dearer than life to every American citizen. What right has any law-maker to dictate to me, a loyal citizen of this great country, what I shall or shall not eat, drink, chew or smoke? That would destroy our personal liberty, and it is one of the privileges in which we glory. Any free-born American has a perfect right to exhale the perfumes of a cigar, or permeate the air with the redolence of a meerschaum. These ladies who are decrying tobacco should remember that the Indians, who used it long before the white man set foot on this continent, were the healthiest people who ever walked this green earth, and, doubtless it was owing to the use of this invigorating plant. I admit that some may use it to excess, but where is anything capable of nourishing the human body that is not in danger of being used to excess? A man may even eat enough of the staff of life to produce illness. Must we, therefore, suffer the horrors of starvation? Must we, therefore, be prohibited the moderate use of a luxury, because some old smoker brings on fatal disease by everlastingly puffing his old pipe? We must learn to be temperate in all things. The ladies have called tobacco a poison, but it must be a very mild poison. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, I presume you are convinced that it is not necessary for this great government to pass laws to govern the private habits of its free-born citizens."

This was greeted with the vociferous applause generally accorded to anything patriotic.

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"As usual," said the president, "the affirmative has the closing speech, which will be made by Miss McGregor."

"Kind friends," she began, "but two arguments were given by the first speaker on the negative. He said that taxes were lightened by the tobacco revenue. But it is paid in added cost by poor men who use it. His other argument was answered by my colleague. The second speaker said that tobacco killed lice on calves. But let him have a care lest it kill the calf too, as one of our neighbors did. He said it was a disinfectant. Why not eat onions, and wear asafetida all the time? They are both better disinfectants than tobacco, and not half so filthy. The doctors tell us that when cholera or plague are about, the tobacco users catch them first, and have them the worst. When the cholera came years ago, it was most fatal in the two worst smoking cities in America, Matanzas and Havana. It killed one-seventh of the people of Havana, and one-eighth of the people of Matanzas. He said it was soothing and restful. No doubt it is. The nerves are the telegraph wires that fetch news to the brain. Smoking does not rest you, but benumbs the nerves, so they can-na' tell the brain when the body's tired or in pain. His fourth argument: that it was a help to study, was like that of the first speaker tonight, who claimed that the greatest books and poems were written with the aid of wine or tobacco. I always thought Poe's 'Raven' sounded like delirium tremens. I read the 'Confession of an Old Smoker.' He told us that at first smoking was a help to study, but he found at last it had weakened his mind. The fifth argument that many smokers live to old age, sounds fair; but does war never hurt anybody because some soldiers live through it? A noted doctor said: 'Every tobacco user, no matter how long he lives, might have lived ten years longer if he had not used it.' The truth is some men

have stronger constitutions to begin with, than others, and it takes more poison to kill them. And men of strong constitutions have strong wills, and are able to stint themselves. The faster you run an engine, the quicker it wears out, but, if it clogs with ashes, it will stop right away. You can na' clean the ashes of tobacco out of your brains and lungs. You din na' know how soon they might clog. The first speaker tonight said that some doctors use tobacco. So do some doctors get drunk. They learned the bad habit when they were young, and it stupified their will power, so they think they can't quit; and they fear to tell others that it is wrong, lest some one say: 'Physician, heal thyself.' His next argument about the creation of tobacco, proves too much. God created wolves and said they were good. And he said: 'Every living thing that moveth shall be meat for you.' Why doesn't my opponent turn the wolves in his sheep pen, and eat the skunks, and make a warm nest for the snakes in his bed? I admit that tobacco is useful to kill lice and snakes. The Hottentots dip the end of a long stick in tobacco juice, and, when they find a snake, they punch him, and make him bite the stick, and he is soon dead.. A white man, out in Kansas, was chased by the Indians, and hid in the grass. He heard a rattlesnake close to him, but he was afraid to jump up, for the Indians were in sight, so he squirted some tobacco juice in the snake's mouth, and it straightened right out and died. Maybe it was lucky he used tobacco that time, but he concluded that if it would kill a snake so quickly, it was too poison for him, and he quit using it. The gentleman claims the right of injuring himself. No man has a right to do that which leads others to do wrong, nor to poison the air that others breathe, nor to shorten his life, nor weaken his strength, because others have a right to his care.

“As to the last speech, it was thin gruel, ‘poor feedin’, an’ not very tasty.’ His spread eagle oratory was not to the point. His one argument was that the Indians were made strong by tobacco. The Spaniards found the Indians of Central America smoking tobacco, and said that some of them, especially their medicine men, often smoked around their campfires till they fell down as if dead. But the North American Indians were so awed by its strange effects that they held tobacco sacred to the Great Spirit, only smoking it at solemn pow-wows, and thought the smoke went up as incense to the Great Spirit. The modern Indians use tobacco like the whites, but if he thinks they are so healthy, he ought to live as near them as I have. What more can we say? We have proved that tobacco is a poison; that it costs enough to bread the world; that it leads thousands to drink; and that it causes sickness, insanity and death. Is not suicide murder? Is it not as much murder to kill by slow poison as by bullets? It is right to make laws to keep men from poisoning themselves and their children. And mark my words: if you dinna’ quit, you will rue the day you touched the poison. ‘They have sown the wind, they shall reap the whirlwind.’ ” Her voice had risen as she spoke, but now she said, very quietly, “Sit still and see what you will see.” Stepping to the back of the platform, she opened a box and took out a cat. It was Mrs. Mallows’ stray kitten. “This kitten,” she said, “has been doomed to die afore tomorrow night. If it must die, its pain shall teach a lesson. Taking from the table drawer an old pipe, and a knife, she scraped some soot out of the inside of the pipe and put it on the cat’s tongue, and set it down on the platform. Some one laughed, thinking it a joke, but she said warningly: “Hush! Watch and see.” Presently the kitten began to act strangely, as if in pain. Suddenly it began to leap, and throw itself wildly about.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED

"Oh! It has a fit!" cried Minnie. "Run, Jane, or it will hurt you." And there was a confused buzz of voices. But Jane stood her ground, raising a warning finger. In five minutes more it was dead.

"Poor kitty, you did not suffer long," she said.. "My friends, that cat was killed by the poison out of an old pipe. One of the gentlemen said that if tobacco was a poison it must be a very mild one. Ask that poor kitten if it was a mild poison." She turned and took her seat, and there was a burst of applause.

The judges rendered a decision in favor of the affirmative, and the people crowded around the girls, congratulating them on their success. Several old smokers declared they had smoked their last pipe. There was the usual confusion, but, above the buzz of voices, were heard the words, "They've found the coffin in the graveyard;" and an excited throng gathered around the speaker, to hear the news. Some one had returned to the cemetery with the boys, and found the stolen coffin, and the story caused much excitement.

"Sure enough," said Elsie, "Josiah's taking Prof. King down to the office."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Sallie, "Henry's going home with Flossie again. Now Nellie will be jealous."

"I wouldna' be jealous of anybody," retorted Jane. "Jealously is pure selfishness. If Henry cares more for his cigar than he does for Nellie, the feckless lout might gang his ain' gait."

As the crowd passed Prof. King's office door Josiah's loud voice could be heard talking excitedly. Several boys and girls lingered in the corridor, to hear what they could. They heard Prof. King say: "Tell me what they did to you. How came you at the building? I thought you left on the train Friday evening."

"I got a letter from a feller what said to meet him at

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nine o'clock in room seven. I comes, and waits till I heard a knock. I opened the door, and it was kind of dark in the hallway, but I glimpsed a lot of fellers in black masquerades, and it looked like the hind ones was carryin' a black coffin. Afore I cotched on to the mystification, one feller slapped a rag over my eyes, and another stuffed one in my mouth. Then they bound my hands and feet with manakins, an' crammed me in that there coffin, and nailed the lid down. I had been a thinkin' it was some fool joke, but when I heard them nailin' me fast, I knew they was a persecutin' me for righteousness sake. And then they marched me down stairs, and tramped along, bumpin' me around, till I heard the wind a howlin' through evergreen trees, and knew we'd got to the cemetery. I tell you what, I tried to holler, but that rag in my throat was that tight I couldn't hardly get my breath. Then they banged the coffin down, an' I heard 'em rattlin' spades, an' one feller was screwin' and poundin' the lid, an' another feller said: 'Nail it down tight, Joe, so Gabriel can't open it.' Land sakes! It was just awful! Just then one says: 'Hark! Somebody's coming,' an' you oughter heard them fellers run. Yes siree, just left me there to smother an' freeze to death. I tell you what, it was terrific! I jest kicked and thrashed 'round thar, with my feet manakined together, and busted that lid to pieces, an' rolled out o' thar, an' busted them manakins off my hands an' feet, an' pulled them rags out o' my mouth an' eyes, an' then I jest skedaddled, an' run till I was mighty nigh down to the tank, so I just jumped on the train down thar."

"That was quite an escapade," remarked Prof. King.

"I should say it was an escape, I barely escaped with my life."

"They did not injure you, did they?" asked Prof. King.

"Injure me! If you was smotherin' alive in a coffin,

and imagatin' you heard the sods a fallin' on your coffin-
 lid, and how you'd be obligated to lie there a starvin'
 till you died by inches, reckon your feelins' would be in-
 jured. It's the most outrageous proceedings that ever
 disgraced a civilized country."

"Why do you think the students did it?"

"Cause nobody else would have took on theirselves the
 liberty to do such scandalous proceedings in the Sem-
 inary,"

"But if it was students, they did it for a joke."

"You wouldn't have thought it a joke lyin' in that
 coffin, weepin' over your own funeral. I didn't want to
 come back after endurin' such persecutions, but mother
 said I should come back, and get justification done me."

The listening students scattered the story, and people
 became excited. Prof. King was inclined to let it pass
 as a harmless joke, but the undertaker threatened suit
 if the thieves were not punished. The school had never
 before been disgraced by a hazing, and the Seminary
 Board decided to mete out such punishment that it would
 not be repeated. Josiah testified that he heard the clock
 strike ten before they left the Seminary, and that he
 heard one person call another one "Joe," and he thought
 the voice was Henry Carson's. But the ticket agent tes-
 tified that Henry took the ten o'clock train. Zina had
 confided to a schoolmate, as a great secret, the story of
 the coffin in the attic, but it traveled, as secrets will, and
 the girls had to testify as to what they had seen. The
 boys refused to plead guilty, but Joe Blazer (who was
 the only Joe in school), and another boy from the city,
 were expelled.

The excitement over the hazing did not obliterate the
 effects of the debate. A number of men threw away
 their tobacco. Partly because of the arguments, and
 partly because they cared more for the girls than the

weed, some of the boys quit smoking. George was the first to turn over a new leaf, much to Minnie's satisfaction. Prof. King, though he did not smoke himself, was conservative, but Prof. Felton and Miss Miller used their influence strongly against intemperance and tobacco. At length Henry, after the expulsion of his city chums, yielded to surrounding influences, and quit smoking, and was soon reinstated in Nellie's favor. But Cyrus, and several others stubbornly clung to their cigars, and were upheld in it by Irene, Flossy and Mattie Dorson.

One evening Lucy was walking down street, when Dr. Hawley overtook her, and congratulated her and her friends on their success. She thanked him and remarked that more good could be done if physicians were more decided against the evil, for she knew that Dr. Hawley did not use tobacco.

"Dr. Grimes was educated in the days when bleeding and tobacco were considered useful remedies," he replied. "He uses tobacco himself and thinks that while it injures some, it agrees with others. If I oppose it, he will ridicule me, and starve me out. Mr. Darnell, the carpenter, has just had a stroke of paralysis which I think was largely caused by tobacco, but Dr. Grimes, who is their physician, will not believe it."

"That is sad. Is paralysis always caused by tobacco?"

"No, there are several other causes. But that is one of the most frequent. I have known several cases among women, where their fathers were tobacco sots."

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE dreaded examination week of the winter term was over, and a crowd of students came down the walk. Sallie exclaimed:

"Oh goody! The old finals are over with," and Zina asked eagerly:

"Got your grade card? I got mine, got above eighty, aint that fine?"

"I heard Miss Miller say she thought Jane would have a hundred in nearly every study," remarked Minnie.

"If that red-head gets a hundred in algebra, I know the teachers are partial," snapped Mattie Dorson.

"Humph! You could most see the envy sticking out of that remark," returned George.

"Oh George, you ought not to have said that, I fear it hurt Mattie's feelings," said Minnie, gently, after Mattie had passed on.

"Sorry for it, Puss, for your sake; but she holds her head so high I like to see her toss it."

"Didn't Henry make a big splurge at society Wednesday night?" asked Sallie.

"Yes, and Cyrus, too," said Irene, "if good oratory is what you call a splurge."

"Course you think so. I caught Cyrus hunting big words in the dictionary. He wrote his speech in common words, then hunted big words in their place, so he did," retorted Sallie.

"Don't have a cat-fight over it," said George. "They

both made a big splurge. Two Daniel Websters on hands already, what will we have when I come on the stage?"

From the time Sally hinted about the gold mine, Lucy had been annoyed by Josiah's attentions for he had never asked if they were agreeable. She had hinted in various ways that his company was not wanted, hurrying on early, waiting late, and avoiding him, both at home and at school, but all in vain. At length she told him that she disliked him, and that his attentions were annoying.

"You are jest joking," he replied, with a laugh.

"No, sir, I am in earnest, and you are no gentleman, annoying me this way."

At that he suddenly became angry, and Arthur said he went upstairs, muttering something about a mean flirt, and he would hate her as long as she lived, and dance on her grave after she was dead. She thought herself well rid of him, but, in a week, he sidled around, telling how sorry he was for his anger, and how he would obey the Bible, and "Love them that despitefully use you."

Lucy kept closely with the other girls, refusing to speak to him, but he walked behind, and talked to her, though she never replied. One morning she remained in her room until Arthur and the girls had been gone some time. Finally she saw Josiah walking up the street, and thinking the way clear, she started; but, at the first corner, he stepped from behind a lilac bush, and walked on with her. When they reached Mrs. Clark's gate Lucy suddenly turned in there, without a word, and Josiah stopped and waited.

"What's the matter?" asked Nellie, seeing Lucy's worried look.

LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES

"Oh, that nuisance!" replied Lucy, pointing back over her shoulder.

"I told you to come on with us, so I did," said Sallie, as she saw Josiah at the gate, for she and Jane had stopped to wait for the girls.

"Where is your mother, Elsie? I would like to speak to her," and Elsie stepped to the kitchen to call her mother.

"What's come of Laura?" asked Sallie.

"She's upstairs, primping," replied Nellie.

"Let's go, we will be tardy," urged Jane.

"No danger, Laura is too anxious to please Prof. King," answered Nellie.

"She's just setting her cap for him, so she is," said Sallie, but no one replied.

"Aunt Clark, can you take another boarder?" asked Lucy, when that good lady came in.

"Possibly we could, this warm weather, though our rooms are about full. Who is it?"

"Myself. I want to get in, under your wings."

"Haven't you a good place at Mrs. Mallows?"

"Yes, only Josiah is such a bore. Mrs. Mallows thinks he is perfect, and I fear she encourages his attentions to me. If you could only crowd me in somewhere till school is out."

"Yes, come on tomorrow, and I will forbid his coming here."

"Josiah's standing there yet," exclaimed Sallie, when Laura came down.

"I have a mind to stay here," said Lucy.

"Let's slip out the back way," suggested Elsie, and so they did. When they reached the seminary, they looked back, and he was still at the gate.

The girls were going one evening to pick wild strawberries, but Mary did not go. She was a Senior, and

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had to sit upstairs and study for the finals. Sallie called for Bennie to go with her, but was told that he was at the store. "I reckon I oughtn't to have sent Bennie to the store when his pap's gone," said Mrs. Mallows. "I told him to come right back, but them clerks is jest keepin' him to have fun out of him." An hour passed, when a clerk came, carrying Bennie.

"Mercy sakes! What ails him? Is my boy sick, or hurt?"

"I guess we let him eat too much candy," he answered, laying the child in his mother's arms, and hurrying off.

"Bennie! Bennie! Mother's pet! what ails you? Can't you speak to mother? Mary! Mary!"

Mary had overheard, and was down already.

"Mercy on me! I am afeared my baby'll die! Run for Dr. Grimes! That sneaken clerk run off before I even thought to send him for the doctor. He felt guilty, that's why he run. Catch me lettin' my precious boy go down there again when his pap's gone." Before her tongue stopped rattling, Mary had started, met Arthur, and sent him for the doctor, and was back, ready to help. Bennie was a very sick looking child, his face white, his lips blue, his eyes closed, and his hands cold. Mary wrapped him in warm blankets, and put his icy feet in hot water, and he revived a little, but he was deathly sick.

"Oh! Mary, he's dying!" and the head fell back, limp over her arm. Mary saw the muscles twitch, and, taking him from his mother, turned away, that she might not see the terrible spasm that contorted the little face.

The spasm passed, and he lay, limp and white in Mary's arms, when the doctor came.

"It looks like a case of poisoning, What has he eaten," asked the doctor.

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"Them good-for-nothing clerks fed him candy."

"O that's it, is it? We'll soon have him all right."

But it was not so easy a task as he thought. Bennie finally recovered, but it was days before he was able to get out doors. And several times that spring he had similar spasms though none quite so severe. His father had forbidden the clerks giving him candy, and sometimes the spasms occurred when he had not been away from the house.

One warm Sunday evening Aunty Clark and her crowd had all gone to church, except Lucy, who had a headache. She sat down on the porch, hoping the cool air would help her, and watched the fading sunset tints. Hearing a cautious step, she looked around, to see Josiah seating himself on the steps.

"I fancied to stay away from church tonight," said he, and I am rejoiced that you took a similar notion," Lucy sprang up, hurried into the sitting-room, and shut the door. The key was out, and she stepped to the nail to get it, but before she could turn, Josiah walked in, and seated himself near the door. She lighted a lamp, saying: Mr. Jenkins, I do not wish your company, will you please go away?" and she seated herself in the farther corner, and picked up a book.

"Miss Lucy, some things is of vaster importance than books or church. The supremest time of my life is presenting itself. We was created for affinities. We both have high speculations to be mightily useful to our grand country. You never can have comprehension of the grandiloquent load of love that mighty nigh bursts my tender heart. Miss Lucy, will you be my beloved bride?"

"No, sir, I will not," she answered curtly. For a moment he looked startled, then he smiled blandly. "Miss

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Lucy, hain't this coquetry lasted long enough? Say something that will fill my heart with ecstasies,"

"Josiah Jenkins, I hate you!" and she sprang inside the door of Mrs. Clark's room—for she remembered there was a catch inside—and locked it.

"What makes you contradict your own happiness? Your realization that you love me," he yelled through the closed door.

"I told you I hated you, and I mean it. Now clear out!"

"Miss Lucy, you'll be regretful to the longest day you live, if you don't marry me. I ain't no common farmer. I ain't goin' to work for my livin'. I have ambitions to be a celebrated man some day. I'll be bigger 'n George Washington. He wa'n't nothin' but a farmer no how. Anybody could sit up thar in that White House, an' shake hands with folks, but my ambition soars a grand sight loftier'n that. I'm goin' to be a reformer, an' have a magic lantern, an' make the grandest speeches 'bout them tremenjous evils, gettin' drunk, an' the like, an' show the grandest picters on the wall, about drunkards' children, an' snakes an' the like, what them tremens fellers has in their boots, an' make folks cheer, an' cry like they'd rubbed their eyes with onions. Don't your heart soar aloft to be the wife of a great man like that?" But she made no answer.

"Say, Miss Lucy," he yelled, loud enough for the neighbors to hear, "what objection have you got? I'm a Christian young man, without any bad habits. Why won't you have me?"

"Because you're a simpleton. You haven't sense enough to hoe corn. Nobody but a blockhead would sit there and yell at a girl through a keyhole."

He rose so suddenly that his chair fell over, and stalked out, and down the street. But she knew he would re-

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pent of his anger in a week or two. When the folks reached home, tender-hearted Aunty Clark saw traces of tears, and soon learned her story. She threatened to have Josiah arrested for trespassing. The girls told it in his hearing, next morning, and he left Eudora that very day, never to return.

CHAPTER IX.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

COMMENCEMENT was over. All the dread examinations, all the glee and excitement, all the bustle of packing were past. Henry, Arthur, Mary, and others, had received their diplomas, and their admonitions to accomplish something worthy of their Alma Mater. Some of the students went home with their parents, and some took the train, amid waving of handkerchiefs and promises to write. Jane rode home with cousin John, for she was to spend the summer at Uncle Hugh's, instead of going to her far away home.

Cousin John and his wife and children came over to spend the evening. After they left, Aunt Hannah took Jane up to her chamber.

"How cosy you have fixed this room for me. You are just like mother, Aunt Hannah, always doing something to hearten folks up. It made me homesick to see the other girls go home. I wish I could see father and mother and the bairnies."

Aunt Hannah put the light on the table, and sat down in the little rocker, for something in Jane's voice sounded as if there was a lump in her throat.

"Yea, it would do thee good to see them, but we are lonely, with our boys gone, and are glad to have thee for company," Aunt Hannah answered, stroking Jane's hair.

"I did want to go home so much, but father wrote about the low price of stock, and it is a far distance, and costs a fell price to go on the cars, and he feared I couldna' coom back the winter, if I went home, and he speired if I couldna' be brave and stay with you."

"And thee will have a happy time, I hope, and will seem like a daughter to me."

"Mayhap I ought to have gone home to stay, for I know how mother will skimp and save to eke oot enough to keep me here another year."

"They will be proud of thee, if thee does thy work well. I am glad thee appreciates thy mother's self-denial. So many children are ungrateful for the toil and sacrifice that their advantages cost their parents."

"I have taken studies ahead, and next year I will finish two years in one, and graduate."

"Thee must not study too hard,"

"Dinna' you fear. Father and mother dinna' drear. I can do it. They will be fair carried with surprise when they see my diploma; and, Aunt Hannah, you must not tell them aforetime."

Then Aunt Hannah talked of the children, and the flower garden, to divert her thoughts.

"Aunt Hannah," Jane spoke up in one of her aunt's pauses, "why do you say 'thee' and 'thou'?"

"I belong to the Friends' meeting, and my parents taught me that way, because it is the Friends' custom."

"And why dinna' Uncle Hugh speak Scotch, like father?"

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"Thy uncle ran away to sea when he was a boy, and the Yankee captain with whom he shipped soon quit the sea, and took thy uncle home with him to his New England farm. Thy father remained in Scotland till he was a man."

"To be sure! And Uncle Hugh forgot his Scotch. I canna' forget mine in a minute." After a little more chat, Aunt Hannah bade Jane a loving good night, and she was soon fast asleep.

"Come, Puss, be you a city lady? or be you a country girl?" aroused her next morning. She looked around. It was daylight, and it was Aunt Hannah's room, and that was Uncle Hugh's voice, saying: "Time country girls was up. I thought you wanted to help me drive the sheep to pasture."

"To be sure! I will be there presently." Soon she was out at the lot, ready to go, and found Uncle Hugh mending fence.

"You're spry as a cricket, but I must mend this bar the critters broke, a rubbin' against it. A nail in time saves 'bout as much as a 'stitch in time,' and 'Small leaks the bars, and the sheep hopped over, one after the other. sink big ships.' Now we're ready." And he let down. As they passed the horse lot, the colts put their heads over the bars with an eager whinny, and Uncle Hugh stopped to pat them, and tell Jane their names.

"No doubt you'll let me break one of them to ride. It is lang since I went skelpin' o'er the prairies on my pony."

"Break you neck, more like. Old Lucy would suit you better, 'cordin' to my notion."

"She's not kittle enough. Wouldn't we go skelpin' over these hills, Don?"

"Howsomever, the sheep's all scatterin' every which

way while we're putterin' here. We'll salt the colts when we come back."

"What makes your horses like you so well?"

"I don't forget that critters has rights, an' if I can't get along with 'em without beatin' them, we just dissolve partnership."

"It's heartening to see the bonnie lambs," exclaimed Jane, as they skipped back and forth across the lane. "They're gaysome the marning. Why are the old sheep so sober? They dinna' work to get tired."

"Wall, now, I don't know why critters like sheep an' cows, that never work, grow old and sober. Jest nature, I guess, cause lambs and children be always frisky. Maybe they get stiff with rheumatism, same as old folks. But it limbers up my old bones to see the lambs an' colts a friskin' round, an' to hear them happy little birds a singin'."

"The birds are blythe with music the morning. Hark to that wee dawtie in the apple-tree. He sings like his heart was fair lifted."

"Yes, the robins always do sing lively in the early morning."

"Is that a robin?"

"Wall, I declare! Don't you have no birds out where you live?"

"To be sure, many a one, but no robins. Mother said she heard one last summer, and it made her homesick. And father said: 'I've noted how the bee hies just afore the white man, an' the robin just ahint him.'"

"Yes, the robins stay close to the house an' orchard. Some folks shoots 'em, cause they say 'Them thievin' robins steals all our cherries,' but I won't let any body shoot ours. I wonder sometimes if the robins that has been cleanin' bugs and worms out of the trees all spring

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don't say, 'O those thievin' men, stealin' ~~our~~ cherries that we worked so hard for.' "

Jane laughed merrily.

" 'Spose you know what crows are,"

"To be sure! But I dinna' like them, they're all for self."

"You're about right, they say: 'Get all you can, an' keep all you get.' But they're sharp as chisels, crows are, they see every strange thing. They know you're strange, that's why they're cawin' so loud. Some folks says they mean bad luck, but I don't go much on signs. Work an' gumption makes good luck, but some folks is that ' fraid of work they run to meet bad luck, an' haul it home in a wagon."

"Whey! Scamper oop there," cried Jane, running back after some loitering sheep. As she ran up with them, she paused suddenly, as she saw Uncle Hugh squirt a mouthful of brown ambier on the ground. He had taken a chew of tobacco, while she ran back, and his jaws were working like those of an old cow, chewing her cud.

"Uncle Hugh! You dinna chew tobacco?"

"Wall, yes, a little," he answered, watching her face, which was the picture of astonishment and disgust.

"Why dinna I kent it afore?"

"Because I don't chew in the house."

"Father hates tobacco. It coves all that one of my kin could crooch so low down! I've a mind to hide my head under a weed, like a quail. It's muckle shameful! You can gang along by yourself," and she turned, and went back to the house.

"Got her father's mettle," mused Uncle Hugh, "and she walks just like mother, and she looks like her, too. I mind mother hated tobacco. I am glad she never knew I used it."

COFFIN NAILS: THE STORY OF JANE M'GREGOR

It was a warm summer evening. Uncle Hugh had gone to the city, and would not be home until late. Jane, who had helped with the chores, took the low seat on the porch, and watched the stars come out. Presently Aunt Hannah brought her chair, and sat down by her, saying: "Has thee found a cool place, dearie?"

"A bit cooler than indoors, but it's a close place hereabout. If we only had a breath of our prairie winds. If I could fly like a bird, I would fly home to mother to-night," said Jane, laying her head back in Aunt Hannah's lap.

"Thee must not get homesick, dearie," said Aunt Hannah, stroking her hair. "Thee has soft fine hair, and so long and wavy."

"No doubt it's all right, if it wasn't red. I dinna' mind my pug nose, but the boys tease me about my fiery red head."

"Do not fret thyself, if thee was altogether beautiful, thee might be vain."

"No doubt. Father said, 'If the nut is full of meat, folk dinna' mind the hull.' I'll put so mooch wisdom in my head folk winna' mind the red hair."

"That is a good plan. It is not the pretty women, but the wise and unselfish ones who have the most friends."

"I mean to be great, some day."

"Thee should not be over-anxious to be great. The great have sore trials and sore temptations. True greatness is doing faithfully whatever work is given thee to do, though no one may know it but God. Yet, when one is faithful in little things, men are apt to heed it, and to say: 'Come up higher.' When a work comes to one, she learns to care so much for the work, that she forgets to care for the home. Thy first work is to strengthen thy mind by years of study. If the Lord has a work for thee, he will measure the burden to thy shoulders. Thee

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must not only fill thy head with wisdom, but thy heart with kindness, and try to please others, and make them happy."

"I dinna' like to please other folk. I like to do as I please. I think my way is best. Where's the harm if I please to do right?"

"Ah, little girlie, that is thy fault. Thee likes thine own way, and thee speaks thy mind too freely sometimes. Thee is naturally kind-hearted, but that sharp little tongue of thine is like a rasp. Thee should watch thy words lest they hurt people's feelings."

"But it's cooards who dinna' say what they think," and the red head was erect now.

"Not always. When truth needs to be spoken, then it is brave to speak, but to be so blunt and thoughtless in little matters is selfishness." Jane laid her head back again, thinking in silence. Aunt Hannah, with her calm manner, and gentle tones, wielded a strong influence over this impetuous girl.

"I am glad that thee is brave to do what thee thinks is right; and that thee has taken a bold stand against intemperance and tobacco. Thee may not seem to make much stir, but every little helps, and it means much to thy own life and character. And I am glad so many of thy mates have decided never to espouse drunkards, nor tobacco users. I would that all women could be firm in this matter. It would save many a woman's life from chronic heartache. It is very galling to a self-respecting woman to know that her husband is a slave to a degrading habit. But a sensitive, high spirited woman bears it in silence, for she usually loves her husband, in spite of his faults, and she can not bear to speak of the humiliation which she feels so keenly."

"Aunt Hannah, I never want to get married."

"Better that thee never should, than to marry an un-

worthy man. Make thyself wise and self-reliant, and thee can be happy without marriage. But, if thee should ever love a man who is pure in God's sight, thee can be happier. I do not see how a pure minded girl can love a man whose life is full of impurity, or whose breath is foul with liquor or tobacco. That was the way I felt about it."

"Why, Aunt Hannah! Did na' you know that Uncle Hugh chewed tobacco?"

"He did not use it when I married him."

"How came he to begin? Aunt Hannah, tell me all about it, and about when you were a girl, and how you came to marry him."

"Ah, child, I was a headstrong girl, and full of ambition."

"You? Aunt Hannah?"

"Yes, I longed for an education, and went away to college for awhile, but mother was frail, and when father fell and got crippled, I must needs stay at home and care for them. The Friends, even in those days, allowed their women to speak in meeting, when the Spirit moved them. I spoke much, and others loved to listen to me. I have thought since that I often mistook my own vain thoughts for the promptings of the Spirit. Some of the Friends were moved to go on missions to other states and countries, women as well as men, and I felt that the Spirit moved me to go on a mission to preach the gospel of peace and temperance. Father and mother grieved that I had been called to leave them, even for a time. But Aunt Ruth, a saintly, white-haired Friend, said gently to me: 'Hannah, I fear thee has mistaken thy desires for the moving of the Spirit. The Spirit moves me to tell thee that thy duty is to care for thy parents.' And so I stayed with them, but, I grieve to say, not always contentedly. At length thy uncle

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came, and we learned to love each other. He would have given my parents a home, but he did not belong to meeting, and father objected. So Hugh waited. The years went by, and at length mother was laid to rest, and father soon followed her. We were married, out of meeting, and came west. We had three children, and how we loved them, and how we worked to make them a home. Ah, those were happy days. But sorrow came. Little Judith, our precious baby girl, sickened and died. Those were sad, lonely days, but we had our little boys, and they were a great comfort." Jane reached her hand up and patted Aunt Hannah's cheek. Presently she said: "But you havn't told me yet how Uncle Hugh came to use tobacco."

"He had a dreadful toothache, and the doctor told him to use it. The country was new, and there were no dentists."

"Did it cure his toothache?"

"It eased it for awhile, but it kept coming back, and requiring more tobacco, and then he chewed to keep it from coming back. The stench was awful, but I thought it was only a temporary medicine, and said little, but kept as far from him as I could. At length I urged him to stop, lest he form the habit of chewing.

"I will stop when I get ready, and not before. Fact is, I rather like it, and it's none of your business."

"It was the first time he had ever spoken crossly to me, and my anger blazed up like a flash, and I said hard and bitter things. He told me I was selfish to want him to give up something that was a pleasure to him, and that my anger was a greater sin than his using tobacco. And then he went off to his work. Of course it was wrong to get angry, and I begged God to forgive me for that. But my heart was burning with shame, to think that my husband, of whom I had always felt proud, had

lowered himself to the level of a rowdy by such a filthy habit. If he had been brought home drunk, I could scarcely have felt worse disgraced. And, if he had been brought home dead, I know that I would not have suffered as much as I have suffered in all these years by the realization of his degradation. To think that my husband loved a nasty weed better than he loved me, who had always felt so secure in his love. I knew that it was useless to say more to him, for Hugh is set in his ways. But to think that I, who had always looked down with pity—and almost with scorn—on women who married tipplers and tobacco users, should have to come down to it myself, seemed more than I could bear.

“That evening we did our work in silence, and Hugh went early to bed. It was the first thing that had ever come between us. I lay down on the bed with the children, but not to sleep. John was six and Harry was four. My precious little boys! Oh, how anxious I was for them to grow up pure and good. How could I teach them what was right, with their father setting them a wrong example? And I could not bear the thought of ever having them guilty of the disgusting habit. And so, hour after hour I brooded, until I determined to leave him, and take the children and go back to our old home. I arose and went about the house, gathering and packing in a trunk such things as I would need to take, for Hugh was a sound sleeper, and I had no fear of awakening him. I went to the chest where I kept little Judith's keepsakes, and sat down and cried over them—they were the first tears I had shed—my heart had been too bitter for tears. I must leave some of them for Hugh, for he loved Judith, too. And then I thought how he loved the boys, and that, perhaps, it would be wrong to take them away from him. Perhaps, if I had not been so angry, he would have quit the tobacco. Per-

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Laps, if I bore the trial patiently, he would yet see the evil of his way. And then I remembered how I had promised to take him, for better or for worse, and now that the worse had come, I was about to break my marriage vow. I tiptoed into the room where he slept, thinking to slip into bed, and try and learn to endure my cross. But, as I came near him, his breath was so foul, and his tobacco stained lips looked so repulsive that I turned away in disgust, and lay down with the children again. The idol of my heart was defiled, and I had loved him so. My head throbbed with the thoughts that flew through my brain, until I seemed to hear the click, click, beat, beat, of my mother's loom. Perhaps I had been too proud, and had felt too safe and happy, to be charitable to others. Perhaps this disgrace had been sent to me as a punishment. But how could I shield my little boys from this habit, if I stayed with Hugh? So I debated and prayed, until, when morning dawned, I had decided to stay and bear my punishment with what patience I could, and do my best to save my boys. I washed the tear stains from my eyes, and went to work, but for days it seemed as though there had been a funeral in the house."

"Aunt Hannah, I should think Uncle Hugh would have quit when he knew how near you came to leaving him."

"He never knew. I never spoke to anyone of that night until now. Perhaps I ought not to have spoken so to thee, but I wanted thee to realize the importance of the step thee has taken, and to know that thy influence may prevent much bitterness in the lives of other women."

Aunt Hannah was atremble, and again Jane's hand slipped up and caressed her face, and the moonlight showed tears glistening on the girl's cheeks.

COFFIN NAILS: THE STORY OF JANE M'GREGOR

"I have endured, and tried to do my duty all these years, and to be patient, not only with Hugh, but with everyone, and my temper seldom troubles me now. Hugh tried to be neat about his tobacco, and never spit about the house, for he saw the change in me, and knew it was a trial to me. But I never could get over loathing the foul stench that pervaded his breath and clothing. Of course I love him yet, in spite of his pollution, but I have never been able to feel that perfect confidence in him, nor respect for him, that I felt before, and it has always kept a slight estrangement and coldness between us. For a long time I did not leave my home. I could not bear to face my neighbors. And it has always hampered my Sunday school work. I could not reprove the children for wrong-doing without feeling that they thought of my husband's bad habit. I still grieve that he should becloud his mind, and risk his soul's salvation for a little indulgence of his carnal appetite. Of late the Spirit hath much impressed on my mind these words of Holy Writ: 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.' A tobacco user is as surely a drunkard as a whiskey toper."

For a time they sat in silence, then Jane asked: "Aunt Hannah, how did you keep your boys from learning?"

"Thee ought to have seen my boys, Jane, when they were little—so bright, and always asking questions that a wise man could not answer. John was a quiet, matter-of-fact child, but Harvey was such an impulsive child, quick to anger, and quick to get over it, and so loving. Often he would quit his play, and run to me, and put his arms around my neck, and say: 'Muzzer, I love 'ou too much.' How I loved them, and how I prayed that they might grow up good, pure men. I taught them to hate tobacco and drink, almost as soon as they could talk. Hugh was kind, and never objected to my teaching them

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thus. John says his father told them once that he was sorry he ever began to chew, and advised them never to begin; and they never did.

"After a year at the Seminary, John settled down to farming, but Harry kept on, and graduated. But the buzz and whir of the engines in the great implement factories at Peoria, and the excitement of the city, set his head in a whirl, and the farm was too narrow for him. He wanted to be in the pushing throng."

"And push to the top! To be sure! I understand," exclaimed Jane, and the eager face was lifted from Aunt Hannah's lap.

"When I saw him start to the city I felt that my last boy was gone. While he was in school I looked forward to his home-coming every week. But then I felt that my baby boy was gone, and that only a tall, busy man of the world would come back to visit. How lonely the home seemed. How often I went to the window and looked down the road, for the form that never came. How eagerly I read and re-read his letters, especially those that had some loving phrase tucked in, now and then—something to show that he still loved mother. I had many misgivings about the temptations and dangers of city life. Mothers can think of a hundred things to worry about.

"At last he came on a visit, and seemed glad to see home and home folks. He had brought some mending for me to do, and I was looking over his coat, when out of the pocket dropped a cigar. I felt so dizzy and weak I had to sit down. Had my boy learned that loathsome habit? My boy, of whom I was so proud? Had he trodden all my teachings under foot? Did he despise mother as old-fashioned, and behind the times? Why must I bear this added humiliation? It seemed as it does, sometimes, when we turn from an open grave, as though 'Times' clock had stopped, and we knew not how to take

up life again. And my tears dropped on the coat in my hands. Just then Harvey came in, and stopped suddenly, with: 'Why, mother, it's not so bad as you think,' and he picked up the cigar and flung it into the fire.

"'Oh! Harvey! How could you?' was all I could say. He sat down at my feet, leaned his head back in my lap, and slipped his long arms around my neck, and said, in his old boyish way: 'Muzzer, dear, truly and honestly, I have never smoked, and never intend to. I love you too well to forget your teaching. The boys know I hate tobacco, and they sometimes slip a cigar in my pocket for a joke.'"

"To be sure you was glad, was na' you, Aunt Hannah?"

"I was more than glad, I was happy and proud."

CHAPTER X.

THE GRUESOME INTRUDER.

THE next morning, when Jane saw Uncle Hugh starting after the cows, she ran after him, calling: "Uncle Hugh, may I help you fetch the cows?"

"Yes, if you are not ashamed of your old uncle."

He seemed to be in a sober mood, and little was said until they reached the woods, when Jane sat down on a log, saying, peremptorily: "Uncle, sit down on this log."

THE GRUESOME INTRUDER

He sat down, facing her, asking: "What be you going to do with me? draw my picter?"

"No, I want to talk to you."

"Think you might have talked to me a walkin', your words fly off fast enough to catch a man runnin'."

"Uncle Hugh, is Aunt Hannah a good woman?"

"Sartainly, one of the best women living."

"And dinna' she used to love you?"

"Used to! Guess she does yet. But she was purty loving in the old days. Chirked a man up in the hardest times, with them sweet ways of hers."

"Do you love her?"

"Course I love her. What you driving at? Quizzing a man like a Philadelphia lawyer! Purty lawyer, you'd make, perched up there like a redheaded woodpecker. Do I look like a worm-eaten old stump?"

"You look like a tobacco-soaked old stump. It's clear beyond me how you could be so thrawn selfish, and down mean, if you love her, to keep right on using tobacco all these years when you know how she despises it!"

"Well, you're pretty hard on a man. I thought I had been keerful not to dirty her house with tobacco spit, for she's sich a nice housekeeper."

"To be sure! It was a wee bit kind of you not to drive her to the pig-sty, but your breath and clothes stink with it."

"I know she used to hate it, but I calkerlated she had got used to it. She never said nothin' about it, 'cept right at the first."

"She dinna' think it's a bit of use. It's mooch like throwing pearls before swine. But the nasty stuff has well nigh smothered the love out of her heart."

"Jane, did she ask you to talk to me about this?" asked Uncle Hugh, jumping up.

"No, she charged me to say naught aboot it, but I

dinna promise. We were talking about our anti-tobacco society in school, the way she came to tell me. She told how the tobacco had wedged in atween your hearts, and a'most split your love apart, and I knew by the way her hands trembled, and her voice choked, that her heart was sore yet with the trouble."

"I knew she wasn't just like she used to be, but I thought it was the children sort of divided her love up, an' nowadays we're gettin' old, and sort o' say-nothin' anyway," and Uncle Hugh sat down again, looking quite sober.

"Nonsense, dividin' love with the babies is like dividin' pieplant roots, makes them all grow stronger."

"Well, I never calkerlated to be selfish, but I guess I am. But it would be pretty tough for an old man that's used it twenty years, to break off now."

"Uncle Hugh! Hav'na you a speck o' grit?" exclaimed Jane, springing to her feet. "Here you're shriveled yourself yellow, and pickled yourself loathsome, till your wife can scant abide you, and now you whine like a cry-baby about giving oop the nasty stuff. I would spunk up, and show a grain o' grit! Here's your wife hungering for a kiss from clean lips, and hoping you'd be clean in the next world, anyhow, and now she's a worritin', afearing you'll never get there."

"Tut! Tut! I guess chewing a little tobacco won't keep a good Christian out of heaven."

"You canna' chew tobacco oop there, to be sure, it's too clean, you'd have to go to hell to spit."

"Hold on! Enough's enough," said Uncle Hugh, jumping up, and ramming his hand into his pocket. "Here, take the old plug and throw it as far as you can send it, while I shut my eyes, for fear I go and hunt it up again, like I did when I tried to quit once before."

THE GRUESOME INTRUDER

"Good for you, Uncle Hugh! It's gone now, where you'll never find it."

Uncle Hugh was cross as a bear the next few days, and Aunt Hannah said he walked the floor nearly all night, the second night after he quit his tobacco. But he would not go back to it, and they were all very patient with him, and did all they could to make things pleasant, and help him to get his old indulgence. Jane suggested that she had read that chewing gentian root was useful, and they got some, and it was quite a help.

About a month after that a shower had caught Uncle Hugh when he was trying to finish a grain stack, and he caught a severe cold, and was quite feverish. Aunt Hannah, who was something of a hydropathist, rolled him up in a wet sheet and hot blankets. Jane, who was at work in the kitchen, heard Aunt Hannah ask: "Shall I read to thee, or would thee rather rest?"

"Read? nothing! when a man's sweating like a harvest hand. Get the Tribune, and read something sensible." She went out to the kitchen to get it, and he called after her: "Don't be gone long. A fly might light on my nose, and you've got me wrapped like Pharaoh's mummy. I can't move hand nor foot."

After awhile Aunt Hannah came out, saying to Jane: "He is fast asleep now. I will run out of doors and get a breath of fresh air. If thee hears thy uncle speak, call me at once."

When she returned, Jane heard some exclamations that sounded uncommonly loud for quiet Aunt Hannah. Some time afterwards Uncle Hugh came out and took his chair with a comic air of mock anger.

"What's gone wrong, Uncle Hugh? Didn't it do you any good?" Just then Aunt Hannah came out of the bedroom door, holding up the wet sheet, so yellow it was almost brown, and a sickening odor filled the room.

"Tobacco!" exclaimed Jane, "Why, uncle, it's a month since you quit using it."

"And here your aunt is accusing me of going back to my old habit," he replied, with an air of injured innocence, "and I haven't touched it since I gave you my plug."

"The room smelled so strongly of tobacco when I came in from the fresh air, I could hardly believe but that thee must be chewing again," explained Aunt Hannah.

"I told you, Uncle Hugh, that you were pickling yourself in tobacco."

"Well, I'll warrant I would have quit it long ago, if I had known I was making such a brown pickle of myself as that."

The day after school closed Lucy had taken the train to the southern part of the state, to spend the vacation with an aunt. She had a lonely ride, and a lonelier wait at a secluded junction in the woods; and it was after dark when they reached Alton, where she must again change cars. But Mrs. Sutton, an old friend of her mother's, had invited Lucy to stop there and visit her. She was confused by the bustle and din, but Mrs. Sutton soon found her. Mrs. Sutton's son and daughter lived near, and came with their families, and they spent a pleasant evening together. They were much older than Lucy, but she could just remember seeing them when she was a child.

Lucy was shown to an elegant chamber, on the second floor, and soon fell into a sound slumber. Some time in the night she awoke suddenly, as though something had startled her. The old moon shone in through the lace curtains, and reflected a crescent from the mirror on the dresser, and she realized that she was at Mrs. Sutton's. She was just dozing off to sleep again, when she heard a strange noise—a sound between a

moan of pain and the grunt of an animal. It appeared to be over her head. She reasoned that it was the snoring of one of the servants in the room above. Soon the grunting ceased, and she heard slow shuffling steps overhead. They grew more distant and then all was silent. She concluded it was one of the servants who had risen early, and gone down to the kitchen. She was about to fall asleep once more, when she heard those shuffling steps again. They were surely coming down the hall. She remembered that she had neglected to lock her door. She was about to get up and lock it, when she heard the step pause at her door, and a fumbling at the door knob. Like a child, she covered her head. Slowly the door swung open, and the heavy steps crossed the room to the dresser. Was it a robber? Was it some strange ghostly apparition? She dared not scream, nor move. The cold sweat broke out on her forehead. Then she heard a slight rattle, as though some one was moving things on the dresser. It must be a robber hunting for her jewelry. Little he would find. Would he kill her? The rattling of things on the dresser continued. Her curiosity overcame her fear, With almost imperceptible motions she raised the cover and peeped out. There, in the dim light stood what looked like a human figure, too low for a man, too heavy for a boy. He gave a low gurgling laugh, as though something had pleased him. He had evidently caught a glimpse of himself in the glass. Straining her eyes she saw a faint reflection—a hideous grinning face with heavy jaws covered with fuzzy beard—or was it grunt that she had heard overhead, and started toward her. Her heart stood still with fear. No, not toward her—he passed by her, and out of the door. She heard the steps shuffle along the hall, and another door open. Springing out, she shut and locked her door, and lay

down again. Presently she heard voices in the farther part of the house—then sounds of scuffling, and loud angry words—then those grunts, more savage than ever, then retreating steps. All was silent at length. Had the servants caught the robber, and taken him to the police station? Or was it some pet bear or baboon that had been caught and returned to its cage? No, it was not a bear, the face was too human for that. There was no more sleep for her.

It proved to be nearly morning, and the household was soon astir. When she arose and looked at the dresser, she found things disturbed. That was evidence that it was a reality, and not a troubled dream. She hurried down when the breakfast bell rang, expecting to find the household excited over the episode, but all was quiet. It was on her tongue's end to ask eagerly about it, but Mrs. Sutton met her with a remark about the pleasant morning, and seated her at the table, continuing the conversation on common-place topics. There was no opportunity for her question without seeming rudeness. The servants passed in and out, with faces imperturbed, as though nothing unusual had happened. The longer she waited, the stranger grew the mystery of their silence, and the more afraid she was to ask.

The hour came for her departure. She was taken in their carriage to the depot, and bade farewell to her friends—and her uncanny visitor remained unexplained.

CHAPTER XI.

IS THIS THE END?

Henry Carson had written that he was coming over from the city, to visit Nellie. How long the afternoon seemed to her. She found herself running to the window every few minutes. So she took her sewing to the porch, where she could see far down the road. As she watched her mind wandered back to the winters at Eudora, and her acquaintance with Henry. She remembered how anxious she had been, when the girls first started their society, to have him give up smoking, for it seemed the one bad habit that spoiled an almost perfect man. She saw now that her anxiety about him had been the main-spring that had kept up her enthusiasm. She had thought that a young man of his intelligence, when he learned how injurious the tobacco habit was, would give it up; and so he had. And she had been so happy. And now he was coming to see her in her own home. What if he should disappoint her. He would be tempted to smoke again. Would he be strong enough to resist temptation? And he would often meet Flossy in society, and she would try to win him back. But he had written that he was coming, and of course he would come. She went in, and helped her mother put supper on the table. It was with a very critical eye that she surveyed the table and the rooms, for she wanted Henry to be favorably impressed with her home. Her waiting was at length rewarded, and Henry was cordially welcomed by herself

and parents. After supper, and a little general conversation, the other members of the family excused themselves, and went to their evening chores, which are inevitable on a farm, and Nellie took Henry out to see her flowers. Every flower and tree had some especial beauty, which she pointed out in her vivacious manner, and when a bird burst into an ecstasy of song in a tree above their heads, she exclaimed: "Listen to my robin, he sings as though he would burst his little throat."

"Oh, you little enthusiast! Even the birds love you," was the reply. "But I have heard a sweeter singer than your bird. Let us go in and have some music. I want to hear you sing again."

As Henry stood by the piano, helping Nellie look over the music, she imagined she smelled tobacco smoke, but she put away the idea with the excuse that it was on his clothes, and, in the city, of course he could not help being around where other people smoked. If he had returned to his old habit he would not have come to see her. She rattled off a gay ditty, and then she sang a tender love song, and his rich voice joined in the chorus. She looked up at him at the close of the song, and the tenderness of his glance sent a thrill to her heart. Then she started on a dreamy waltz. As he stooped to turn her music she smelled tobacco again, and she was sure it was on his breath, and liquor too, she thought. She had not once dreamed of his coming to claim her, in case he began smoking again. What should she do? There was a clang on the keys, an awkward attempt to recover the tune, and she made excuse:

"It is getting too dark to see the notes."

"Well, sing something, then."

Her fingers wandered over the keys, and presently she began singing a plaintive ditty that she had learned when a child: "Oh! Bury Me Not in the Deep, Deep

IS THIS THE END?

Sea." It suited her mood, for were not her hopes about to be buried? When she finished, she arose, saying: "I think I would better light the lamps." But he said:

"No, let us go outside, it is warm in here."

And so they walked out, and Nellie led the way to a seat under a tree, saying: "This is my cosy nook."

Henry was conscious of an undefinable change in her tone and manner, but he laid it to the sad song, and began telling of his last fishing excursion, and other merry experiences. But, as Nellie listened, her thoughts wandered. What did it mean? Did he intend to deceive her? Or did he think he was sure of her, and that she would overlook it, rather than lose him? Did he think she could go back, thus lightly, on her principles? Would she, rather than give him up? That was a hard question. Possibly she was mistaken. Possibly he had only broken his promise once, and, if she would tell him how she felt, he would not do it again. She turned the conversation back to school days, watching for a chance to ask the dreaded question. At length he made some remark about their society, and she ventured:

"Henry, have you been smoking again?"

"Why, yes, a little."

"I thought I smelled tobacco on your breath, and—liquor, too. I did not know you ever drank."

"I do not care for it, but I met some of my chums just before I left the city, and they would have me take a glass of wine, and a cigar with them. It would have been impolite to refuse."

"But I thought you had quit smoking."

"So I did, to please you. It was all right there at school, but I supposed that was one of your schoolgirl enthusiasms, that you would drop when schooldays were over, as you drop your school books."

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"No, indeed. I believe just as strongly as ever that the habit is wrong."

"Yes, it is wrong to carry such habits to excess, but people of intelligence are supposed to have self-control, and not go to excess."

"But it would be better to give them up entirely."

"Nellie, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you, reared in this quiet country neighborhood, and educated in a country village, have little knowledge of the ways of the world. It is the custom in all good society for gentlemen to smoke cigars, and for both ladies and gentlemen to drink a little wine occasionally; and for me to refuse to accept, or offer, such hospitality, would be to estrange myself from good society. Do you comprehend my situation?"

"Yes, I see, but—"

"Nellie," he interrupted, "I wish you would spend a few weeks in the city, your ideas would be broadened, and, with your grace and beauty, you would outshine any of them."

Nellie was silent, and Henry, in his self-assurance, thought he had almost convinced her. "Of course," he went on, "as people get older, they can be more independent, without losing caste, but an ambitious young man cannot afford to do so, if he intends entering a business or profession. It would be practical suicide, from a business point of view, to render myself unpopular, as I would do, were I to follow your advice." Then he talked of how hard he was studying, and what good prospects he had when he should be admitted to the bar, and how popular he was becoming as a speaker, and how he had been invited to deliver a Fourth-of-July oration. Nellie listened, and laughed at his droll mimicry of his own speech, but a miniature battle was going on in her heart, meanwhile.

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"Some day," he went on, "I expect to own one of the finest residences in Peoria, but, at first, I will have to be content with a cottage. And, Nellie, I shall want you to make a happy home for me. Will you be my wife?"

His voice was full of tenderness, and he clasped her hand eagerly, and bent to catch her answer. He saw, by the light of the moon, that her eyes dropped low, but she asked bravely:

"Henry, won't you promise me that you will quit smoking and wine drinking from now on?"

"Why, Nellie, you surely will not let such trifles spoil our happiness. Throw aside your foolish notions, and give me my answer."

"Would you have me violate my pledge, and my convictions of duty?"

"You are taking this matter entirely too serious, Nellie. If I thought you did not care for me, I would go at once, but I know you do. Awhile ago your face was radiant, now the light has all gone out of it. Nellie, darling, look up. I will try to quit after we are married. I will not care so much for society then."

There was a last short conflict between love and duty, and then, as Nellie remembered Mrs. Clark's advice: "Never marry a person to reform him," she answered with forced calmness: "I can not sacrifice my self-respect on such a doubtful promise."

The man hesitated. It seemed hard, just then, to lose the woman so nearly his own, but he was nettled by her independence, and by the fact that she perceived what a coward he really was. And there came thoughts of his ambition for political honors, and of election times, and political conventions. At length he arose and said, coolly, "Is this the end?"

The answer came, calmly and firmly, "Yes, this is the end."

CHAPTER XII.

LOVE WEARS A NEW DISGUISE.

BACK at school again. The girls could scarcely wait until evening to tell each other their vacation experiences. As they passed down the Seminary steps, that first noon, a fine team and carriage dashed past them down the street.

"Oh! There's Henry Carson, and Flossy Larkin," cried Sallie.

"Flossy Larkin no longer, but Mrs. Carson," replied Laura.

There was a chorus of "Oh my!" and "Oh dear!" and Mattie Dorson explained that they were on their wedding trip.

"Did you nothith him thmoking?" lisped Charley Martin.

"To be sure! Broken his promise. I'd be ashamed to flaunt my disgrace," answered Jane.

"Guess he thinks he's got a wife that likes cigar smoke, and wants us girls to know it," remarked Sallie.

"The contemptible deserter!" exclaimed George.

Nellie was a little behind the others, just coming out of the door when the carriage passed. Prof. Felton happened to be near her, and noticed how her face paled as she saw the occupants, and how it flushed at Sallie's badinage, and he felt like echoing George's comment.

"Did you know Arthur and Mary were married too?" asked Sallie.

"No, we had not heard of it, but we expected it," replied Elsie.

The Walnut street crowd started off together, all talking at once.

"Can't you girls all come over this evening?" asked Elsie. "Mamma would be so glad to have you come."

"Yes, come, and we will have an experience meeting," added Nellie.

Several girls came to Mrs. Clark's that evening, and Mrs. Heath came over with Minnie, for she and Mrs. Clark were warm friends. Lucy and Nellie had just come from the postoffice.

"It makes me angry to go to the postoffice," said Nellie "the foul tobacco smoke almost strangles me."

"My lips smart yet with the strong acrid taste," added Lucy, "and I actually feel sick."

"It's a disgrace to our civilization," answered Mrs. Heath, "that public buildings, where women must go, should be kept so foul. I have known ladies to be sick a half a day after going to the postoffice."

"And the poor children," said Minnie; "I heard a girl say she had a headache every time she went to the office."

"Let us complain to the postmaster general, at Washington, and have him forbid tobacco using in all the postoffices," said Jane.

"Goethe said 'Do the duty that lies nearest thee,' I think it would be more practical to petition our postmaster to forbid it in our own office," suggested Mrs. Heath.

Aunt Clark joined them in the sitting-room, as soon as the supper work was finished. She was such an affectionate little body, and entered so sympathetically into their plans, and even into their fun, that her little sitting room had become their rendezvous, and they confided everything to her, as though she was an older sister. The

girls recounted the various experiences of the summer, some amusing, and some serious.

"Do you girls remember about the Woman's Crusade a few years ago?" Lucy inquired.

"Where they prayed in saloons?" asked Jane.

"Yes, and you know we read about their starting temperance societies." Then she told them how she had, that summer, found a Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and a Young Woman's Union, and she advised them to change their anti-tobacco society into a Y, as the young woman's society was called for short. She explained that they could thus work against both drink and tobacco, and that the young men could join as honorary members.

"I am glad you thought of that," said Mrs. Heath. I have also been learning about the W. C. T. U., and was planning to start a union here this fall."

"Getting signers for that petition will be work for the Y's, exclaimed Nellie. "We will get every woman in town to sign it."

"Mrs. Darnell won't sign it, so she won't," spoke up Sallie, she smokes an old pipe."

"She's an ignorant old thing," said Laura.

"She is very kindhearted," Lucy replied, "but she was raised in the South, you know."

"Oh yes," said Nellie, "my papa traveled in the South, and he said some of the southern women dipped little sticks in snuff, and chewed the ends of them. And old women would ask him, a perfect stranger, for a chew of tobacco, and he said they looked sallow and scrawny."

"I pity the children of such mothers," remarked Minnie.

"I think many an innocent babe has been smoked to death," observed her mother. "Back in Massachusetts a babe, that had been strong and healthy, became very

sick. The doctor said it had been poisoned. Come to find out, the father had been left to care for it awhile, some gentlemen friends called, and they had a sociable smoke, and the doctor said it had breathed the poisoned air, till it came near dying."

"Well, Mrs. Heath, you may count on me for your W. C. T. U.," replied Aunty Clark. "I think it is time the people were being taught something about these things."

"Mrs. Heath," said Elsie, who had been at the piano, looking over her music, "here is that new song you promised to play for us." Mrs. Heath was a fine musician and she soon had the girls all singing with her.

Mrs. Heath and Mrs. Clark, busy, hard-working women though they were, found time to organize a Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the temperance and anti-tobacco sentiment became stronger than ever in Eudora. One of the old literary societies was given up, and the Y took its place, having literary programs, spiced with temperance sentiments.

"Oh, goody! The old finals are over with!" exclaimed Sallie, as a crowd of students came down the walk, at the close of the term.

"Got your grade card? I've got mine. Got above eighty, ain't that fine?" asked Zina.

"I heard Miss Miller say she thought Jane would have a hundred in nearly every study," said Minnie.

"If that redhead gets a hundred in Algebra, I know the teachers are partial," snapped Mattie Dorson.

"Humph! You could most see the envy sticking out of that remark," retorted George.

"Oh, George, you ought not to have said that, I fear it hurt Mattie's feelings," said Minnie, after Mattie passed.

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"Sorry for it, Puss, for your sake; but she holds her head so high, I like to see her toss it."

"Do you know they are fitting up a laboratory in the basement," asked Sallie, "and are going to recite Physics and Chemistry down there?"

"To be sure," replied Jane, "dinna' you fear it will debase us? The like of new apparatus that Prof. Felton is putting in there, I never saw afore. We'll have to put our brains in steep to learn all that science."

"I love to recite in Prof. Felton's classes," said Nellie, "he is awfully interesting."

"Didn't Henry make a big splurge at society last night?" asked Sallie.

"Yes, and Cyrus, too," answered Irene.

"Course you think so, but I caught Cyrus hunting big words in the dictionary, so I did. His speech was written in common words, and he was hunting big words to put in their places."

"Don't have a cat-fight over it. They both made a big splurge. Two Daniel Websters on hands already, what will we have when I come on the stage?"

It was a pleasant spring evening, and Prof. Felton and his botany class were going to the woods. Nellie and Elsie walked quietly along with Prof. Felton, while the younger girls skipped from one flower to another, or ran races with the boys.

"What a beautiful evening it is," said Elsie.

"It is just lovely!" returned Nellie, "and the flowers are just the loveliest I ever did see. The air is loaded with the sweetest fragrance, it is just like breathing honey."

"Yes," said Prof. Felton, "that little cottage, embowered in snowy cherry trees, would make a pretty scene for a picture, with the purple lilacs and scarlet

tulips in the green yard, and the delicate pink and green of the apple orchard, and the deeper green of the woods for a background."

"You folks better hurry on, or it will be dark before you get to the woods," called Sallie. "How many kinds of flowers have you picked?"

"We have been so busy admiring them," answered Elsie, "that we had not thought of picking any."

"We will now turn our admiration from a general to a specific point of view," said Prof. Felton; but every little while he called their attention to some new beauty of flower or landscape, and Nellie went into ecstasies over it. Minnie, who had tired of running, had dropped back with them, and she and Elsie kept up a conversation, paying little heed to their teacher's remarks. When they reached the woods, part of them stopped to examine a bird's nest, but Jane, Sallie, Nellie and the Professor wandered on.

"Have you found any of those painted cups yet?" he asked.

"No, I have not seen any today," replied Nellie.

"I found plenty of them last year on that bluff across the creek," he rejoined, "And those wild pansies that I spoke of, grow there, too. It is easily reached from the other side, but it would be quite a climb up this side of the bluff."

"We can climb it," said Jane, "and the foot-log is right up there."

"Do you feel like climbing it, Nellie?"

"Yes, sir, it does not look very steep." Jane and Sallie were soon across and began climbing, as agile as squirrels. But Nellie hesitated, and the Professor helped her across the log, and up the bluff. They soon found the brilliant painted cups, and began digging them up.

"I want you girls to notice the peculiarity about these

flowers," he said. "This bright scarlet is not the flower itself, but only the bright colored leaves and calyx surrounding the flowers. Those tiny yellowish white parts inside are the real carrollas."

Jane stepped away, motioned for Sallie, and whispered "Let's dig some of these for the other girls, he won't miss us, just so Nellie listens." And the Professor went on explaining the various parts of the flowers, oblivious of their absence.

"Guess those boys have shot a squirrel," cried Sallie, as a gun-shot made Nellie jump.

"It is sunset, and time to go home," said Jane, and taking their plants, they collected their crowd and returned. After Prof. Felton had bidden them good night, Nellie said to Jane and Sallie:

"Girls, you were rude this evening, to go off while Prof. Felton was explaining that flower to you."

"He didn't care, so you heard. You're his pet, anyhow, so you are!" snapped Sallie.

"I am no more his pet than you are, only my mother taught me to be respectful to my teachers, and to listen politely when people talk to me."

A week or two afterwards the young ladies of Prof. Felton's class had waited in the laboratory for him to perform some chemical experiments. They had begged to be excused on a previous evening, when he was showing them to the class on account of a social invitation.

"What is your hurry tonight, young ladies?" he asked, as he noticed their impatience to be going, as soon as he had finished his first experiment.

"Please excuse us again, Professor," said Irene, "we had planned to go to the milliner's this evening."

"You are excused," he replied, "although I have everything ready, and it would take but a few moments."

"I guess we haven't time," answered Irene, "Good evening."

"Girls, it is too bad," said Nellie, when they were outside the door. "Didn't you see how disappointed he looked. This is the second time he has prepared things for us. We ought not to treat him that way."

"But I promised the milliner we would be down to look at our Commencement hats, and I am going," said Irene.

"I can get mine some other day. Elsie, cannot you and Minnie stay with me?" They stopped, and Nellie went back in, explaining that Elsie and Minnie would soon be in.

Prof. Felton placed his test tubes on the table, and chatted with Nellie a few minutes. Looking out of the window, she exclaimed, "There they go! The girls have coaxed Minnie and Elsie to go too."

"I will show the experiment for your especial benefit," and he began talking about the strange properties of some chemicals, adding:

"Please hand me the bottle behind you."

"This chalk dust is awful sticky," said Nellie, dropping what looked like a bit of chalk.

"Where did you find that?"

"I picked it up, here on the table."

"Don't rub it." Too late. A hasty brush—a blue flame flashed over her fingers, and she threw up her hand with a sharp cry. In an instant she was lifted to the tank, and a stream of water was flowing over her hand.

"What was that stuff? I just thought it was a piece of chalk."

"It was a piece of phosphorus. I had been emptying it from one glass jar to another, and I knew I dropped a few bits, but I thought I found all of them."

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"I was playing with it while I listened to you. I hardly knew what I was doing. It was careless of me."

"It was more careless of me leaving it around. Let us see how badly it is burned. There are only a few blisters. But I am so sorry it happened. I fear you will not trust yourself in my care often. Is it painful?..

"Not while it is in the water." The Professor soon found a remedy, and bound her fingers up carefully.

"That feels easier already. Can't we have the experiment?"

"Certainly," and he proceeded to show her two fluids in separate vessels, each as clear as water, and, pouring them together, they became a bright scarlet. Picking up the glass, Prof. Felton stepped near the window, and held it up to the light, and Nellie voiced her admiration enthusiastically. As he set the glass down, she asked, "Can we have the other experiment, or shall we wait till the other girls can see it?"

"Perhaps we would better wait."

"I wonder what the girls will say when they see my fingers?"

"Tell them you was playing with fire."

"Sallie called me Prof. Felton's pet, one day. I expect she will call me that again, for staying here today."

"The saucy minx! Do you object to being Prof. Felton's pet?"

"I always enjoy your teaching and experiments. You make everything so interesting. But of course I don't like to be teased. I am glad that it is my left hand that is burned. This finger hurts, I think it is tied too tightly," and she came nearer, and held it out for him to wrap and tie it again.

"Poor little hand, I wouldn't have had it burned for all the experiments."

"I know the girls will tease me awfully, but I am glad

I stayed, anyhow. I will tell them they missed the prettiest experiment we ever had."

"I am glad you stayed, too, Nellie. Sorry as I am for the accident, I have enjoyed your presence more than I can tell. You have been such an interested pupil all winter, that it has helped me in my work." He leaned one elbow on the window, still holding her bandaged fingers with the other hand, and watched her animated face.

"Nellie, I have enjoyed our association in school so much, that I wish to continue a nearer association."

She looked up with a puzzled expression. Something in his tone, more than his words, had startled her. But the western light at his back, which shown full in her face, left his in shadow.

"Do you not understand, little girl?" and the tone was lower, and tenderer than before. You have grown very dear to me. Do you think you can learn to care for me?"

"Oh! You know I like you so well as my best and dearest teacher, but I—don't know. Don't you know about Henry?"

"Yes, I know. I saw it in your face the day he drove by here with his bride. I had seen enough in the winter to understand. The impudent fellow puffed that cigar in our faces to insult you. I pitied you, and resolved to help you forget him by interesting you in your studies. Have I succeeded?"

"Oh, yes, only—" and her eyes dropped with embarrassment.

"Never mind trying to give me an answer now. I am content to wait till you know your own heart."

"I like you—ever so much," she faltered, but I fear I can never love anybody again, like I did the first time."

"Do not mistake yourself, dear. A second love is often the truest love. I would rather trust it than an evanescent first love."

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A rattling noise from the other room startled them. Prof. Felton stepped to the door of the apparatus room.

"Oh! It's you, is it, Ned? I have not time to help you with that machine tonight, you can go now." Coming back to Nellie, he remarked, "Ned has one redeeming quality, he does like machinery, and I am trying to encourage him."

They heard him going out, and Nellie said "I smell smoke. Ned often lights a cigar before he gets off the campus."

"He will have to be censured."

"Oh! There come the girls." And Nellie bade her teacher goodnight, and joined her schoolmates. Prof. Felton stood at the window, watching the girls, and dreaming, as only young people can—for he was still on the sunny side of thirty. Suddenly he came to himself. How silent it was. The janitor had gone to supper, and he was alone in the building. The smell of smoke was quite distinct. That boy must be taught obedience, he thought. He looked into the other room, to see what Ned had been meddling with. As he opened the door, the smoke almost strangled him. A pile of waste, used in cleaning machinery, had just burst into a blaze. It was but the work of a moment to quench the fire.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE DESTRUCTION.

TOM GRIMES, the father of Ned, had grown up with the town, and become a prosperous dealer in horses, and owner of a livery barn. He was one of the stockholders of the Seminary, and was trying to educate his boy for a lawyer.

Ned was bright, and had learned fast in the public school. He wanted to be a carpenter, but was given to understand that he was too rich to learn a trade. So he played in the streets, and learned to swear and smoke. His father had never been a drinking man, but he loved his pipe as well as he loved his horses. He had come home early one evening, and taken a seat by the open window, and was smoking with unusual vigor, for his mind was absorbed with thoughts of his horses. He had secured a fine span of young blacks for a carriage team, and was proud of them. They had won a premium at the county fair the previous fall, and he was carefully training them for the state fair.

His little girl ran in excitedly, saying: "Oh, pa, they have turned Ned out of school. He set the Seminary afire—'most burned it up—threw his match in the papers. He smoked 'gainst the rules."

"I'd like to see them! I'm one of the regents!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. But, dizzy and blind, he would have fallen, had his wife not caught him, and helped him down on the sofa.

"Run for the doctor, quick!"

The doctor soon came, and his patient rallied. But, before leaving, Dr. Hawley said: "Now, Grimes, I want to tell you the truth. You've been smoking too much. Bad news does not break a healthy man's heart. If you do not quit, some day a little extra excitement will bring on another attack—perhaps a fatal one."

"Tim, get the blacks out for me, I want to take my girl buggy riding," Ned Grimes called out, one evening, in an insolent manner, to Timmy Tackett, his father's hostler.

"No, Ned, they're in training now, you know, and have been driven enough today."

"Guess I can get 'em myself."

"No, you won't!" exclaimed Tim, pocketing the key to their stall.

The boy made an angry exclamation, but swallowed his wrath, and ordered Tim to get out the bays.

Tim was asleep when Ned drove in, late that evening, and he did not awaken him. Ned had bragged to Mattie about his swift trotters, and it angered him that he had been obliged to drive another team. He was thinking sulkily over the matter, as he put away the horses. He rolled the buggy into the shed, and flung his cigar stump down, wishing he was of age.

"Fire! Fire!" shouted a belated citizen who had just come in on the night train. And soon the fire bells ringing out the alarm, aroused the firemen from their dreams. Eudora could only boast a small hand engine, and a volunteer company of young men, and a fire was an unusual excitement for them.

Clear and rapid came the strokes, and they sprang from their beds, and, in a few minutes, came running up to Cap. Gaston's. He was the captain of their company, and kept the engine in his barn.

"Fire! Fire!" they shouted, as they passed his window,

"Don't wait for him!"

"Out with it!"

"Here's the hose."

"Here we go."

Mattie Gaston heard the cries, and sprang to her window in time to see them starting down the hill, just as her father reached the door, but she had little idea that this was the result of her ride.

"Hold on, there, boys! Hold on!" shouted Cap. Gaston. They paused a moment.

"Where's the fire? Whose house is it?"

"Don't know," and "Down street, don't you see the smoke," were the confused replies. And on they dashed, leaving the pompous old captain following, shouting: "Hold on! Hold on!"

"Never mind the captain!"

"Hurry! Hurry!"

"We'll be too late!"

"See the smoke, it's getting blacker."

"There's a blaze!"

"Fire! Fire!" Startled from sleep by the sharp clang of the bell, one and another took up the cry. Frightened, bewildered, they rushed out, looking first at their own homes, and then at the Seminary.

"Fire! Fire!" The cry startled Jane. Was she awake, or dreaming? A pounding on the stair door, and Mrs. Mallows' voice called: "Wake up, girls! Fire! Fire! The Seminary's burning up!"

"Sallie! Sallie! Wake up," exclaimed Jane, giving her a shake, as she sprang out. The room was bright with the red glare.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Is the house afire? Whatever shall we do?" cried Sallie, as she jumped out of bed.

"No, but the Seminary is. Let's dress and go see it."

In three minutes they were down stairs meeting Mrs.

COFFIN NAILS: THE STORY OF JANE M'GREGOR

Mallows, who explained: "It aint the Seminary, it's down town. It was so light I couldn't tell which it was at first; and I'm always scared about the Seminary, whenever the fire bell rings."

"I am so glad it isn't the seminary."

"Oh, goody! goody!" echoed Sallie.

"We're going to see the fire," called Jane, as they ran, and, a moment later, she shouted: "It's the barn! Mr. Grimes' barn."

"Oh, the poor horses!" cried Sallie.

Whew! What a fire!"

"The buggy shed's going!"

"Red hot buggies by the wholesale," and other excited remarks were yelled by the firemen, as they reached the barn.

"Timmy Tackett! Timmy Tackett!"

"Gabriel's horn wouldn't wake him!"

"Up with the hose!"

"Kick the doors open!"

"Out with the horses!"

"Who wants horses this time of night?" asked Tim, rolling out of bed, and rubbing his eyes.

"Wake up, Tim, Fire! Fire!"

"Oh, the horses," cried Tim, as he saw the red glare of the fire. And he dashed into the stables. The boys were ahead of him. The fire was on the other side of the barn. Fast as many hands could untie them the horses were driven out, and dashed excitedly down the street.

"Oh, the blacks! The old man's blacks," yelled Tim. "They're locked up on the other side. Where's the key? Oh, it's in my pocket?" and he ran through the barn.

The girls, running down the street, sprang to the sidewalk, as they saw the horses racing toward them. Then something sped by them, like a deer.

"Was it a horse?" asked Sallie.

"No, it was Ned Grimes," answered James.

"Oh, the fire's on that side!" cried Ned. "Where's Morg and Nero? Where's father's blacks? Are they out?"

"No, Tim's after 'em," and in sprang Ned.

"It's too hot!"

"Stop! Stop! It's too late!" they yelled, as several ran around the outside to open the door.

The engine was playing on the fire, but the puny streams only hissed, and rolled up in steam. Up from the shed roof to the barn roof climbed the greedy red flames. Underneath, out of the smouldering haymow, poured the thick smoke; little tongues of lurid flame darting out here and there.

"Where's Ned and Tim?"

"Have they perished in the heat?"

"Have they suffocated in the smoke?" queried the crowd.

"That sight would be grand, if the horses were out," exclaimed Jane, who was with the gathering crowd on the sidewalk.

"It's just awful!" answered Sallie.

Suddenly out of the haze of the flame-lit smoke appeared Tim and Ned, leading the frenzied horses—prancing—snorting—lunging.

"Hold on!"

"Help 'em!"

"Blindfold 'em!"

"Look out!" were the cries that startled the frightened creatures. With wild lunges, they broke loose, throwing the boys down, and fled, like maniacs, back into the burning stable.

"Oh! We must save them!" cried Ned, scrambling to his feet, and starting back.

COFFIN NAILS: THE STORY OF JANE M'GREGOR

"No! No!"

"Stop! Stop!"

"It's murder!"

"It's sure death!" and a dozen strong hands pulled them out of doors, just as the burning hay fell, and wrapped the front stall in a sheet of flame.

"That is terrible!" cried Jane.

"It's just too awful! I wish I hadn't come," cried Sallie, starting to run down the sidewalk, and stumbling against a large man who was running and puffing.

"There he is," cried a voice; "Tom Grimes, himself."

"Where's my blacks? Are they out?" Nobody answered. "Five hundred dollars to the man who gets them out."

Nobody moved. Above the roar of the flames arose the screaming whinnies of the horses, almost human in their agony. The crowd fell back from the increasing heat.

"Oh, my horses! My poor horses!" said Mr. Grimes, as he heard their frenzied cries.

A crash, a crackle, and a roar of flames drowned the voice of man and beast, as falling hay and timbers flamed out with fiercer heat, and a shower of sparks flew up. Yellow and orange and amethyst, the surging billows of living flame leaped and raged. Orange and russet and purple, the smoke wreathed and twisted, and rose in heavy masses to the clouds.

"Look at him!"

"Catch him!"

"Back; give him air!"

"It's father! Oh! He's got another fit!" And Mr. Grimes was carried back and laid on the grass.

"Run for a doctor, somebody, quick!"

"Boys, bring some water. Hurry up!"

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE DESTRUCTION

The crowd gave way as the doctor came. Some one asked: "Is he dead?"

"Yes, dead. I told him a month ago, that if he did not quit using tobacco, some sudden excitement would kill him"

The great week of all the year came again at Eudora. Commencement was over. Jane had fulfilled her prediction—taken the three years' course in two years, and received her diploma. Laura, Lucy, Nellie, Elsie and Irene, Philip and Cyrus, all graduated. George and Charlie, Minnie, Sallie and Mattie Dorson would be back another year. But poor Ned had seen his last school days. Elsie Clark had secured a place to teach in the Eudora schools the following winter. The other graduates and students had scattered to their various homes, and the town settled down to its summer quiet.

After the death of Mr. Grimes, it was found that debts and losses had swallowed up the property. Mrs. Grimes took boarders to support herself and little girls, but thought Ned ought to make his own way. He felt above working as a day laborer, and was looking for a position, with a good salary. He had yet to learn the lesson that such a position can be secured only by years spent, either in hard study, or in practically learning a business. Ned applied, in vain, for a chance to learn a business, for his townsmen knew his habits. Then he went to the city, and vainly searched, day after day, for a job, for smoking and other bad habits had left their tell tale traces on his face. At last, however, he found a merchant who was anxious for a boy to sweep the store, and do other rough work. It was not to Ned's liking, but he was out of money. The merchant asked his address, and where he had attended school, and Sunday school, and told him to return Monday morning. Then he was told he was

not wanted, and he wrote to his mother for money to go home. He was puzzled to know why the merchant, who appeared anxious for a boy, changed his mind by Monday. But the fact was that his pastor and the President of the Seminary each received a letter, as pastor and teachers often do, containing many questions, among others, these:

"Do you know Ned Grimes? Is he reliable? Is he industrious? Is he truthful? Does he drink? Does he gamble? Does he smoke? Does he swear? Was he studious in school? What sort of company does he keep?"

Of course Ned's friends answered as favorably as they could, without violating the truth; but in his case, the truth did not satisfy the merchant.

Not long afterwards Ned saw in the newspapers that officers of the United States navy would soon be in Chicago to secure recruits to be trained in the naval school. So Ned went to Chicago, and applied for admittance, and was taken to the surgeon for a physical examination. After surveying Ned critically, he began asking questions, which were answered satisfactorily until he asked: "Do you use tobacco?" As we all know, Ned was untruthful, and answered: "No, sir."

"No need of lying about it, your teeth betray you. You can go. Tobacco-using boys cannot endure hardships as well as those who do not use it, and the government can not afford to educate them."

If Ned had been struck in the face, he would not have been more surprised, so he took the first train for home.

It happened that his seatmate on the train was the Congressman from their district. When he found who Ned was, and learned from him of his father's sudden death, he was much shocked. . Tom Grimes had been his friend, and being a local politician, had helped much

in his election. He handed his newspaper to Ned, and sat perplexing himself over his political problem. He was then on his way to Eudora to get Tom Grimes to work for his re-election.

Ned found an item in the paper stating that a young cadet from that district had just graduated from West Point, and that his successor had not yet been appointed. He showed it to his new friend, and asked who appointed the cadets.

"I do, of course," he replied, "and I had come near forgetting it." Ned told him of his experience at Chicago, and asked:

"Do you think there is any chance for me? May be they wouldn't be so particular there. Gen. Grant learned to use tobacco at West Point."

"I don't know," was the reply. "I expect there will be a dozen boys applying for the place." The politician remembered that Eudora was a closely contested precinct, and wondered if the appointment of his old friend's son would not secure the votes of his townsmen. So Ned received the appointment, and he decided to be a man. He got out his books, and, with Prof. Felton's help, he studied for the entrance examination. The day he started he threw away his cigars, and cleaned up his teeth.

It was raining steadily when Ned reached West Point. As he passed the barracks, he saw a young cadet marching slowly back and forth in the rain, with a soldier marching behind him, who prodded him occasionally with his bayonet. Presently that soldier was relieved by another, who also kept the cadet constantly marching. Ned asked an explanation, and was told that the cadet had been guilty of using tobacco, and was kept marching in the rain all day and all night, as a punishment. This made Ned fearful; but when asked if he used to-

bacco, he honestly replied: "I used to, but I quit." The surgeon put his ear to Ned's heart, then made an examination with an instrument.

"You did not quit soon enough," he remarked, "you must have smoked excessively while you did smoke. You already have the tobacco heart. You can never stand the strain of military life. That will do, your Congressman will have to appoint another boy."

Ned was discouraged, and somewhat frightened, but before night he was smoking again. He was so humiliated, however, that, on his return home, he did what odd jobs he could get, and, at length they took him as an apprentice at the machine shops.

CHAPTER XIV.

HIS REWARD.

LET us go back to commencement day at Eudora. Lucy was to go again to spend the summer with her aunt. But she avoided the long wait at the lonely junction, by going home with one of her country schoolmates to spend the night. The next day she took a train to Havana, for she had decided to enjoy her first ride on a steamboat, down the Illinois river. The boat was expected some time that afternoon, for boats are uncertain, and she stopped at the one little hotel. Sand, sand, everywhere. Wagons coming up the one street of the little town ploughed slowly through six inches of sand. Even the hotel showed the fallacy of building on

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the sand, for it had settled in all manner of contradictory angles. One floor slanted this way, and another that way. The walls looked as if they were trying to courtesy to some august personage, while the ceilings seemed to have lost their equanimity. Weary of gazing through windows askew, her thoughts turned inward. But they were not happy thoughts. She had prepared herself for teaching, and she hoped to do faithful work, but she well knew that it was hard, thankless work, and she dreaded to begin again, among strangers. She would miss her school friends sadly. And Philip—probably she would never see him again, and it would be best that she should not. She remembered that he had not even bidden her goodbye. He had scarcely spoken to her since that memorable debate, only a few commonplace remarks when necessity required it in their class work. In fact, he had seldom spoken to any of the girls, and had taken little part in anything outside of his classes. To divert her mind from discouragements she walked down the sandy slope to the river. She watched the steady heave and swash of the water, the reflection of the deep green woods on the opposite shore, and the shoals of pink fish swimming past her feet—until she heard the whistle of the boat. As she came down again to embark, a crowd of men and boys, idle curiosity seekers, jostled past her.

“Good afternoon, Miss Lambert,” She looked up, startled, as Philip Dayton took her satchel, saying: “Let me assist you through the crowd.” He helped her over the plank, and up the stairway, and seated her in the cabin, saying “I will see to your trunk, give yourself no anxiety.”

The cabin was sultry, and, after awhile, Lucy followed the other passengers to the deck. She saw nothing of Philip, and did not know whether he was on the boat, or whether he got off again at Havana. She seated herself

near the railing, at the stern, where the deck was partially secluded by a pile of baggage. The swift strokes of the giant stern wheel worked the water into a seething mass which rolled backward, in little foam-crested billows, leaving a long white ripple behind. There was a fascination in watching one wave chase another.

"May I intrude on your reverie?" asked a low, deep voice behind her. She had no need to turn, to know who asked the question, and she answered, "Certainly." Philip seated himself at her side. Was it dizziness from looking at the water that caused that feeling of faintness at Lucy's heart? Philip noted her eyes droop, and her face grow white.

"Lucy, I have a story to tell you," he said, quietly. The old struggle between love and duty began to agitate her, but she turned toward him with a questioning look.

"This tobacco question," he continued, "has put a strange barrier between us. I began chewing tobacco when a boy, but used it sparingly for several years, to hide the fact from my parents. Mother objected when she did learn it, but I told her that I was only following father's example. When I grew up, and earned my own money, I both chewed and smoked excessively. I finally saved up money, and came to Eudora. Prof. Porter's sudden death set me to thinking seriously, and when you girls came out so boldly against tobacco, I decided to quit. Your society had become very pleasant to me, and I was willing to please you, as well as to satisfy my own conscience," he said, looking down into the face that was watching him so eagerly. "I said nothing to any one about it, and, for a day or two, I succeeded. Then my head ached, and I became so nervous, and my memory was so uncertain, that I could not study. I asked Dr. Grimes' advice, and he said that tobacco hurt some peo-

ple, and some it didn't hurt, and where it was difficult to break the habit, that it was more of a strain on the nervous system to quit than to go on using it moderately. So I concluded to take his advice, for I thought that perhaps your anti-tobacco society would be short lived. You remember that evening in the music room, Lucy?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I was disheartened, but when I pondered over your looks and tones, I felt that you cared for me, and that, with you, it was a struggle between love and conscience. I reflected that Dr. Grimes used tobacco himself, and was prejudiced in its favor. So I went to Dr. Hawley. He told me that I was naturally of a nervous temperament, and that tobacco had seriously affected my nervous system. He advised me to gradually reduce the amount used, and not to try to quit entirely until school closed, as the double strain of the sudden change and hard study would be severe. So, after school was out, I took my gun and camping outfit, and started for Michigan, determined to make a man of myself. Having left my tobacco behind, I hired a boatman to land me in the forest, on the lonliest part of the lake shore, and to return for me in three weeks.

"I got along fairly well the first day, arranging my tent, and studying Botany in the woods. With evening came a longing for my cigar. I was too uneasy to read, and I paced back and forth until I was so weary that, when I lay down I slept soundly. Morning found me with a dull headache, nervous and cross. I ate a warm breakfast and tried to fish, but was too restless. So I took my gun and tried the woods again, but the beauty of the flowers, and the antics of the squirrels had lost their interest. By sheer force of will I kept on trying to hunt till nearly night, although I was so nervous I could not shoot straight. But the craving for tobacco kept

growing stronger. Supper did not satisfy me. Weary as I was, I could neither sleep, nor lie quiet, but paced around my tent nearly all night. Morning found me dizzy and weak, with no appetite. I forced myself to eat a little, and again tried to hunt. But the blood rushed to my head, and I grew bewildered. I imagined that I was being hunted—that something was pursuing me. Every stump seemed a wild beast, every bush seemed to hide an enemy. It was with the greatest difficulty that I found my way back to my tent. I threw myself on my blanket, and I hope I may never suffer such another night. I loathed food, and, though my tongue was parched with thirst, water sickened me. My head throbbed as if it would burst. I saw all imaginable things that were horrible and ugly. Devils and witches danced about me. Slimy reptiles wound themselves around my limbs, but I was powerless to shake them off."

"Oh, Philip! How terrible! That was as bad as delirium tremens."

"It was tobacco delirium. The next morning I was sane, but weak, and my hands shook like aspen leaves, and my tongue was parched and swollen. When at length I could swallow water without nausea, my sufferings abated, and my appetite slowly returned, but the craving for tobacco returned also. As my strength increased, and I could occupy my time with hunting, I gradually overcame it. When the boatman came for me, I had regained my health and weight. I returned home, and hired out to work for a man who did not use tobacco, that I might be as free from temptation as possible."

"Oh, Philip! To think how much it cost you," and there were tears in the brown eyes that were watching him so intently. "And to suffer so, there alone! Why didn't you stay with your friends, where some one could have cared for you?"

"To the shame of our civilization," he answered, "there is scarcely a place, except in the forest, or behind prison bars, where a man can be free from the tempting rimes of that vile stuff. But I had not expected to suffer so severely, and I wondered if, after all, Dr. Grimes was correct, and the strain of giving up tobacco would injure me more than continuing its use?"

"So, on my return, I found a physician in Chicago who was said to be noted as a specialist along that line, and described my case. He told me that he had cured hundreds of tobacco users, and treated many cases as severe as mine, and that the disuse of tobacco did frequently cause a variety of delirium similar to delirium tremens. He said: 'All tobacco users do not suffer as you did, on making the change. It is only those of excitable, nervous temperaments, who have used tobacco excessively, and particularly those whose parents have also used it.' I asked him if it would have been better in that case to have kept on using it. He replied: 'No, indeed! The severity of your delirium is an index of the severity of the injury already done to your brain and nerves. If you had kept on using it, you would have suffered, some time, from insanity, paralysis or softening of the brain. The delirium is nature's reaction. Liquors, opium and tobacco, each cause a separate kind of delirium, but that of tobacco most nearly resembles that of opium. When we cure a patient of the opium habit, we nearly always have a siege of the delirium to contend with. Tobacco and opium users seldom know how much these narcotics have injured them, till they try to give them up.'

"He then told me of a young man of nervous temperament, who became violently delirious on giving up tobacco. His friends insisted on his return to the habit, when he became rational. He kept on using it, and, in

a few years became permanently insane. Another man, on being deprived of his tobacco, went into spasms, and his tongue became so stiff it protruded from his mouth, but tobacco was kept from him, and he entirely recovered.

"The doctor prescribed a remedy to hasten the cleansing of the tobacco poison out of my system, and told me that time would do the rest, and that I would be stronger than before.

"When I returned to school, I longed to go to you and tell you of my victory; but I dared not boast too soon. I found board where there were no smokers to tempt me, but every whiff of smoke on the street brought back a touch of the old craving, for several months. At length the time came when tobacco fumes brought no temptation. But I was not yet sure enough of myself to speak to you. After seeing your brave fight against the evil, I preferred to suffer, rather than to see you humiliated by my fall, in case I should again be overcome by my old habit. I have waited a whole year, and feel now, that, with God's help, I can conquer."

For a moment there was silence. Lucy's gaze had fallen to the troubled waters.

"Lucy, may I have my reward?" She laid her hand in his, and clasping it in both his own, he raised it to his lips. Presently he whispered, "Let me look into your eyes, dear." She raised them to his, swimming in tears, saying: "How you have suffered for my sake."

"Not for your sake only, but for my own, that I may be a man, and not a slave." And he bent forward and kissed her.

The sun was setting, apparently in the river, and

the golden rays, shimmering down the stream, gilded the top of every wavelet.

"What a beautiful sunset," exclaimed Philip. "See that path of shingled gold, leading up the river to the setting sun."

"Yes, it gilds every wave, on and on, as though it reached the very portals of heaven."

"We will take it as the omen of our lives, growing brighter unto the perfect day." They watched the pink reflections of the sunset clouds on the ripples, the green of the trees mirrored on the stiller water near the shore, and the black shadows underneath the banks. But the pink paled to pearly white, while mirrored green, and shadows black, faded into grey.

"I did not know before that shadows could fade," said Lucy.

"It has seemed sometimes as though ours never would fade, but look"—as the rising moon burst out from behind a bar of cloud—"yonder is the silver lining, and every ripple has caught a gleam."

Lucy was to visit her old friend, Mrs. Sutton, again, and she told Philip of her first visit there, and her strange visitor, and the stranger silence of the family concerning it.

"Probably it was some pet baboon," he replied, "and they were not aware that it had entered your room. I would ask an explanation before retiring tonight."

After several hours' ride, they entered the broad sweep of the Mississippi, and at length the lights began to gleam like stars along the river bluff, the outlines of a city stood out in the moonlight, and the boat puffed and groaned as it swung around to the wharf. Philip accompanied her to Mrs. Sutton's carriage and bade her good-bye.

Lucy passed another pleasant evening, and again she

was shown to the elegant guest chamber, and still she had found no fitting opportunity to ask about the mystery. Mrs. Sutton talked busily until she said good night and closed the door. Lucy locked her room, and retired, but so full of happy thoughts was her mind, that she forgot her fears. Mingled with her happiness was a feeling of confusion—that feeling of being at sea without a rudder, which we have when our plans are overturned, and we hardly know where to begin to plan life over again. Finally she slept—and awoke! Hark! Was that the same angry grunt she heard a year ago? or was it her imagination? Again she heard it, low and muffled at first, as though some distance away. Then she heard those same shambling steps, overhead, and occasionally another grunt. Springing out of bed, she turned on the light, and hastily dressed. The shambling steps were coming down the hall—they had stopped at her door—there was a fumbling at the lock. Her heart beat fast, she was all atremble. Then the steps retreated down the hall. She heard other steps, and voices—the sound of a scuffle, fierce cries, and angry words. Then a knock on her door, and Mrs. Sutton's voice saying, "Lucy, do not be frightened." Hastily unfastening the door, she admitted her friend.

"O, Mrs. Sutton! What has happened?"

"It is a lunatic, an escaped lunatic."

"How did he get in here?"

"He is kept here in the attic. Occasionally a servant leaves his door unlocked, and he comes down. Why, Lucy, you are trembling like a leaf. Did he try to open your door?"

"Yes, but it was locked."

"It was enough to frighten you. I am sorry it has occurred." Seeing the question in Lucy's face which

she feared to ask, she explained: "I keep him here because he is my son. We seldom speak of him, only to our nearest friends. Would you like me to sleep with you the rest of the night?"

"Yes, if you please. I fear I should not sleep much alone."

Then Mrs. Sutton told her sad story. "My boy was a bright, sweet child, but when he was quite small, some bad boys taught him to chew tobacco. They gave it to him a little at a time at first, so that it did not make him very sick. The habit had quite a hold on him before we found it out. Then we tried every way to break him, but in vain. We saw that it was injuring him, and as a last resort, we locked him in an upper room for several months. The weather was warm, and we could not close the windows, but we had them heavily barred. He had not been out long till I learned he was using it again. In fact, he had never quit. Those bad boys came at night and threw a string up to him, and they kept coming, keeping him supplied by tying tobacco on the end of the string, so he could pull it up, and he kept up the habit. After a few years he became insane. They said at the asylum that his insanity was caused by his chewing tobacco when so young. He improved under their treatment, and they finally discharged him as cured. In spite of all my watching and warning, in a few months he was chewing again, and his insanity returned. At length he was pronounced incurable; but he had never forgotten me, and they said that, at times he begged pitifully to see me. So I brought him home. He is not violent, but he is a perfect wreck, body and mind, and has no more sense of propriety than an animal; so we keep him locked up."

"Oh, how sad!" said Lucy. "You have had so much trouble. It seems to me almost as sad as death."

"It is worse than death. I would not have suffered nearly so much if I had buried my boy in innocent childhood."

CHAPTER XV.

THE COST OF FAME.

HENRY CARSON was practicing law in Peoria. His father's wealth and influence gave him a start, but his winning manner and eloquent pleadings were fast gaining him a good practice. Flossy was pretty and sociable, and used her social qualities to promote her husband's interests.

Joe Blazer had been, for awhile a clerk in a grocery store, but lost his position. So he persuaded his father to help him start a tobacco shop. A crowd of smoking loafers gathered there every evening. Henry sometimes dropped in, too, for a sociable smoke, and there we find him.

"Hello, old boy!" cried Joe. "How goes it?"

"Pretty well for a fellow that's just out of the pen."

"Had you in the pen, did they? How's that?"

"Let's have a cigar, and I'll tell you some news."

"Here's the latest brand out, finest flavor you ever smoked."

Henry bought a box, and treated the crowd. Several of them were Germans, and, as there were many of that nationality in the city, several of whom were wealthy, he was anxious to win their favor. After some flattering comments about the cigars, Henry said: "I had to go up to Joliet on business for one of my clients, and thought I would take a run through the pen, and whom do you think I found there?"

"Blame me, if I know!"

"None other than our old friend, Josiah Jenkins."

"I knew he was an old hypocrite! But really I didn't look for him to land there so soon. What had he done?"

"I asked the superintendent about him, and he said he was sent up for horse-stealing."

"I knew he was mean as a horse-thief, but he was too cowardly."

"They say he claims to be mighty pious, and that it was all a mistake. You know he was always blowing about that magic lantern he was going to have some day. Well, he got hold of one, and an old horse and buggy, some way, and was going about, giving shows. One day, in a freshet, he drove into a branch where the bridge was washed out, and drowned his horse. He jumped ashore and walked, till he found a horse hitched by the road. He took it and started back to try to pull his buggy out, and get his lantern, so he could go and give his show. He claims that he intended to take it back, but they sent him to the pen, all the same."

"Served him right! All but his taking it back!"

"He gave them a false name," continued Henry, "and sent an item to the Eudora Times about their finding his horse and buggy washed down the creek, and that probably he was drowned."

"Just like him! Do you know, I always suspected he stole that coffin?"

"Didn't I ever tell you I discovered that?"

"Not that I ever heard of."

"Well, the next summer, I came across some pieces of our coffin in the ashes of that fire the skaters had in the woods that night. It was mostly burned up, but there was a corner left."

"I reckoned he was too lazy to tote that down there."

"Well, he evidently did it, and carried one from the shop to the grave-yard, so we would be caught up for stealing."

"And now the pious old hypocrite got his dues. I never could understand how that other coffin got there, and what come of our'n. How did you get out of it so slick, Henry, when Jim and me got ousted?"

"Well, I own up I played a dirty trick on you boys. Turning the clock up was my scheme. I knew Josiah would raise a racket, and tell that it struck ten, and then, when we lit out of there I ran for the depot, and caught that ten o'clock train, and proved an alibi by the agent. It was treating you fellows mean, but I knew you did not care for school, and I wanted to enter the law, and knew it would hardly do for me to be turned out."

"No, I was glad to get out of school, but it was a scurvy trick."

"You fellows seem to be having a good story all to yourselves," said one of the smokers.

"Tell 'em the whole yarn, Henry, you're such a yarner."

So Henry told the whole story of Josiah's peculiarities and the tricks the boys played on him, with much elaboration. It was greeted with loud guffaws of laughter by the crowd, especially by the Germans. One of them, a pompous man, named Smidt, whom Henry knew by sight, seemed particularly pleased.

"Dat ish goot! Dat ish goot! Dem bious hypocrites

in de ben; dat ish goot! Dem bious Sabbat School beobles is all hypocrites. Dey is bious for de money." Joe had grown callous, but Henry winced at this sneer at goodness. Surely his mother was not a hypocrite, feigning righteousness for mercenary motives. But he was too selfish and cowardly to deny the assertion, or to vindicate the sincerity of his mother's faith in such a crowd.

"Dat ish von goot shtory. Joe, bring oot some beer, dish shmoke make mine droat dry ash bowder."

"Yes, Joe, let's have a bottle," chimed in Henry. Joe looked carefully around at the crowd, then brought out the drink, saying: "You fellows keep dark about this, now; the old man won't furnish me the tin to run this store, if he knows I sell wet goods."

"Vash you dat lawyer vot keepsh aboove de German Bank?" asked Smidt, as he was about to leave.

"Yes, that is my office."

"I coom oop und see you about soom pisiness soon day."

"Thank you, I will be glad to see you."

"Dat vash von goot shtory. Coom doon to de Bloomgarten soom Soonday, und tells it to de poys. Blenty goot beer, blenty goot shmoke, goot time. You tell von goot shtory, coom, coom doon."

"All right, thank you." Unlikely as it seems, the brilliant young lawyer accepted the invitation, and became a frequent visitor at the German beer garden.

There was a large population of wealthy Germans in Peoria, the majority of whom were atheists, and many of whom were brewers. They were watching for a lawyer who could be moulded to their pattern, and they seemed to fancy Henry. With his ready wit and natural ability, he catered to their tastes with flattering speeches, and funny stories, at their Sunday picnics, and

political meetings, until his head was turned by their vociferous applause.

He managed to keep his parents in ignorance of his visits to the beer gardens, but they heard of his speeches at the Sunday picnics, and his mother expostulated with him, warning him that his morals would be ruined by such low companionship. He laughingly told her that he had an object in view. The truth was that for years tobacco and selfishness had been gradually stupefying his moral nature, until his conscience was wellnigh paralyzed. But he had enough love left for his mother to try to hide his faults from her, and she was proud of her boy, who used to be good, as well as bright.

Autumn brought again that great hot bed of political ferment, the annual election. Henry Carson had announced himself as a candidate for nomination to the office of county attorney.

Convention hall was a confusion of buzzing voices. Groups of men talked excitedly, while candidates and their friends hurried anxiously from one group to another, passing tickets, or pleading for votes, and button-holing this man, or giving that one a friendly slap on the shoulder. Indeed they were growing so anxious that they forgot to ask politely after the health of the wife and the little folks. And Henry was among them, but he had not forgotten to be genial and polite.

"And how does your road case go?" he asked of a group of country delegates, after speaking pleasantly to each one.

"Oh, it has been put off to another term of court. I am afraid they'll dilly-dally till we'll lose our road."

"That's too bad. If I had been on that case, I would have pushed it through. If there is anything a farmer needs, it is a good road. I suppose you folks know I am a candidate," and handing out some cards, he was

over button-holing the Coal Creek delegation, inquiring if their new bridge was done, as he passed the cigars around.

"And I suppose you are all working for Jones for sheriff?" he continued.

"I reckon we are; he's from our parts. How is he going to run?"

"It's a little doubtful. Now, Jones will make a number one sheriff, but some folks don't seem to know, or care. Now, here are the Boonville and Wolf Creek folks, all they are thinking of is Brown for clerk. I suppose you are all going to give me a lift today?"

"Some of us will," said one; "I could not answer for all."

"Now, see here, if you will do me the favor, I will get both of those delegations solid for Jones."

The gavel rapped again and again, and the chairman at length succeeded in obtaining a semblance of order. But all through the appointment of committees, and the nominations, and balloting, men were passing back and forth, sometimes whispering, sometimes talking so loudly that the chairman had to rap for order.

There was a back stairway to the hall, and, occasionally, men could be seen passing down by twos and threes, and wiping their mouths, or smoking cigars as they came back. Indeed, the room became dense with smoke, and several of those not accustomed to it became so sick that they were obliged to leave the room, and some were so sick that they could not return. No wonder that so many self-respecting men became disgusted with politics.

Henry had been observed by his father to take a couple of men down the stairway, and return, puffing cigars. He called his son aside. "See here, my boy, you will do

yourself more harm than good, if you begin treating with liquor."

"Why, father, I just went down to get a new supply of cigars."

"Well, those country delegates know there is a saloon down there, and I saw them eyeing you. Better stay here, or you will lose as many votes as your cigars will gain."

Not long after that, Henry whispered a few words to Smidt, who replied with a knowing nod. And, as the excitement increased, Smidt took little crowds of Germans—and some who were not Germans—down to the saloon, and treated them with Carson's beer, talking volubly in German. What he said can be surmised by what he said to a couple of Irishmen:

"Ven ve gets him in dere, ve do vot ve wants mit him."

Henry waited with feverish anxiety while the votes were counted, and when it was announced that Henry Carson was nominated for attorney, some one moved that it be made unanimous. The cries, "speech!" "speech!" were heard all over the room. Stimulated by the excitement and incessant smoking, and perhaps by something stronger, young Carson sprang to his feet, and expressed his thanks for the honor conferred, and poured forth an enthusiastic speech, full of that ready wit, and eloquent invective that catches the popular ear. He was greeted with a hearty burst of applause from the whole convention.

That evening Flossy waited supper till dark, but Henry did not come, and at last she and Lennie ate alone. One of the neighbors dropped in for a chat, and told her the news of Henry's nomination, and that there was to be political speaking that night, and she need not look for Henry home till that was over. She was proud of his success, and anxious to congratulate him, and

she sat up, waiting, until at length she became anxious. Again and again she went to the door and listened, until she became worried lest some accident had happened. At last she heard some one, and went to the door, but started back when she opened it. It was Henry, but so pale, and strange looking, and two men, one holding him up by either arm.

"Good evening, ma'am; don't be frightened; he isn't hurt," said one of them, and they turned and went away.

"What is the matter, Henry?" asked Flossy, anxiously, putting her arm around him to lead him in. He jerked away from her with a boisterous laugh, making some incoherent answer, as he staggered in, and leaned against the wall. She saw that he was drunk, and kept out of his way, as he reeled about, until he tumbled down on the sofa and fell asleep.

Flossy sat down and took a big cry. To think that this mumbling, staggering creature was the handsome husband, of whom she was so proud a few hours ago. She had prided herself on not being one of those temperance fanatics who thought it a sin to drink an occasional glass of wine or beer. She thought her husband was a gentleman who had the sense to stop when he had drank enough. It was humiliating that he had drank to excess, and made a dog of himself. Of course the newspapers would publish it, they always publish everything a candidate does, if it is nothing worse than stubbing his toe.

The next morning, Henry awoke with a dull headache, to find himself on the sofa. Slowly the recollection of the evening's revelry came back. He roused up, and saw in the mirror a dirty face, and disordered clothing, and felt weak and nerveless as though he had been sick a week. With shame and disgust, he resolved to be careful in the future that such excess should never recur. It did not occur to him that his only safety lay in signing

a total abstinence pledge. His boon companions kept the matter a secret, so that it did not even reach the ears of his parents, and he was soon found in his office, receiving congratulations.

"I understand that Henry was using liquor the other day at the convention," said an old friend from the country, to Mr. Carson.

"No, I think not. I cautioned him not to do it, and told him that I would not furnish a cent for liquors, and he has no money to spare. He left the room but once during the convention, and he said that was only to get a new supply of cigars. I would rather see him beaten, than elected by bribery."

"But is not treating to cigars bribery, too?"

"To tell the truth, I suppose it is, but it is so customary, no one looks at it that way."

Joe must have found a tobacco store quite lucrative, for he had already paid back the money loaned him by his father, and had moved into a larger building, with the sign, "Saloon," above his door. Gossips—for there are men gossips, as well as women gossips—intimated that Smidt, one of the brewing firm of Smide & Bomheiger, had something to do with the change. There we find Henry Carson a few days after his nomination.

"Now, Joe," he was saying, "I want a good barrel, none of your cheap diluted stuff, and if that gives out, roll out another. And don't spare the beer, either. They say Sharp is spending money like water. But now I am into it, I am not going to be beaten, cost what it may."

"But I thought your old dad said he wouldn't fork over the money for anything stronger than cigars."

"So he did, and he won't, either; but Smidt is backing me. He would do anything rather than have the party beaten. So don't you worry, just keep a straight ac-

count, and electioneer strong for me, if you have to keep every tough in the ward boozy till election's over."

"Well, how goes the canvass?" asked Henry, of Smidt, as he met him on the street, one evening.

"No goot, no goot. Dot Sharp he coom down to Reichter's, and he shmoke and zhoke und trink mit the boys, und dey say: 'Sharp goot fellow, goot fellow, ve vote mit Sharp.' Ven Myers say, 'Dhrinksoom Carson's beer, und vote mit Carson,' dey no dhrink, und dey say: 'Carson von bloated ooper ten, he sthuck oop, he no dhrink mit de poys, he no zhoke mit the poys.' Vy you not coom doon, Carson, und dhrink mit de poys? Cooni doon, ve no vant you peaten." And so, arm in arm, they made they way down toward the river—through streets so foul that, were they not constantly disinfected by the strong smell of onions and garlic, they would have bred disease—and entered, behind the screened doors of a saloon. There they found a motley throng, old and young, Irish, German, and American. Carson was introduced to the crowd, shaking hands as cordially with every old toper, as though he was a brother.

"This is the jolliest set I ever met," called Henry, "come up, boys, come up, what will you have?" And then he treated the crowd, and cracked rough jokes, treated them to cigars, also, and smoked with them, and told questionable stories. Then they called for a speech, and, jumping on a chair, he gave them a grandiloquent harangue. His brain was sufficiently muddled to defraud his speech of logic, but the coarse wit that spiced it pleased the drunken rabble. He finished with an appeal for their votes, and they answered with rousing cheers and promises. But this was only one saloon, and only a sample night. Was his office worth what it cost?

Two years passed away. The habits and companionships formed during the political campaign, were not

easily thrown off. Time and again Henry Carson returned home intoxicated. In vain his parents plead with him. In vain Flossy, coaxed and scolded.

Henry's German friends were satisfied with the way in which he managed to elude all attempts to enforce the laws restricting the sale of intoxicants, while he talked plausibly to the temperance people. But some of his real friends gave him a serious talk about a year after his election, warning him that the better class of people had determined to beat him at the next election, unless he reformed. This aroused his remaining manhood, and he honestly promised to reform, and apparently did reform; and, during the next year, no one ever saw him drunk, or drinking. What a year of temptation that was to him, no one but himself knew. It was a fearful struggle to pass the satanic doors on every street, but his pride upheld his good resolutions. Yet, after a week or two, he became almost crazed with the fierce appetite. His brain was wild with that one desire, so that he could think of nothing else. Then he wrote a message to his friend Joe to bring him a sealed bottle of his best brandy to his office. Hurrying home with it in his pocket, as if it were a priceless treasure, he locked himself in his room, telling his wife to report that he was sick. She was frightened at his strange look, and feared that he was about to commit suicide. But no entreaty could persuade him to open the door. After awhile the scent of liquor and the sound of roisterous nonsense came through the keyhole, and she knew that he was drinking. Then, from foolishness, he changed to foulness, and fierceness. She could hear him using obscene language, such as never fell from his lips when sober. Again he imagined himself quarreling with annoying enemies, and his ejaculations were angry and ugly. At length silence succeeded, and she knew that he was either dead, or dead drunk.

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Worn out with her vigil, Flossy crept in with her babe—there were two of them now—and slept also.

Ah! the awakening of that man. The red eyes, the shaking hands, the haggard face, the aching head, the feeling of utter prostration. But he kept his room, until he was himself again, unlocking the door, at length, for Flossy to bring him food.

Again he resolutely began the fight against temptation; begging Flossy not to tell, even his father, of his fall. But again and again the same experience was repeated. However, he congratulated himself that he was able to hold out a little longer each time, and hoped to conquer the habit entirely. Alas! for the delusive hopes of the drunkard!

When the time came for another political campaign, the politicians, thinking that he had reformed, and knowing him to be, otherwise, very popular, began talking of him as a candidate for re-election. When Henry's father heard of it, he expostulated with his son on the danger of such a course. Thinking that Henry had reformed, he warned him of the temptations of a canvass, and begged him to decline. But the son refused, arguing that he was almost sure of re-nomination, and that, as their party was now in the majority, it would be needless to make a personal canvass as he had done before. With so strong a motive, Henry managed to resist temptation in public during the campaign. But when the election news came in, a noisy celebration was held, where liquor flowed like water, and Henry became beastly drunk.

It was Christmas day. Henry and Flossy and the little folks had gone home to eat one of grandma's good Christmas dinners. Lennie shouted when he learned that they were going to grandpa's house. Even the baby clapped his little hands, and said "**grandma**" when they put on her bonnet.

When they were all through with the bountiful dinner, and baby, who was nodding in her chair, with a piece of cake in her chubby fist, had been put to sleep, the rest of the family gathered in the parlor. Then the old father talked long and earnestly to Henry of the dangers of intemperance, dwelling impressively on the drunkard's terrible doom. His mother and wife both joined, with tears and sobs,, in pleading with him to make one more desperate effort to break loose from the awful habit that was dragging him down to eternal ruin. It was a hallowed hour. With his hand on his mother's Bible, and his own voice choked with tears, he made a most solemn pledge never again to touch alcoholic drinks.

A month had passed. For awhile he thought he would be able to keep his vow. But that terrible appetite was tempting him again. For days he fought it back. But it returned with redoubled fury. It seemed to pursue him until he became desperate. The fumes of a saloon greeted his nostrils as he fled toward home—a saloon licensed by the votes of men who called themselves his friends. He rushed in and called for a drink—and drank long and recklessly.

Flossie sat at home and waited, as many a sad-hearted woman waits, through the long night hours, for the step that never came. At first she tried to read, but her wandering thoughts were far away.

Had Henry yielded to his weakness, and been tempted in behind those green-screened doors? If he had broken such a sacred vow as he had made that Christmas day, she feared no power could hold him back again from ruin and debauchery. She feared that he would never have the heart to try to quit again.

How fast the sad experiences of life had changed the thoughtless girl into a care-worn woman. Worried, fretted, hour by hour, she walked the floor, or, giving

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way to tears, sat down and cried. How often she put her hand against the window glass, and peered into the darkness, watching, listening for his coming, but in vain. She had become accustomed to his coming home intoxicated, but tonight more ominous forebodings filled her heart, and thoughts of bloody brawls and dire calamities would intrude themselves.

It was two days before they found Henry, for he had gone from one saloon to another, imagining that he was still electioneering, and that he must treat the crowds. He had been thrust back somewhere, to sleep off the first night's debauch, only to renew his dissipation when night came again. They found him in an out-of-the-way corner, where he had fallen in a drunken stupor.

The week that followed was a terrible week. The physicians announced that he was suffering from pneumonia, and perhaps he was, for he had been thoroughly chilled, and Flossie overheard one of the doctors say that if a drinking man took pneumonia, there was no hope of saving him.

Visitors were excluded, and none but the family, nurse and physicians knew the true nature of his disease. But, oh! the terrible delirium of that fever! The strange fears, the wild cries, the monstrous imaginings, the pitiful entreaties for help and succor.

It was a gloomy night. The wind howled dismally, as it whirled the snow into deepening drifts, and beat the branches of the trees against the roof. Worn and wearied with grief and watching, Flossie sat in an outer room, rocking her fretful babe, while the tears flowed down her cheeks. Her's were bitter thoughts as memory recalled those youthful days when Henry came to the city, a bright country boy, and she, proud of her city training, informed him that he would be

ridiculed in the best society unless he could smoke a cigar, or sip a glass of wine. She had sown the wind, she was reaping the whirlwind. Little Lennie, startled from his sleep by his papa's groans, crept out of bed and climbed into her lap. "Mamma," he lisped, as his little hand slipped up around her neck, "won't papa get well p'etty thoon?"

The night wore on. Leaving her sleeping children, Flossie tiptoed into the sick-room. The groans were hushed now, and the feverish fancies had been suppressed by senseless stupor. The nurse had tried to persuade Henry's mother to rest, but she would not leave her child. Hour after hour, she had hung over him, hoping that there might come a few conscious moments in which her dying boy might plead for mercy. But consciousness never returned. Alone, alone, deaf to every word of hope or love, the soul went out, into the blackness of the great unknown.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STROKE THAT LOST.

ONE autumn afternoon a group of stalwart young men, in the Harvard gymnasium, were planning for a boat crew.

"We don't want any fellows with heart disease this year. We don't mean to be beaten again," spoke up one.

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"No, sir! The doctor must be more careful. If he isn't smart enough to tell whether a fellow's got heart disease, or not, to start on, they would better get a new doctor," replied one of his comrades.

"But the doctor said Chauncey was all right at first, and it was tobacco heart brought on by smoking," spoke up another.

"And did you know that story got out, and got to the other crew?" asked a fourth.

"Worse and more of it," exclaimed the first speaker.

"Yes," was the reply, "and they boasted they didn't have a smoker among them."

"Did they leave them out on purpose, or was it just a happen-so?"

"Just a happen-so, I guess. It happened that their brawniest fellows were not smokers."

"Not so much a happen-so as you suppose," said Mr. Shaeffer, the trainer, who had come up unobserved.

"The doctor and I have been talking it over. He visited Yale this summer, and Dr. Seaver showed him a record that he has been keeping for several years, and you would be astonished at his figures. Two hundred and five boys were examined when they entered school, and once every year after that, and the way the tobacco users fell behind would show that it was no chance work. Nor it wasn't all in the trainer, either. There was good reason why their team was made up of brawny fellows. The doctor says he has noticed for several years that the tobacco users never stood at the head of their classes, and that, as a rule, they did not seem as strong as the non-users, but Dr. Seaver's observations put an end to all debate on that point."

"What about it? What do they prove?"

"Well, in weight the non-users increased ten per cent more than the regular users, and six per cent more than

the occasional users. In growth of height the non-users increased thirty-seven per cent more than the regular users, and twenty-four per cent more than the occasional users. In growth of chest girth the non-users have an advantage over the regular users of twenty-six per cent, and over the occasional users of twenty-two per cent. But, in capacity of lungs, the growth is in favor of the non-users by seventy-five per cent when compared with the regular users, and forty-nine per cent when compared with the irregular users."

There were many exclamations of surprise from the young men.

"If you doubt it," continued Shaeffer, "you can ask to see the record the next time you are over there."

"If that is so, it doesn't pay," said a stalwart Vermonter, "and I will quit. So, here goes," and, pulling a cigar from his pocket, he threw it away.

"And," continued Shaeffer, "Andrews, the physical director at Yale, has declared that, if a fellow smokes even a single cigarette during the year he will be thrown out of the crew. We do not want to be beaten again, as you say, and I will never coach another crew of smokers."

Among those who promised to quit smoking while in training for the race was our old friend, Cyrus Linville. After teaching a few years, he had entered the University, where he had now been for over two years. Though he scorned to admit it, the arguments of the Eudora girls had caused him to stint himself in the number of his cigars, and he had smoked but moderately since his entrance at Harvard. He had taken to athletics, and was becoming proud of his chest and muscles, and his overweening ambition was to reach a place on one of the crews.

Their training began, with the self-denial of many

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of the usual dainties, and hard and constant drill. And, to Cyrus, at least, it was a struggle against temptation. Of late he had been obliged, so he thought, to stimulate himself to extra study by extra cigars. In the nervous restless condition, caused by the loss of his usual smoke, it seemed impossible to master his lessons, and he had not the stamina to resist the craving for his wonted narcotic. So he resorted to duplicity. He secretly smoked one cigar a day, just before settling down to his lessons. But even that much retrenchment, together with the abundant exercise, and strict regime, improved his condition so much, that even his trainer did not suspect the deception.

The great day had come. Excursions had brought thousands to the scene. The river, on either side of the last mile of the race course, was lined with a gay flotilla of yachts and excursion steamers, decked in holiday trim. The bridge was thronged with an excited crowd, wearing the colors of their favorites; and an observation train, crowded with spectators, and decked with blue and crimson banners, was waiting, on either bank of the river, to follow the course of the races. The four-oared race was the first on the schedule. The expectant crowds were getting impatient, when four men in crimson jerseys were discovered unloading their shell from a launch that had turned in, and were greeted with cheers. Just then a blue shell was seen rowing around the bend to the meeting place, and again the cheers burst forth; the sharp, jerky yells of Yale's adherents striving to drown the three long yells of the Harvards. The two shells backed against the referee's boat, as they received their final instructions; and there were a few moments of eager waiting.

The Harvard crowd on board of one of the steamers were anxiously watching.

"A splendid crew," commented one of the professors.

"Yes, I never had one practice more faithfully," replied Schaeffer.

"I thought you were not going to have any smokers on this time," said another.

"I have not."

"But I caught Linville smoking yesterday."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sure. He threw his cigar away when he saw me."

Schaeffer turned pale, saying, "If you had told me, I would have thrown him out at the last minute."

The pistol cracked, and the boats shot forward. With sharp, quick strokes, the crimson blades flashed in the sun, as the Harvard shot ahead. With steady, powerful swings the blue blades of the Yale scattered the froth. A brisk breeze had beaten the foam into feathery caps, which increased the labor of rowing, but both crews **bent** to their work with steady power. At the first half mile the crimson shell was a half length ahead, and the cheering grew exciting. But, inch by inch, the blue was crawling up, and their friends encouraged them with loud yells. Now they were prow to prow. Intense interest held the crowd silent, as they waited breathlessly for a gain.

To the throng on the shore it looked an easy matter to send those light shells flying over the water with those long swinging strokes. A nearer view showed the men with flushed faces, tense muscles, and labored breaths, straining every nerve to gain a vantage.

First one prow, and then the other, with a desperate spurt, shot a bit ahead. The excitement grew intense. First one crowd, and then the other, seeing a slight vantage gained, burst into cheers. The buoy that marked the entrance of the last half mile was reached. The

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Harvard shell seemed to quicken her speed. Steadily the crimson crew crept away from their rival. Cheer upon cheer rent the air. The middle of the last half was reached, and Harvard was a boat length ahead. Suddenly the leading shell swerved from its course. Linville's oar dragged broadside in the water. His head had sunk forward on his breast. The big Vermonter dropped his oar—caught him—dashed water in his face—in a moment both oars were again beating the waves. But the sharp yells of Yale burst into frenzy, as the blue prow shot past. Linville's stroke had lost its power. The redoubled energy of his comrades was in vain. Yale kept the lead. The yelling grew deafening. As hope waned the Harvard rooters waited in breathless silence. Yale crossed the line two lengths ahead. The excitement beggared all description. Bridges and boats were blue with waving banners. Yells and horns, the tooting of steam whistles, and shooting of guns made pandemonium. The Yale launch picked up their crew at once. The steam craft turned back with a rush, churning the water into a foam.

The beaten crew hurried to their dressing rooms in silence. When they appeared in the crowd again, they tried to make themselves as inconspicuous as possible. The story of Linville's smoking had leaked out, of which fact he was soon made aware by the jibes of the ever present small boy. His friends said nothing, but he well understood the meaning of their silence. Stricker, with the consciousness of having betrayed the University honor, he crept away through the crowd, never to show his face at Harvard again.

CHAPTER XVII.

BROKEN HEARTSTRINGS.

AT a Sunday school convention, a gentleman in the audience said to his wife: "Do you know the lady to whom the chairman is speaking?"

"No, I have not noticed her."

"Her face is familiar, but I can not place her," Just then the lady arose, and the chairman introduced her to the audience. Husband and wife looked at each other, and smiled, and the wife ejaculated: "Is it possible? I knew she was in the state, but not know she was to be here."

"I have been asked," began the speaker, "to talk to you of one phase of intemperance. You complain of the scarcity of men and boys in Sunday-schools and churches. Tobacco is one of the chief causes of this trouble. Both men and boys often prefer to spend Sunday smoking, rather than attend church. Even when they attend, you complain that preaching fails to reach their hearts. Tobacco affects those portions of the brain through which the moral nature expresses itself. It will, in time, so callous the brain, and deaden the moral nature, that the truths of the gospel make little impression. In a revival in Ohio there were several hundred converts, and afterwards many back-sliders. It was noted that every backslider was a tobacco user, and not one backslid who did not use tobacco. The testimony of the Salvation Army workers, and other workers in the slums, is that the tobacco habit tends toward both drunkenness

and licentiousness. Jerry McAuley said: "When a man has an appetite for liquor, and is trying to keep from drinking, tobacco is fatal. At that moment a young man rose to go out, staggered, and fell headlong in the aisle. Those nearest picked him up, and laid him on a seat. The speaker paused, and saw a physician and a resident minister, who proved to be the boy's father, hasten to him. A song was called for, but just as it closed, the young man aroused, and was heard to say: "I know what caused it. It was my smoking. This isn't the first time it has served me this way. Take my tobacco out of my pockets, and throw it away." They did so, and then led him from the room. The speaker resumed. "My friends, sympathy for the parents would counsel silence, but duty bids me point the moral of this accident. I am glad that this father did not set a bad example for his boy by smoking himself. But we never know when even the best trained boys are safe. Somebody sets the bad example. How can we check this evil if boys can point to teachers or preachers who do smoke? Shall the cigar fiend denounce the liquor drunkard? Teachers, let me beg of you to warn the little ones of this danger, as you would were there a rattlesnake in their path. Ministers, are you blind to this peril? The very stability of our government is endangered by a deadened public conscience. Old ideals of purity and honesty have been lowered. We need men of upright purpose and clear conscience, for official positions. Yet this is one of the habits by which men's hearts are being calloused into indifference. Can men whose moral natures are deadened by tobacco, or whose brains are muddled by drink, be trusted to manage public affairs? Teach the people that whatever blunts the conscience, or weakens the moral character, is demoralizing to society. Some wreckers once lured a ship on the rocks by false beacon lights.

Among the dead, one of the wreckers found his own son. Teach rather that every pipe or cigar they smoke is a false signal light, luring some boy to ruin. Could you give an account to God for your influence in this matter?—for your silence as well as for your words?"

At the close of her talk several others spoke, stating facts that confirmed her statements.

When the session adjourned, the husband and wife hastened up to meet the speaker. The wife clasped her hand, with the words:

"Why, Jane McGregor! What a happy surprise! I do not believe, though, that you recognize us," as the speaker scanned their faces. "Let me introduce you to my husband, Rev. Philip Dayton." The light of recognition flashed across her face. "To be sure, and this is Lucy," as she clasped a hand of each. "How glad I am to see you both."

"Your speech sounded like old times," said Mr. Dayton.

"No doubt, for I still ride my old hobby."

Before they parted, Jane promised to visit them soon.

Jane McGregor looked out of the car window one pleasant September evening, not long afterwards, as the train slowed up. Many years had elapsed since she graduated. After teaching several years, she had studied medicine, and built up a good practice. Then she became, for several years, one of the physicians of a large hospital. And now she had taken a year's vacation, to serve as a lecturer for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Now, as she looked out, she saw that Eudora had doubled in size, but some parts of it looked familiar. Old Walnut Hill Seminary, crowning the hill at the top of the long street, was the same, except that the trees were taller. As she stepped off the cars, her old friend, Nellie, looking somewhat matronly, but almost

as pretty as ever, met her, with the warmest greetings. And there was Auntie Clark, too, little changed, except that her hair was white, who greeted her with the same cheery smile, and kindly voice, that had always made her so dearly loved. They could hardly talk fast enough to keep up with the queries that crowded their minds, as they rode up the street. As the carriage stopped, Nellie said: "I am to have you tonight," and Mrs. Clark bade them good-bye.

"What a beautiful home," said Dr. Jane McGregor, as Nellie, now Mrs. Felton, ushered her into the pretty parlor. Prof. King had, long ago, found a more congenial position, and our old friend, Prof. Felton, had, for years, been President of the Seminary.

"Excuse me," said Nellie, after they had visited awhile, "if I go on with my work. Alice wants me to finish this point lace, and put it on her dress to wear to a picnic."

"Oh! there is Winnie waking up," she said, presently, "I want you to see her, she's the sweetest cutest little darling." And Nellie soon returned, with a dimpled, blue eyed, yellow curled tot.

"Winnie in name, and winsome in face," commented Jane, who had learned to enjoy speaking pleasant truths.

"Won't you go to the nice lady? She wants to see Winnie," but the sleepy child curled herself up on her mother's shoulder. "She's mamma's baby, isn't she? Now hug mamma, and go play. Then Nellie told about her other children, with a mother's loving pride, and they visited about old times, and old schoolmates, and present interests, until they touched on temperance topics, and Jane ventured the remark: Nellie, I am sorry you have dropped the W. C. T. U. work. You used to write about carrying on the Y, and I hoped you still kept up your interest in it."

"Yes, arter I was married, Newton wanted me to look arter it, he said it helped to keep up the morality and reputation of the school. You know I would do anything for my husband, he has been so good to me. I worked for his interests, socially, among the students, and in the Y, but arter I had so many babies, I left it for the gnis, and they have allowed it to die."

"You ought to revive it again."

"I wish I could find the time for it. Since the mines opened here, they have brought a rough element into the town. Newton says it is harder to keep the boys from smoking and drinking, and he misses the good influence of the Y. But I have so much to do. I am always in a rush."

"Nellie, cannot you break yourself of this fancy-work habit? Souls outweigh lace—on God's scales. Then you could find time to help boys and girls resist temptation."

"Oh, Jane! I never thought of that. You always could see to the bottom of things. I will try." Some more of the children came home from school, after awhile, and just as Nellie rose to look after supper, Fred, her fourteen year old boy, rushed in with: "Oh mamma, the awfulest thing happened!"

"What is it?" she asked, as he flung his arms about her.

"John Fenlon's cousin's all burned up! He was out driving with her, and a spark from his cigarette burned her dress, and it blazed up, and she screamed and scared the horses, and they run, and they couldn't put the fire out."

"Oh, dear! Isn't that awful?"

"And the folks stopped them close to us, and she's burned just awful! She screamed and screamed! And Tom's crying awfully."

"No wonder," said his mamma. "It is a terrible punishment for his carelessness. I will go over after a while and see if I can do anything for her. But you're so hot and excited! Lie down in the hammock and rest, while I look after supper." And she introduced him to her friend, who was soon making the boy's acquaintance. After a little talk about the accident he said :

"I have heard of smokers burning up barns, but I never heard of their burning up people before."

"I have heard of several instances. Being burned by cigarettes is just an accident, however; but that is not the only way they kill people." And she told him of many instances where death or insanity had been caused by cigarette smoking.

"That's awful!" he exclaimed. "Can't you do something to stop it?"

Then she told him of the Anti-Cigarette Leagues, and of the thousands of boys who had taken the pledge not to smoke, and she planned with Fred to help him start one at Eudora.

The next afternoon found Miss McGregor in Aunt Clark's cosy sitting room, and they were visiting about old friends.

"And Mother Mallows; is she still alive?" asked Jane.

"Yes, the last I heard. She went to live with a daughter. Mr. Mallows died years ago, of cancer of the lips," replied Mrs. Clark.

"So many old tobacco chewers go that way. And where is Bennie?"

"Didn't you know he was in the insane asylum?"

"No, indeed, Nellie wrote me that he kept on having fits. But she was so taken up with her own little folks, that she quit writing to me. I had not heard from Eudora for years, till I began writing to her again this

summer. And I did not think to ask her about Bennie yesterday."

"Yes, he kept on having fits. A year or two after you left they found he was chewing tobacco, helping himself to it in the store. The clerks had taught him to use it by hiring him with candy, and that was what made him so sick that time. And soon after that he began having fits. Dr. Hawley told me once that he thought chewing tobacco so young caused the fits, but Dr. Grimes, of course, thought differently. The trouble all went to Bennie's brain, and he became so idiotic and unmanageable, they sent him to the asylum. The physicians there said tobacco caused the trouble."

"How sad, that such a lovable child should be ruined. And what became of the Darnells?"

"He died of paralysis. And his smoking wife became so childish, her mind was almost a blank. She died of old age, Dr. Grimes said, but they told at her funeral that she was only sixty-five."

"Died of softening of the brain, caused by smoking," commented Jane.

Just then a knock was heard, and when Mrs. Clark stepped to the door, she exclaimed: "Why, Mrs. Heath, what a happy surprise. Where did you come from?"

"From Chicago, on that train." The next moment Jane was also giving a glad welcome, and asking after Minnie's health.

"She is much better, but not real strong yet. George has taken her on a trip to the eastern mountains. I wanted to visit Mrs. Clark, anyway, and when I received your letter, I decided to run down and see you. I want you to visit us after their return." They visited hour after hour as only old friends can visit.

"What became of Dick Darnell?" asked Jane, at

length. "Mrs. Heath made me forget the Darnells when she came in so suddenly."

"The necessity of supporting his mother made an industrious boy of him; and, after her death he married Zina."

"Zina Green? And did Dick quit smoking?"

"He promised to quit when they were married, and I think he tried, but he was not resolute enough."

"When will girls learn to quit depending on such promises?"

"When their first baby came, it died suddenly, when only a few hours old. Dr. Hawley said it died of a weak heart. And he told me that the weak heart was caused by the tobacco used by Dick and his parents. I urged him to tell Dick the truth, and he did so, after the first sharpness of grief was over. But Dick thought he might be mistaken. The second baby seemed all right at first, but grew puny. Dr. Hawley and I were called one night, and found it in spasms. It was pitiful to see the little form stiffen in those terrible contortions and the eyes set in that deathly stare. Zina was almost distracted, and Dick, with tears rolling down his cheeks, asked eagerly: 'She isn't dead, is she, doctor?'

"'No, she is reviving again.'

"'O, my baby! my sweet baby! I can't give you up,' he moaned. 'Save her, doctor, save her! and I will pay you all the money I am worth.'

"'The rats take your money, boy! As if I wouldn't do all in my power to save a suffering babe, money or no money? All you're worth! Bah! If you'd thrown your tobacco to the hogs when I told you to, she needn't have been in this condition.'

"Another spasm came on, and the doctor laid her in my arms, saying, 'It is no use; she's gone,' and turned

away, to shut out the sight of those young parents, and their piteous grief."

"Such cases are common," replied Jane. "Thousands of babes, some of them unborn, die of weak hearts, or lack of stamina, inherited from drinking, licentious, or tobacco-using fathers or grandfathers."

"Dr. Hawley had another talk with Dick," Mrs. Clark went on, "and gave him something to strengthen him, and he succeeded in giving up his tobacco. The next baby was a boy, and is living yet. But Dick died of a fever a year or two later. The doctor said he might have recovered, if tobacco had not weakened his heart. The mischief was done before he quit using it."

"To be sure! And part of the mischief was done by his smoking parents, before he was born. Where is Zina now?"

"She lives here, supporting herself by washing; but she is away now, visiting her sister."

"Aunty," said Jane, after supper, as she sat down near her, "I wish you would tell me about Elsie's sickness and death. The girls wrote me something about it, but I would like to hear more."

"Yes, dear, I will try, though there were years that I could not speak or think of her without tears. Your coming recalls old times."

"Don't try then, if it makes you so sad."

"The years have softened my sorrow, but even yet, I **never hear** the songs she sang without the tears starting. I hope some time to hear her again."

"No doubt you will hear her sing in heaven."

"Yes, thank God for His promises, they keep up our hope and courage."

"I think," said Mrs. Heath, "if it could even be proved that the Bible was not true, it would pay for mankind to believe in its truth, for the sake of the hope it

gives. Hope is the lodestone of life, ever leading us on, and keeping us up, from the cradle to the grave. But when there is nothing more to hope for, when one becomes helpless and useless, when age, pain and poverty are all that are left,—how could we bear them without the hope of heaven to strengthen our courage?"

"And how could we bear sorrow and loneliness without it? You remember," Mrs. Clark went on, after a pause, "how worn out Elsie used to be when she came home from school?"

"She was always full of life when she was among us girls, but I remember hearing Lucy speak of her getting so tired."

"I tried to do everything I could, myself, for I saw she was getting worn out. She grieved because I had to work so hard, and she would put her arms around my neck and say: 'Just be patient a few more days and then you can rest, and I will make the living the rest of our lives.' You know they had already promised her a place in the school here. She seemed to get rested through the summer, and began her school full of hope. But the longer she taught, the more worn and listless she became. At last I insisted on her resigning. She was always talking about how rest and spring sunshine would cure her. Then a severe cold—a few feverish days. The doctor said she would be all right soon. She was the first to realize the truth. 'I am going to leave you, mamma, don't grieve. I won't be tired any more. You will come some day.'"

Tears choked the mother's voice, and silent tears were running down the cheeks of her listeners.

"I ought not to have asked you to talk about it," said Jane, slipping an arm around her neck, and drawing the white head down on her shoulder. Aunty Clark had noted how the rough edge of Jane's former brusqueness

had worn off; and now she caught a glimpse of the tenderness hidden deep in her heart, like the sweet kernel in the chestnut bur.

"Never mind, I do not often shed tears over it now. It is so many years, you know. The doctor said he had found that her heart was weak, and had been trying to strengthen it, but it was weaker than he thought. It was sad when my husband died, but I had Elsie to love and care for. I felt that I must be brave and strong for her sake. But, when she went, it seemed as if I had nothing to live for. I knew she was happy, but home was so desolate. And I have not forgotten," she went on, turning to Mrs. Heath, "how you insisted on taking me home with you, and tried to lighten my grief, till the bitterness wore off. But the home-coming brought it back afresh. The house was so big, so lonely. Every object brought back memories of my darling. It seemed as though the end had come—that I never could pick up the broken stitches of life again."

"I can realize now how you felt, even better than I could then," said Mrs. Heath. "It was somewhat that way when Minnie was married. The house was so lonely, and it seemed as if I had no heart to fill my life with fresh interests."

"Elsie had said," continued Mrs. Clark, "that I must not keep boarders any more, yet I knew not what else to do, and I felt that it would be better to fill the silent house with life. Then a neighbor's child was sick, and I helped care for him, and the doctor said: 'You are a born nurse, Mrs. Clark, I wish you would follow nursing.' I took his advice, and it has been a blessing to me. I have lightened my burden by helping others carry theirs, and forgotten my sorrow in trying to make others happy. I have kept a family in part of the house, but the home-coming has always been lonely."

"Yes, Aunt, it is hard that such a loving woman as you should have such a sad life."

"God knows best, perhaps I was too selfish in my love for my own, too careless about the sufferings and sorrows of others. Some time I shall understand it."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Heath, "our Father helps us to bear our burdens, and grow stronger under them. But I do not think God wills that the young should die. It is His plan that all should live to a ripe old age. When the old pass away, after the labors of a long life, it seems fitting, like the plucking of ripe fruit, or the falling of a sere leaf; but when the young are cut down, with all of life's plans and joys opening before them, it seems terrible." Aunt Clark looked surprised at this, to her, new view.

"You are right," replied Jane. "Early deaths are caused by sin, physical sin. But the sinner does not always suffer the penalty. 'Our fathers ate sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.' Aunt, did any of your people ever have heart trouble?"

"No, they were a long lived race."

"And her father?"

"I never knew that he had any heart trouble, although he was never very strong, and he died of a fever. But, after Elsie's death, I wrote to his physician. He replied that he did have a weak heart, that the fever was not a dangerous one, and that he could have saved him, had the heart been strong."

"And he had not drank, or used tobacco, had he?"

"Oh, no. And I did not know that his people had any heart trouble, for I had heard him speak of his parents and grandparents living to be old. But last year I visited his friends, and talked with the old physician who treated his parents. He told me that neither of them had any hereditary heart trouble, and were of a robust

ancestry, but that both used tobacco, the mother, especially, being an inveterate smoker. Yet she lived to old age, apparently healthy, though quite feeble for many years before her death. He said he used to argue that tobacco agreed with some people, and adduced her as an example. But, when he came to treat her, in her last years, he found her heart greatly impaired. He said that it was her strong constitution, and her inactive life in her later years that enabled her to hold out so long against the tobacco poison. He afterward learned that she had bequeathed weak hearts to a number of her children and grandchildren. And he stated that other observations during a long life had proved the fallacy of his former position, and that he now believed that no one could use tobacco without injury, both to the user, and to posterity."

"To be sure! And when all physicians realize that, and practice what they preach, it will do much to check the evil."

"I have thought for many years," said Mrs. Heath, "that Minnie's lack of vigor, and tendency to nervous trouble, was inherited from her father. He came of strong, long-lived New England parents, but he learned to use tobacco when a boy. In his senior year in college he was unable to master his lessons without the stimulus of a cigar. At length even that proved ineffective, and, fearing he would fail, he left school, and taught for several years. But he became so nervous, and suffered so much from neuralgia, that we came west for his health. The change helped him for a time only. One physician told him that excessive smoking was affecting his nerves, but he said the doctor didn't know what he was talking about. He had to quit teaching, and I began dressmaking. His nervous system became such a wreck, that he

suffered constantly, until a complication of diseases ended in death."

"It is not strange that Minnie was always nervous," replied Jane. "She wrote me briefly of her children's death, but little about their sickness; she said it brought her trouble back too vividly. What diseases caused their death?"

"The first one died before he was two years old, after a short illness, suffering intensely from some brain or nervous trouble, but our physicians were unable to diagnose the disease. Minnie seemed heartbroken, and **George insisted** that I should go and live with them. When the next babe came, Minnie was happy again. But when about the same age, he was attacked in the same manner. We had moved to Chicago, and our physicians there pronounced it cerebro-meningitis, but it baffled their skill, and the little life went out. Minnie was prostrated with grief, and for a time we feared we should lose her, too."

"Yes, grief is very depressing, and tears ooze out one's courage."

"George felt keenly the loss of his children, but bravely kept cheerful, and was so good to Minnie. She rallied at last, but has never been very strong."

"Did you ever surmise that her father's smoking might have caused their death?"

"Yes, I talked with our physician about it, and he said it was quite probable, for children often inherit lack of vitality, and tendencies to disease, from both parents and grandparents."

"No doubt. And I have observed that children are more apt to be like their grandparents, than their parents."

"I read once," said Mrs. Clark, "that the time to begin training a child is with his grandmother."

"To be sure! And the time to begin guarding against disease is with his great-grandfather."

"A friend was telling me a circumstance that goes to prove your statement," said Mrs. Heath. "Her husband was a minister, and it occurred in one of his pastorates in Iowa. The wife of one of his parishioners, while very nervous and excitable, was a good woman, and a strong temperance woman. They had one child, a bright boy, whom the mother was carefully guarding from all association with tipplers or tobacco users, determined that he should never learn these injurious habits. After a time he had something like epileptic fits. The physician thought he had been poisoned by tobacco. The parents indignantly denied it, and said **he had no possible chance to get it.** The fits continued, and they finally found, by close watching, that he did chew tobacco, secretly; but how he learned it, or where he obtained it, they never could learn. He grew duller, and, when my friend left the state, he was almost idiotic. His father, who was a strong, healthy man, of clean habits, told the minister that his wife's father and grandfather were the worst tobacco sots he ever knew, and he had no doubt that his boy inherited his tobacco appetite and his nervous degeneracy that ended in epilepsy, from his tobacco using grandfathers."

"No doubt of it. Would these tobacco sots could realize the legacy of misery they are handing down."

"I wish," said Mrs. Clark, "that the subject of heredity was better understood by the people."

"There is something strange and wonderful about it," remarked Mrs. Heath. "Only think how resemblances and characteristics crop out for generations. There was Max Jukes, you know, and his drunken descendants; and Jonathan Edwards, with his fifteen hundred re-

spectable descendents, with only six criminals, and not a pauper nor idiot among them."

"To be sure! It is a deep study, but men will yet delve into it more deeply, and learn their duty to posterity."

"And," continued Mrs. Heath, "Dr. McNichol tells of a healthy couple in high social position in New York, who drank wine moderately and regularly, and by the third and fourth generations their descendents were all either drunkards, opium eaters, idiotic or insane, except those who had died of consumption before maturity."

"Physicians have traced many such cases on a smaller scale. Tobacco is a snail beside the worm of the still, but when they track it up, they will find that it, also, leaves a serpent's trail, even to the third and fourth generations. Weakened minds, sometimes amounting to idiocy, frail constitutions, and tendency to disease, are often the heritage from tobacco using parents, especially where it is used by both parents."

"I have wondered," said Mrs. Heath, "if the proverbial nervousness of American women is not an inheritance from tobacco using fathers."

"Partially, no doubt. I have observed the same nervous weakness in the sons of tobacco using mothers. And where the mother uses either liquor or tobacco, the inherited effects are worse than from the father's side."

"I have heard women say," remarked Mrs. Clark, "they didn't care if their husbands used tobacco, it did not hurt them—if they only knew how it hurt their children."

"Heredity evils are not the only injuries, either. Often the frail health of women and children, especially weak eyes and sore throats, are caused by the tobacco

poisoned air, and poisoned bodies of husbands and fathers."

"Yes," Mrs. Clark replied, "a friend of mine had a sweet little girl who studied her lessons evenings, in the room where her father smoked. She became pale and nervous, and they thought she was studying too hard, but the physician said she was poisoned by her father's cigars. He stopped smoking, and she soon recovered."

"I was once walking with a celebrated physician in an eastern city," said Mrs. Heath, "when we passed a house surrounded by every evidence of wealth and refinement, and he said: 'I have a patient in there, an idolized wife, who is dying, and beyond all hope, and none of them know what ails her, and yet her husband has killed her.'

"Why, doctor, what do you mean?" I asked. "I mean just this; her husband is literally steeped in tobacco, and his insensible perspiration has become a deadly poison, and his wife has absorbed enough of this—and had before I was called in—that she will die." "Have you told them?" I asked. "No, what good? It would only add to their misery now." "But, doctor, are you sure?" I asked again. "Yes, I have seen such things before. Many frail women are thus killed."

"I should think," said Mrs. Clark, "that if girls knew such facts, they would refuse to marry tobacco users."

"I trust the time may come when they will. Oh, the pity of it, that good women, like you and Zina and Minnie should suffer such loss and heartache on account of this curse. May God give me strength to arouse women against it!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US.

AFTER several weeks of lecturing, we find Miss McGregor visiting in the home of Mrs. Lucy Dayton, who was just saying to her:

"I have realized the blessedness of motherhood, as well as its cares."

"Would that more mothers could realize it!" replied Jane. "One of the sins of the day is the belittling of motherhood, and its criminal avoidance."

"I have found motherhood one of the holiest depths of human experience. As each babe was laid on my arm, my heart was full of love and fear. It seemed so strange that the little being, a part of mine, would go on living forever. And the thought that the destiny of that little spotless life would hang on the training that I should give it, almost overwhelmed me with its sacred responsibility. But I have been blessed with good children. When Emma was a little girl I used to take her on my lap, and talk of how we loved each other, and what we could do to make papa and the little brothers and sister happy. Later on we talked of Jesus and His love, or of some poor child, or some dear grandma who needed love and help; and then of the drunkard's poor children, or the little heathen, and how we could deny ourselves to help them. So she grew up with her heart full of sweet charities, and she is such a comfort to me, and such a help, both in our home, and in our church and temperance work, though she is only fifteen."

"Have you succeeded as well with your boys?"

"Yes, I used to have confidential talks with them, too, and have always kept in touch with them. I impressed on my children that character, religion and education are far more valuable than style or wealth."

"You are right. The craze for money, and the push for show and excitement are ruining the home."

"I have dreaded for the time to come," Lucy resumed, "when my children should grow away from me. Lester begins to think himself a young man, and the influences of the college have not all been the best. Of course I did not fear his drinking, and, a year ago, I would have scorned the fear of his smoking. But, one day, he said: 'Of course, mother, I would not smoke a cigarette, only the lower classes use them, but the toniest young men smoke a cigar occasionally.'

"Lester, have you ever smoked?" I asked, my heart almost standing still.

"'No, mother, I never have.' You cannot tell how relieved I felt. I could not bear the thought of my boy befouled with the loathsome habit. But one evening one of his classmates was here, and I overheard him ask Lester if he smoked, and he replied: 'No, my parents object to the habit.'

"'Your father is a minister, isn't he? Of course, women and ministers object to smoking, but, with men of affairs it is different. It is not considered good form to refuse a cigar.'

"I do not know how long Lester could have withstood the current, but better influences are at work now. Philip stirred up the business men to fit commodious rooms for the struggling Young Men's Christian Association here, and most of the college boys and young railroad men have joined it, and I think Lester will come out all right. The Secretary had been a railroad

clerk, and he is influential, and he is strongly opposed to tobacco as well as drink."

The conversation passed to other topics, and Lucy was telling of her work among the poor, and remarked: "One of my experiences will interest you. I visited a poor family, of whom I had heard. The woman was faded and frowzy. The one room in which they lived was redolent with steamy suds, crowded and disorderly. The sick husband sat in an old rocker, as untidy as his wife, and several puny children huddled behind the stove. There was something familiar about their faces, as they talked, and I caught them studying my face. When the husband told me his name, it came to me. It was Ned Grimes, and Mattie."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes. I learned that Ned, after working in the shops at Eudora several years, had shifted around, until he opened a little repair shop in this city. They had done fairly well for awhile, till Ned got heart disease, and then Mattie had to take in washing. Ned's mother, and Mattie's parents were dead, and the little property, left by her father, had been used up long ago. One of the neighbors, a man named Jones, told me some other facts. He said that Ned was a great smoker, and bet a cigar maker he could smoke the largest cigar they could make. One Fourth of July morning, when there was a crowd around, he brought Ned a big cigar, half as long as his arm. Ned smoked until it was nearly gone. Throwing down the stump, he said: 'I've won the bet,' and went into the shop. But Mr. Jones had observed that he was very pale, and followed him. He found him unconscious, on the floor, and called in the cigar maker. The latter would not allow a doctor called, for fear of arrest. They finally resuscitated Ned, but he was sick several days, and it was a week before he could go to work. The neighbors thought he had been on a

spree, but Mr. Jones said he had not drank a drop that day, and he did not think he ever drank. He had some trouble with his heart before, but, from that time it was so weak he soon had to give up work. One day Philip went with me, and talked with Ned about religion. But he exclaimed: 'I am not going to die. Look at these children. I must live to take care of them. I am getting better. I will be able to work in a few weeks. Some day, when I get stronger, I will come and hear you preach.' I had taken the baby, while Mattie hung out her clothes. Suddenly Ned arose with a cry of pain. Philip sprang to him, but he sank back in his chair—gasped for breath—and, before I could call Mattie in, he was gone. She would not believe he was dead, but kept rubbing his hands, calling his name, and begging us to do something for him. When she realized that he was dead, she burst into such a paroxysm of grief, and clung to me so pitifully, that I staid with her until all was over. Ned's sister came to the funeral, and took Mattie and her children home with her."

"Poor Mattie! I remember how disdainfully she tossed her head, in those old days, when we asked her to join our anti-tobacco society."

With the evening, came the husband and children. Miss McGregor found Rev. Philip Dayton a thoughtful earnest man, one of the few men who were earnestly contending against intemperance, and all other evils that threatened the morality of the community. Mrs. Dayton had invited Mr. Bowen, the Y. M. C. A. secretary, to call on Miss McGregor. With him came Mr. Kemp, a young man who had recently been employed as an athletic trainer at the college. A little later two college students, Mirza Hassan, a Persian, and Hirosha Okuma, a Japanese, called on Lester. Finding Mr. Bowen, and Mr. Kemp there, they also remained in the parlor. After some general conversation, Mr. Bowen turned to Miss

McGregor, saying: "I understand that you lecture against tobacco, as well as against intemperance."

"To be sure. And I am glad to hear that you hate the weed, too."

"Yes, I was well trained, but when I attended business college at Kansas City, cigars were so fashionable that I concluded my parents were old fogies, and I learned to smoke. But we had an object lesson there that taught me I could not afford it."

"Indeed! What was it?"

"In our Y. M. C. A. there we had access to one of the best small libraries I ever saw. I learned that it was loaned to us by one of the ministers of the city. He stated that he had been a cigar smoker, but was fond of reading. So he quit smoking, and spent as much for books each month as he had spent for cigars, and in fifteen years had over a thousand volumes. Here is the catalogue, I was showing it to the boys," he said, drawing it from his pocket, and they looked through it.

"What a large and varied collection," said Miss McGregor.

"And such valuable books," was Mr. Dayton's comment.

Then the young folks examined it, keeping up a conversation among themselves. Their attention was finally arrested by hearing Mr. Bowen say: "The counsel for the oldest Fidelity Surety Company in the country told me recently that his company will not bond a man addicted to cigarettes."

"Is that a Life Insurance Company?" asked Lester.

"No, it is one of the companies that hunts up men's character, and gives bonds for their behavior, to railroads and other business firms, if they find him reliable. One of the questions they have always asked, was: "Does he smoke?" If he did, that counted off something, but, if his character was good in other respects, that did not

deter them from bonding him. But, they have observed that they have had to pay bonds for more smokers than non-smokers, and decided not to insure cigarette smokers."

"That is the vantage you business men have over the reformers, whose only power is their 'gift of gab,'" remarked Miss McGregor.

"But you temperance people gave us the information that called our attention to these facts," replied Mr. Bowen.

"And we are content to be the 'power behind the throne.'"

"When I was in a railroad office," he continued, "the General Freight Agent employed two hundred clerks, of whom thirty-two were cigarette smokers. He found that eighty-five per cent of the mistakes made in the office were made by these thirty-two smokers, and he decided not to hire any more of them."

"Business men generally are ruling them out," said Mr. Dayton.

"The smokers are about ruled out of athletics, too," said Mr. Kemp. "That was what broke me of cigarette smoking, they had no use for me, even on the High School team, unless I would quit cigarettes."

"The boys were talking about it at school today," put in Lester. "Some of them said cigarette smokers were short winded, and made fumbles, but they said cigars didn't hurt anything."

"They're mistaken there. They may allow cigar smoking in High School, and on some of the smaller college teams, but they don't on any of the university teams. I thought I would be manly, and changed from cigarettes to cigars. But I had learned to inhale the smoke, and, to save my neck, I couldn't smoke a cigar

without inhaling the smoke, and it was too much for my lungs, I couldn't endure it, and I gave it up."

"That shows," returned Dr. McGregor, "that the chief reason cigarettes are more injurious than cigars, is the habit of inhaling the smoke into the lungs. It would not take long for a man to kill himself, if he inhaled cigar smoke."

"The boys here are behind the times," resumed Mr. Kemp. "They became greatly excited because I told them that if I organized a track team, any boy who touched liquor or tobacco between now and field day would be dropped. They tried to bluff me by telling me I would have no team. But I mean what I say."

"Bravo for you!" exclaimed Mr. Bowen.

"I know what I am talking about," continued Mr. Kemp. A. A. Stag, coach and trainer for Chicago University, says: 'At the University of Chicago the athletic department has been unalterably opposed, from the beginning, to the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors by the athletes, while in training. The use of tobacco by athletes in training is almost universally regarded as harmful by coaches and trainers of athletic teams.'

"And," added Miss McGregor, "Mrs. Beauchamp, one of our national lecturers, said that Mr. Andrews, the teacher of physical culture at Yale, who trained all of the boating crews, told her that not a single cigar, nor a single glass of beer was now allowed to be used by the contestants, from the day they entered the lists in September, to the time of the races in June. If a young man drank a single glass of beer, or smoked a single cigar, his name was stricken from the list. 'Why, madam,' he said, 'such steadiness of nerve, such power of heartbeat is required, that a single cigar, six months beforehand, might cause us to lose the races.'"

"Thank you, I was sure it was so," returned Mr.

Kemp, "but I had not heard from there yet. The boys were inclined to doubt my word, so I wrote to various colleges, and have received statements similar to that from the presidents or trainers of nearly a dozen of our largest colleges and universities."

"I guess the boys will give in," said Lester, "when they hear all that testimony."

"I see one of the college boys has had a misfortune on account of smoking," said Mr. Dayton.

"How so? Of whom do you speak?"

"Tom Norton. I met him today, on his return from the oculist's."

"O yes, I knew he had the misfortune to go blind in one eye, but I had not connected it with his smoking."

"It is a singular case. He said that he had not felt any pain or weakness, but one morning, when he awoke, that eye was totally blind."

"Did the oculist give him any hope?"

"No, He said that it is what is called amaurosis, that the optic nerve is dead, and that it was caused by his smoking. The oculist told him that he had many cases of amaurosis, either total or partial, and that they were nearly all caused by tobacco, that where they were partial the disuse of tobacco cured them, but where they were total, there was no cure; and that he had many other cases of weak eyes caused by tobacco; and that the Americans, like the Germans, were fast becoming a spectacled nation, on account of the immediate and inherited effects of tobacco."

"Oh! That is sad for poor Tom!" exclaimed Emma.

"And he was so anxious to finish college next year," added Lester. "Did you ever know such a case, Dr. McGregor?"

"Yes, I have had many cases. I am not an oculist, but out of thirty-five cases that I have sent to oculists for

treatment, in the last few years, thirty-four were caused by tobacco."

"I read a statement," said Mrs. Dayton, "from the Supt. of the Western Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind, that tobacco caused a great part of the weak eyes and blindness."

"No doubt, and color blindness, too," returned Miss McGregor. "There was so much color blindness in Belgium that they could scarcely find enough who were free from it to manage the railroads. The government appointed experts to study the cause. After months of investigation, they reported that it was tobacco, and orders were issued forbidding boys to use it."

"How do things look when people have color-blindness?" asked Emma.

"In that which results from the use of tobacco, the patient usually takes red to be brown or black, and green to be light blue or orange. Oculists tell us that when they throw the light of the magnifying glass on the retina of the eye, they can tell at once when the patient is addicted to tobacco. In the early stages the eye is merely congested, but, if the habit is not abandoned, gradual paralysis of the optic nerve follows."

"Miss McGregor, does tobacco cause cancer?" asked Emma. "You know they said Mr. Grant's cancer was caused by tobacco."

"Not primarily. But tobacco users have cancer oftener than others, especially about the mouth and throat, because the irritated condition of the mucous membrane gives a lodgment to the cancer germs. The tobacco also poisons the blood so that its effete particles feed the cancerous growth."

"Dr. McGregor, why do doctors use tobacco, if it is so dangerous?" asked Lester. "The boys said they had to use it in the dissecting room, because it was a disin-

fectant, so they wouldn't get blood-poisoned. Is that so?"

"No. That was an old notion, but as many smoking doctors have blood-poison as non-smokers. Surgeons observe that wounds heal quicker on those whose blood is pure, than on tobacco users. Most of the tobacco using doctors learn the habit before they study medicine. There is much that is unpleasant in a physician's life, and some learn to use it, or continue its use, because, by benumbing the nerves, it deadens their sensitiveness to unpleasant sensations. But, by thus deadening their senses, they become less capable of judging the symptoms of disease. In all surgical clinics which I attended, tobacco was forbidden in the room."

"I heard, before I left Chicago," said Mr. Kemp, "that two cigarette smokers had taken the leprosy. Tobacco does not cause leprosy, does it?"

"No, but much of the rice paper used for high priced cigarettes comes from China, where it is often handled by lepers. There are a hundred and fifty cases of leprosy among the cigarette smokers of San Francisco."

"That is terrible!" exclaimed Emma. "They ought to imprison cigarette smokers."

Turning to the young foreigners, who had been interested, but silent, listeners, because no one had addressed them directly during this discussion, Miss McGregor asked the Persian, whose black eyes were sparkling with interest: "Mr. Hassan, do they use tobacco in your country?"

"They use it one little, not mooch, not mooch, like American."

"Do they chew, or smoke?"

"Chew? No, no," with an expression of great disgust. "Too—too—nasty. I saw no one man chew till I saw American. American chew mooch, spit, spit—

bah!" with another expression of disgust. "In my coontry some men smoke one little, long pipe, stem bent around, so," motioning with his hand. "Smoke go through water, not mooch strong, not make mooch sick. Some man no smoke one little. Some man smoke one time, two time, one day, when coom home dinner, when coom home night. Take pipe, sit in court—what you call her?—back porch. Walls hide, not any see, smoke one little, put pipe away. No smoke in parlor, no smoke in street, not smoke in shop—what you call her?—store. no smoke at work, like American. American no—what you call him? gentleman. Smoke, smoke, all time, smoke all place, bah!"

"Are your people healthy?" asked Miss McGregor.

"Mooch healthy, not mooch sick. Old man, old lady, some hundred, some ninety old. Not mooch old American; he verree mooch sick."

"Thank you for your information." Turning to the Japanese, she asked: "Mr. Okuma, how long has tobacco been used in your country?"

"Two, three hundred years. Our great Tokugawa Mikado made edicts on bridge, on river, Tokio city, no on must use poison smoke. Some quit, some keep on secret. Some smoke now."

"Do they chew tobacco in Japan?"

"Oh, no!" looking as disgusted as the Persian had done. We think Americans who chew not polite—beg pardon, madam."

"Do not fear to hurt our feelings. What do your people really think of us?"

"They think Americans who chew are barbarians—not good society fit for, beg pardon. Good society not speak what you call spit—spittoon, beg pardon," and the young man looked embarrassed, as though he had committed a breach of etiquette.

"How do they smoke in Japan?" asked Mrs. Dayton.

"They smoke pipe, bamboo, so long," measuring about a foot, "one little cup, iron, sometime silver, large like one lady little finger thimble. Fill little cup half full, light with coal, puff two time, three time—take off cup, lay away in box. Never smoke, smoke, like Americans—beg pardon, lady."

"Do the ladies ever smoke?"

"Yes, beg pardon. Good manners must offer guest pipe. Take two puffs—three puffs—bad manners smoke many puffs—give pipe back, and put away in box."

"Do they ever smoke cigars or cigarettes?"

"American merchants bring cigars and cigarettes. Put big ugly pictures by fine trees, big woods—what fine cigars, what fine gifts. Teach boys to smoke. Many learn, and our people sad."

"Have they not passed a law against smoking cigarettes?"

"Yes, madam. Sho Nemote come to American college, and see cigarettes make boys sick. Go home to Japan, tell our people be careful, cigarettes bad. He talk and talk. Our rulers make law no boy smoke cigarettes or tobacco till he be twenty. So all teachers make one big day, and burn own pipes, boys bring pipes and cigarettes—burn all, one big fire. No more smoke. Mikado say law must be obeyed."

CHAPTER XIX.

AN INSPIRING AUDIENCE.

THE president of a W. C. T. U. convention introduced Miss Dr. McGregor. The little red headed girl whom we knew in Eudora, had developed into a matronly woman, somewhat portly, but active and robust. Her pug nose had grown stronger in outline, and the years that had faded the apple red of her cheeks, had added a tone of brown to her hair. Her mouth was still large, but her earnest unselfish life had chiseled her face with lines of intellectual strength, and kindly sympathy.

Back in the audience sat a well preserved man of about fifty, beside a stylish lady. When the speaker was introduced, he seemed, the next moment, to be on the prairies of the west, shooting at prairie dogs, as they tumbled into their holes, and watching a distant bunch of cattle, in the vain delusion that they were buffaloes. Recalling his thoughts, he began to listen.

The speaker seemed slightly embarrassed, at first, for, before her sat a large audience of representative Washington people, besides delegates from all parts of the land. But she was soon so deeply interested in her subject that she forgot herself.

After describing the various disastrous consequences of the narcotic habits, she asked: "Do you think I exaggerate? Nay, rather, I skimp the truth, lest you doubt my word."

The gentleman, who had failed to catch the speaker's

name, just then glanced at his program, and saw it. Again the wide expanse of billowy prairie, rolling away toward the setting sun, crossed his mental vision; but, this time, a little red-headed girl, galloping her pony, entered the vision. He smiled, as the recollection took shape, saying to himself: "It is that Scotch name which recalls that little episode of my hunting excursion, but what's in a name?"

"Do you tell me," asked the speaker, "that our fathers used liquor and tobacco, and lived to a good old age? Some did, and some did not. The hereditary effects of physical sins exceed their present effects. Nations, as well as individuals, bring destruction on themselves by the inherited accumulation of evil propensities. No words can picture, no figures can measure the suffering that has been wrought by narcotics. Like a lair of wild beasts they breed a savage brood—wickedness in every form. And when I speak of narcotics, I include alcohol, which is the chief of narcotics. Narcotism is the curse of civilization, or rather of semi-civilization, for true Christian civilization will drive these devouring beasts from the face of the earth. Let these sleuths once hound a nation, and, only by arming for self-defense, can it escape the jaws of destruction. It is the same story from olden time to our own day. Judea was the home of the wild grape, and the Canaanites made it a land of drunkenness. Babylon fell in the midst of a drunken carousal. Wine was the ruin of Persia, Greece and Egypt. Xerxes, Alexander and Cleopatra ended their careers in maudlin debauch. Rome plundered the world to revel in wealth, and fell, corrupt with besotted licentiousness. For ages northwestern Asia was peopled by a race of savages, fierce and cruel, but strong and robust, because of their simple, primitive habits. Century after century, tribe after tribe, Huns and Scythians, Goths and Vandals,

Franks and Saxons, like a prolific hive, they swarmed over Europe. Sturdy, warlike and independent, they hunted wild game, or rudely tilled the soil. But they loved their families, held marriage sacred, and scorned a lie. These people were our ancestors. They heard of the wealth of the South, and, time after time, swooped down on the effete civilization of the southern empires with devastating fury. From the conquered races they learned both civilization and dissipation. The taste of wine they first learned from the Roman soldiers. Previous to that time they made only a rude beer, which they drank while fresh. During the feudal ages the many were poor peasantry, while the few were rich lords. We read of kings and soldiers, barons and retainers, carousing on wine and beer. But such luxuries were not for the peasants, who were so poor they could barely afford barley bread. The soldiers were killed off by drink or war, and most of the families of the old nobility are extinct. The despised peasants, whose poverty denied them the pleasures of the wassail bowl, are the forefathers of our modern nations. It is only in the last three or four centuries that the great mass of the common people of northern Europe and of America have been able to afford strong drink. Among the southern nations, where wine was cheap and luxury common, there has been constant degeneracy. Had it not been for the frequent influx of new vigor from their hardy northern conquerors, they would have long since perished off the earth.

“Four hundred years ago Spain ruled the old world and the new. Energized by the frequent immigration of northern colonies, and the admixture of vigorous Moorish blood, Spain had won wealth and power, both by war and commerce. But the greedy Spaniards not only robbed the new world of its gold, but carried home a plant

that proved their own ruin. They took tobacco seeds home at first as curiosities. But a Spaniard named Manardes, made his fortune by advertising the plant as a cure-all for every known disease. Santa Croce did the same in Italy. The French ambassador told his queen, Catherine de Medecis, of Manardes' enterprise. She set the fashion for all Europe by learning to use it herself, and published wonderful stories of its miraculous healing powers. She had the royal estates planted with it, and prohibited any but government officers from raising it, and filled her empty treasury by its sale. The English and Spanish governments took pattern, and obtained great revenue by licensing men to raise and sell it. It thus became the fashion among the nobility and well-to-do people. Spain was so wealthy that even the common people could afford luxuries, and smoking became a national habit. Look at Spain now, her people are weak, cowardly and ignorant. Her commerce has passed to other lands. Her world-wide possessions have slipped from her powerless fingers. In other parts of Europe, the common people were too poor to indulge in so costly a luxury, and it is only in the last two hundred years that tobacco has been cheap enough to be used by the great mass of the common people. The Virginia colonists soon began to raise the weed, but by the Puritans it was despised. Cromwell forbade its use in England, and William Penn in Pennsylvania. The Puritans who settled Boston, petitioned in 1630, that no tobacco be planted in that colony, and the New England colonies passed very rigid laws against its use.

"We see that, at the worst, we have not more than twelve of fifteen generations of alcoholism, and eight or nine generations of tobacco using ancestors behind us. But, even in that length of time, the physical deterioration of the race would have been much more rapid, had it

not been for the continual infusion of fresh blood from families free from these poisons. The injury already done is plain to any observing student of sociology.

"With the large increase in popular hygeinic intelligence, and the great improvements in surgery, medical science, and sanitary conditions, the average length of life ought to increase rapidly. But the increase, though slight, is very slow, only five years in the last fifty years. I find, from the last census, that there have been, since 1890, a great decrease in deaths from consumption, bowel troubles, diphtheria and fevers, in fact from all germ diseases. But there has been a large increase in heart diseases, kidney diseases, apoplexy, insanity and various brain and nervous diseases, which are caused or aggravated by the use of narcotics.

"But this wide swath of disease is not the only crop harvested from these noxious seeds. Narcotics are the cause of nine-tenths of the crime in the world. A few years ago the English Parliament appointed a commission, who made a careful investigation of the effects of liquor, with these results: It caused nine-tenths of the paupers; three-fourths of the criminals; one-third of the insanity; three-fourths of the depravity of children and youth, and one-third of the shipwrecks and fatal accidents. A terrible indictment! But alcohol is not the only dangerous narcotic that menaces our nation. Opium and tobacco also cause crime and degeneracy. To see the effects of opium one has but to look at China. Less than a thousand years ago the vigorous, powerful Turks swept over western Asia, and for five centuries kept Europe in terror. As Mohammedans, they have never touched alcoholic drinks, but they learned the tobacco habit from Spain, through the Moorish Arabs, and became noted smokers. They have so degenerated that to-day they are known as the lazy good-for-nothing Turks.

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The Jews have avoided both the drink and tobacco habits, and, more than other nations, they have kept their vigor, being longer lived than either Turks or Christians. Twenty-seven Jews reach seventy, where thirteen Christians reach that age. The Jews lose only ten per cent. of their children, where the Christians lose seventeen per cent. Although living in their midst, the Jews escaped the terrible plagues that ravaged various parts of Europe in 1326, 1505, 1691, and 1736. But their rabbis bewail the fact that many of their wealthy Jews are, of late years, falling into these vices, and are fast degenerating in body and mind.

The New York Medical Journal says: "When the Europeans first visited New Zealand, they found the natives the most finely developed and powerful men among the islands of the Pacific. Since the introduction of tobacco, for which they developed a passionate liking, they have, from this source alone become decimated in numbers, and so reduced in stature and physical well-being, as to be an altogether inferior type of men."

"The Rev. Frances Wayland, in a letter from Cuba, speaking of the smoking habit, said: 'The effect of this indulgence is apparent to the most casual observer. The race is dwindling, mind and body. Several Cubans confessed to me that this was the prime cause of the general degeneracy of the human species in the island.'

"Rev. Dr. Shuntz, writing from the Philippines, stated that little boys and girls were seen smoking, betting and fighting on the street before they were old enough to go to school. He added: 'I am satisfied that this smoking from infancy is responsible for the short stature of the people, and their lazy, stupid, addle-headed way of bungling at whatever they try to do. They lack vitality. They burn it up by their everlasting cigar and cigarette smoking.'

“A noted French physician said, not long since: ‘Remember I am a Frenchman, but I am more doctor than Frenchman, and I deplore the fact that the health of the people I love most is so obviously degenerating. We have inherited all the vices of our forefathers, and with them their physical ills, and ills brought forth by those vices. * * We allow our children to drift on in the same channel. How can we expect anything else but even stronger passions, more concentrated vices, as the immediate result of our own physical degeneration?’

“The German government appointed a commission, a few years ago, to learn the cause of the increasing disabilities that debarred so many young men from the army. They learned, after much investigation, that the troubles were caused by drink and tobacco. In a pamphlet issued by the German War Department, it was stated that the number of soldiers with heart disease, in 1885, was only one and five-tenths per thousand, but in 1898 the number was seventeen and five-tenths per thousand. Both France and Germany, fearing scarcity of soldiers, are checking the use of tobacco by boys with a strong hand.

“At a debate in the English Parliament a year or two ago, attention was called to the terrible physical deterioration of the English people, especially the lower class, and they appointed a committee to investigate the causes. After spending many months in examining the causes, the committee reported, laying great stress on alcohol and tobacco, as the chief causes of the physical deterioration. The London papers tell of the concern being everywhere expressed over the spread of the cigarette in England. The people are earnestly taking up the fight against it. A manifesto has been issued, which was signed by the most eminent scientific and ecclesiastical dignitaries, as well as eminent physicians, prominent military officers, and members of Parliament. It calls at-

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tention to the demoralizing extent of the habit, and fills an entire page of the London Times. The London Chronicle said of the report: 'If the people, as a whole, are deteriorating, we must change our ways, or give up the national struggle. And if the masses of the people are going down hill in physique, we may be quite sure they are going down hill in character, as well.'

"Even old Spain has taken the alarm. The Spanish Minister of the Interior has lately introduced a bill in the Spanish Cortez, to prohibit the use of cigarettes by minors. In his preamble, he states that the Spanish people, on account of their slavery to tobacco, are rapidly deteriorating, and that this bill is for the purpose of arresting racial deterioration..

"But so rapid has been the increase in the amount of tobacco used in this country in the last few years, that, if we do not call a halt, we will soon have the unenviable reputation of being one of the worst tobacco-using nations on the face of the earth. More than seven hundred and fifty million pounds a year of this poisonous weed bodes rapid degeneracy to our nation. Prof. Seaver, Physical Director of Yale College, said recently of tobacco: 'It is a demoralizing influence only, and our race cannot afford to undo the moral stamina that has been the product of generations of high endeavor.'

"When you pile up together barrel upon barrel, box upon box, all of the alcohol, all of the tobacco, the opium, the cocaine, the chloral and all of the patent medicines containing these drugs, that are used by the American people, you have such a mountain of poison as never before tainted the blood of any nation under the sun.

"It has long been known that alcohol stimulated the animal passions, and aroused them prematurely in growing boys; and opium is even more debasing than alcohol.

Tobacco not only leads toward stronger narcotics, but, in a lesser degree, its effects simulate those of opium.

“One has only to visit the slums of our great cities, and see the smoking, the drunkenness, the debauchery, and note the deformities of the children—the large proportion of the blind, the crippled, the idiotic—to feel the truth of the Bible saying: ‘The iniquities of the fathers shall be visited on the children unto the third and fourth generations.’

“Dr. Piddock said of the tobacco habit. ‘The enervation, the hysteria, the insanity, the dwarfish propensities, the consumption, the suffering lives and early deaths of the children of inveterate users—bear ample testimony to the feebleness and unsoundness of the constitution transmitted by this pernicious habit.’

“I admit that there are thousands of tobacco users who have the moral stamina to resist the temptations of vice and alcohol, but every parent who uses tobacco, makes it easier for the next generation to slip over the line into lewdness or drunkenness. Many an upright man who thinks that tobacco does not hurt him, entails upon his children excitable animal passions, and weakened will power, and goes down to his grave in sorrow, lamenting a son’s dissipation, or a daughter’s ruin.

“Impurity of life, and the frequent divorces, which are a natural consequence, are threatening the home. We are taught that it takes five generations of pure living to clean out the taint of vile diseases from the blood of the descendants of a wicked man, and few know how widespread are their vitiating effects, or how often they send death or debility to the unborn child. People prate of race suicide, heaping the blame on the selfish mothers; but the fathers must share the blame. Yet, in the face of these bitter results, we keep on nurturing the habits that breed depravity.

"We are sometimes horrified at the brutality of the blacks. What wonder? Bred by generations of depraved ignorance, and born of mothers whose virtue knew no protection. We are equally horrified at the barbarity of their punishment. And there are thousands of whites in the slums, almost equally degraded. And by drink, tobacco and license, both classes are redoubling their viciousness with each generation.

"Prosperity is more perilous for a nation than poverty. Our wealthy few ape the vices of foreign aristocracy, and the ignorant poor ape the vices of the idle, dissipated rich. In our cities, so-called good society is often little better than the vileness of the slums. The dance, the theatre, the wine cup and the card table are common amusements. Women vie with men in wickedness, and sneer at purity and religion. I am told that some society women are becoming so coarse that even cigarette smoking is stylish, and that they frequent race-courses, and vie with their brothers in betting and swearing. Money appears to veneer vice with respectability. Our republic is a great tree, dying at the top. Has it vigor enough to lop off these rotten limbs? Is there not enough of vitality in our professed Christianity to save our land from the fate of pagan nations? I appeal to you, the thoughtful educated people of the land. Banish the wine cup, the gambling table, and the cigar from good society. Ostracise every immoral man or woman, no matter how wealthy. Make temperance and purity fashionable. Then, and not till then, can we stem this tide of wickedness.

"Men declaim and legislate about silver and gold, tariff and free trade, as though the life of the nation hung in the balance. But character is greater than wealth, manhood and womanhood more precious than

silver and gold, and the improvement of the race a far more vital question than material prosperity.

“Men prate of personal liberty, and deny the right of the state to interfere with their habits. Self-defense is the right of nations, as of individuals. A nation has the right to forbid any habit that tends to crime, just as it has the right to quarantine against disease, or to confiscate an enemy's goods in time of war.

“With the whole baneful list of narcotics banished from the market, we could hope to start the next generation of children on the up-grade toward a higher type of morality. I believe in children's rights. I believe in a child's right to the protection of the nation. I believe in a child's right to be born with a sound mind in a sound body. I believe in a child's right to start in life without being handicapped by perverted appetites, or inherent propensities to evil. It is the duty of the state to so train and educate its young men and women, as to fit them for the duties of parentage. I believe the day will come when no person who inherits insanity, or serious disease, or who uses liquor, opium, or tobacco, will be granted a marriage license. I believe the day will come when people will look back with pitying horror on these days, when men enticed children with showy premiums to buy deadly poisons. They will regard this as a barbarous age, when parents were allowed to inflict disease and stupidity on their innocent offspring.

“There is no barbarism like the barbarism of civilization. We are horrified at the savage cruelty of the scalping Indian. We are shocked at the barbarity of the Chinese Boxers. But our so-called Christian land is full of heathen, who worship no God but gold. The selfish greed that scrabbles for luxury, heedless of the misery of others, is the crying sin of our nation. They heap up gold by the sale of liquor, knowing that it causes

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misery, crime and death. Add to these the venders of tobacco and narcotic drugs, and you have an army, vaster and more heartless than the Boxer hordes. Right here in civilized America, seventy thousand men, women and children, are, every year, tortured to death, with a cold-blooded atrocity, that puts the savage to shame. Have you ever stood by the drunkard, and heard his frantic appeals to be saved from the devilish monsters that are tearing him to pieces in his awful delirium? Have you ever seen the bitter tears, and heard the pitiful prayers, of the drunkard's wife, as she struggles in vain to save her once noble husband from shame and degradation? Have you ever found the drunkard's child—ragged, starving, pinched with cold—dying with the slow suffering of neglected disease? Have you ever stood by the bedside of a boy dying of some painful disease brought on by cigarette smoking, and heard his groans, and pleadings for help? Have you ever seen the agonies of the opium fiend, when his poisoned nerves could no longer be soothed? Then, and not till then, will you realize the barbarism of our country in allowing the sale of these deadly poisons."

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

AT the close of the session, the gentleman who had appeared so much innterested, said to the lady beside him: "You were disappointed because you were too late to entertain any of the delegates, this lady has just arrived, you might invite her."

A few minutes later, as the lecturer was surrounded by friends, a lady said: "Miss McGregor, let me present to you Mrs. Hammerton, and Senator ———," in the confusion of an adjourned audience, she did not catch the last name, but, as the names sounded alike, she inferred that he was the lady's hrusband. Mrs. Hammerton gave her a warm invitation, which was readily accepted. A short ride brought them to a beautiful home. After a brief season of rest, she was summoned to dinner, where the Senator introduced her to an attractive girl as his daughter Eva, and Mrs. Hammerton pushed forward two timid little girls as, "My little ones, Joy and Peace."

The hostess apologized for some omission in the dinner on the plea that they had just returned from their summer outing.

"I have noted no lack," replied the guest.

"We spend the summer on my farm, and Mary has been worrying lest we miss this convention," said the Senator.

"Yes," added the hostess. "I prefer reform and charitable work to **society.**"

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"A wise choice," replied the guest. "Both fashion's devotees and the Marthas who worship their houses, leave undone vital work for the world's welfare."

"I was pleased with your address," said the Senator. "I quit the use of the weed years ago, and have observed its evil effects on others. It is refreshing to have the searchlight turned on fashionable vice."

"It would astonish one from the smaller towns to see the amount of wine drinking among women in the large cities," said Mrs. Hammerton.

"And how about cigarette smoking among ladies?"

"There is little of it here, not nearly as much as in New York. Ladies' cigarettes are sold extensively there, especially among the wealthy foreigners. Cigarette parties are a fad, where the hostess furnishes the cigarettes, marked with her monogram. I heard of one lady who has all her cigarettes made to order, and her monogram in gold stamped on them."

"What travesties on womanhood! From a remark you made awhile ago, Mrs. Hammerton, I presume you have traveled abroad. Is there much cigarette smoking among ladies in Europe?"

"In Spain, men, women and children smoke cigarettes, and we were annoyed by people smoking in the cars, even in the sleepers. In the exhilarating mountain climate of Spain I had expected to find a superior race, physically, at least, but I saw more cases of deformity, paralysis, and prematurely wrinkled and withered men and women than I ever saw before. We spoke of it at the time, and wondered if it was caused by their smoking. In Germany we occasionally saw women smoking, not only cigarettes, but cigars, in the smart restaurants, but it was not common among the middle classes. In France, especially in Paris, cigarette smoking is quite stylish among the younger ladies, though

we never saw an older lady smoking. It was said they learned it from the Russian ladies. I saw little of it in England. I was told that a few of the ultra-fashionable were starting the style. By the way, when I was in England I heard of the worst case of tobacco poisoning I ever knew. A well known man, who was something of a scientist, called a lawyer, and a witness, and made his will. Then he took from his pocket a capsule, and crushed it between his teeth—and fell dead before they could stop him. A paper was found, stating that he was tired of life's troubles, and had prepared a capsule of pure nicotine, in order to commit suicide in the most instantaneous manner possible."

"To be sure! Nicotine is one of the most deadly poisons, and there is no antidote for it known to medical science."

"Do the public men of England smoke?"

"Many of them do. But Gladstone hated tobacco, and no one dared smoke in his presence. Neither Woolsey, Lord Roberts, Gen. Buller, nor Gen. Baden Powell smoke. Baden Powell is the boy's hero, and the fact that he opposes smoking is helping to check the evil over there."

"Public men will have much to answer for," said the Senator. "Boys, everywhere, pattern after noted men. Gen. Grant's cigar led thousands of boys to smoking."

"To be sure. I am glad our present president is too much of an athlete to use tobacco. I do not think a man ought to accept office unless his life is a model for the young," replied Miss McGregor.

"You temperance workers are educating the public conscience so that the people require their officers to conform to higher standards than formerly. Every election relegates some of the old drinkers and tobacco users to the rear. Wickedness is still in high places, especially among the moneyed class, but the number of public men

with clean temperate habits is increasing, and the intelligent common people are certainly rising in the scale of morality."

"But our ideas of morality are strangely crooked yet. We imprison men for poisoning cattle or sheep, yet allow them to sell tobacco and opium to poison human beings. We imprison this man for robbery, and hang that man for murder, yet license another to sell alcohol, which causes scores of robberies and murders."

"Manhood is below par, in this mammon-loving country," returned the Senator. "The Tobacco Trust and the Liquor Dealers' Association keep able attorneys here in Washington, to look after their interests in Congress. Congressmen pass laws for the benefit of the tobacco growers, and discuss, with the gravest concern, treaties with other countries, which shall open their markets to our liquor and tobacco. All manner of industries and all manner of stock are protected, but boys do not seem worth protecting."

"Yes, these industrits pour gold into our national coffers. It is so in legislatures, also. The women work hard for better laws, but the trusts manage to influence legislators. One legislature defeated an anti-cigarette bill, but voted to protect the wild game, increased the wolf bounty to protect the sheep, and voted a hundred thousand dollars for a new insane asylum. If they had passed the anti-cigarette law they probably would not have needed the asylum."

"But you must not give up. Keep up temperance teaching in the schools, and another generation will show the effects of your efforts," he replied.

Other topics engaged their attention, and the time passed pleasantly. Miss McGregor found herself studying the face of the Senator occasionally, with the impression that she had seen him before, but she could not

place him. Something in the flash of the eye—something in the occasional expression of the face, appeared familiar, and the puzzling identity seemed about to reveal itself—then it slunk back to oblivion again, leaving her more puzzled than ever. She concluded that he must resemble some one she had known.

After their return from the lecture, the Senator retired to his library, while the hostess excused herself to attend to household matters, leaving their guest with Miss Eva.

"It seems so good to be at home!" exclaimed the girl. "They sent me back here when school began, and I was boarding until our folks came back to town."

"I understand," replied Miss McGregor. "I remember how homesick I was when I first went away to school."

"This isn't my first trial. I was dreadfully homesick when we first came to live with my aunt, after mamma died, but I soon learned to love her, and my little cousins seem as near as my own sister."

"I supposed this was your mamma," said her visitor.

"No, she is papa's sister. My sister is married, and we live here in the winter, and aunt lives with us in the summer."

"And your name?"

"Eva Cameron. I supposed you knew." Then Miss McGregor explained her blunder, and, with a girlish laugh, Eva replied: I think it is funny none of us said anything to expose the mistake."

The next morning when Miss McGregor dressed, she fastened her morning gown with a cameo brooch, a little out of date, but which she still wore occasionally. It was a whim of hers that morning that it harmonized with that particular gown. At breakfast, while she was conversing with Mrs. Hammerton, the Senator was studying

her face with a puzzled expression. Then his eye fell on the cameo pin, and a sudden look of intelligence lighted his face. He appeared to have solved his riddle, but he said nothing.

"After breakfast, as Jane sat reading the morning paper, she noted the name on the little yellow tab, "Hon. Donald Cameron." Was this the identity that had puzzled her? Was this the man who rode away out of sight in the wide expanse of the prairie?

A few moments later Senator Cameron stepped into the room, smiling, as he held up a cameo pin, so like her own, she put her hand to her throat to see if hers was lost.

"The stone from which this was made," he said, "was given me a long time ago, by a little Scotch girl named McGregor."

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE FACE OF DANGER.

MISS M'GREGOR remained in Washington some days after the close of the convention, looking after other business, and her acquaintance with Senator Cameron and his sister, ripened into friendship.

"Miss McGregor," said the Senator, one day, "you

were saying you would like to return by way of the St. Lawrence, and Niagara. Maj. Greely and a small company of scientists will start tomorrow for a short trip to the coasts of New Foundland and Labrador for scientific observations. A few friends will accompany them, and I was thinking of making one of the number, as they will return before Congress opens. Would you enjoy the trip with us?"

"I would be delighted. It would be a new world to me."

It was a cold November morning. The passengers were startled from their berths by the cry: "The iceberg!" They hurried on their wraps, and hastened to the deck. The air was chilly, and a stiff gale was blowing, but for a wonder, the sun was shining. It had risen in a clear streak in the east, but, above, hung a heavy cloud splotched with red. The great sea lay before them, wide and wild, rising and falling in yeasty commotion. A large wave, every now and then loomed up to meet them, but as their huge prow cut it in twain, it curled up over the deck in sprays of foam. And there, to the north, towered an iceberg glittering in the sun, or reflecting the crimson of the clouds, as it slowly turned, and rose, and fell, with the waves, and its semblance of spires and castles showed in bold relief against the clouds. As the waves rolled into the caverns which they had lapped about its base, with a deep resounding roar, the dark green of the sea was reflected up its hollow sides.

"Wonderfully beautiful!" It was Mr. Cameron's, voice, and, for the first time Jane McGregor was aware he was standing at her side, so intent was she in watching the strange sight.

"Sublime," she answered, "the waves seem to be leaping up the sides of the berg, like hungry wolves

leaping for their prey." Suddenly a peal, as of thunder, shook the air, and a fragment burst from the berg, and fell, with a heavy splash, into the sea. As they watched, the grey cloud enwrapped the sun, and came trailing over the sea, winding, like a shroud, about the iceberg, and settling, like a damp grey pall about their ship. The fog that closed in like a wall, sent a chill through them, that caused them to draw their wraps closer.

"Shall we go in now?" asked Mr. Cameron.

"Not yet. There is something uncanny and ghost-like about this fog. See, the waves look like ghoulish monsters creeping up in the gloom to devour us. Their guttural roars, and the crackling of the ice sound like mysterious voices warning us of danger."

"There is danger, in this thick fog. This is a treacherous coast, and many a poor sailor has been rocked to his last sleep by this cruel sea."

"Look!" she exclaimed, a moment later. "Is that the iceberg?"

"The iceberg?" and he drew closer to her, with a sense of peril, and peered into the thick mist. "Something surely; is it a sail, or only a towering wave?"

"It is like a phantom ship, looming to the clouds!" and there was a tenseness of excitement in her voice.

"I presume the refraction of the fog magnifies and lifts it up," he replied.

There was an outcry. The pilot strained at the wheel. The ship lurched. Catching her hand, he grasped the rail with the other hand. The shapes took outline as they passed, and proved to be a fleet of fishing schooners, scudding to the leeward.

"It was a narrow escape for them," she said, as she saw them gallantly charging the rough sea.

"Yes; our ship came near riding them down in the fog, poor fellows. We may be thankful it was not the

iceberg; we would not have escaped so easily, had we ridden it down in the gloom.

The passengers soon tired of the chilly deck, and took refuge in the cabin. Some had succumbed to sea-sickness, but the others huddled together and told stories of shipwrecks and escapes.

"Major Greely," said one of the company, "if it is not too painful to recall them, we would like to hear some of the experiences of your terrible winter in the north."

"After a series of hairbreadth escapes by the moving ice floes," began Major Greely, "the expedition was frozen in and subjected to the mercy of the floating pack. The steamer and one boat were abandoned, and by sledge over the heavy ice, and by boat through the open channels, an effort was made to reach the land, only eleven miles distant. This may seem to have been an easy task, but we managed, only after the most strenuous and exhausting labor to accomplish it in eighteen days. We moved to the most sheltered spot suitable for camp, and built a stone hut. The land we reached was almost entirely void of vegetation, and consequently of animal life. From the very first it was evident that we were face to face with death—a coast devoid of game, fuel for warmth lacking, and clothing badly worn—and over eight months must intervene before help could come. Our food was divided so as to last until March. What might we not expect from spring hunting if we could live on fourteen ounces of food each day? The ounce of seal oil allowed to the men for reading was already begrudged. We had but a faint ray of light in our hut, even at mid-day. The winter had set in so sharply that our fur sleeping bags were, for seven months, frozen solidly to the ground. On October 26, the sun went down, not to rise again for one hundred

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and ten days. The long night without a ray of sun had begun. God knows how long it seemed to us. How in that moonless and sunless period the stars were a source of faith and comfort, God only knows. It was significant that those who most proclaimed belief in a future beyond this life, were the strongest in will to live out the watched span that showed its near end to us. If this world is all, it were better to end life than to pass through the hell on earth that was our certain lot for the next six months—or until death. Rising superior to adversity and sufferings, they showed an elevation of soul that came only from within, or from on high. Four volunteers braved death in striving to bring to our camp four cases of canned beef from Cape Isabella, where the British expedition had cached it. One man froze his hands, and later his feet. Two others crawled into the buffalo bag, beside the frozen man to thaw him out with the heat of their own shivering bodies, while the strongest went, in the deep snow and total darkness, twenty-five miles to our camp. Nearly every man volunteered for the awful sledge journey across a dangerous strait, through utter and almost impenetrable darkness, and in a bitter cold of sixty-six degrees below freezing. But they went, and found the men cemented by frost in the bag, as in a living tomb, which was chopped in pieces with a hatchet.

“The new year was only nineteen days old when death came for the first time. But death was inevitable. We said little. But the nearness of the end touched us all. Speech became lower, actions gentler, determined faces grew softer, and conciliation was the spirit of the hour. On March 25, we awoke to find that the sunless night was gone. How blessed was that sun on that morning. For the first time in five months a ray of light came into the hut. Ennui and pain, cold and hun-

ger, weakness and anger, fled away—as if they were but parts of the darkness. On Easter Sunday we had a glad surprise, when a tiny snow bunting rested on the ridge pole of our hut, and piped a song. All sat silent till the bird passed. How it called to mind church, home and country, and stirred the hope that we should see them again.. The Easter sun had hardly set before the second man fell before Death. A day after and the third succumbed, then the fourth. The fifth followed quickly, to solve the problem of futurity. Strive and do, do and strive, until death, were the mottoes of our hunters and one day nearly five hundred pounds of bear meat came, just as all food had almost failed. Something to eat—something to keep life. Summer crept slowly on, but food came grudgingly. One after another passed, and when a mighty midsummer gale from the south broke up the ice, there were left seven wan spectres. But there was strong faith that this wind must favor the American ships that must be working through the ice. And this faith turned to reality forty hours later, when our nation's sailors vied in tender offices and sympathy for their comrades."

"What a terrible ordeal!" exclaimed one of the listeners.

"What sublime faith and courage!" added Miss McGregor.

"What kept you up, Major Greely?" asked Senator Cameron.

"I felt that I had to live anyhow, that I must stand by the men, and fulfill the object of the expedition."

"But there were twenty-five men of you, all picked men, and you were all subjected to the same hardships. Why were you seven the survivors?"

"Of the six who lived to see their country again—for one died on the return voyage—all were men of the

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most strictly temperate habits in every particular. Four of them never used tobacco. The other two would sometimes, on festive occasions, to oblige a friend, smoke a cigarette, or part of a cigar. But they cared nothing for it, and took no tobacco with them. Of the nineteen who perished, the large majority were users of tobacco, some in moderation, some to excess. The first man to die was one who in former years had been a hard drinker, and there is reason to believe that the deaths of several others were hastened by previous habits of excess."

"Yes," said Prof. Grierson, one of the scientists, "tobacco, like all other narcotics, first stimulates, and then weakens, and it will be found, when narcotics are accurately and scientifically tested, that, although they may for a time seem to add strength, they always permanently weaken the powers of endurance."

At length it was observed that the fog had lifted, and some ventured on deck again. The sea was rougher than in the morning, and the ship pitched dizzily, so that they were obliged to hold to the railing.

"What a wild waste of waters!" exclaimed Miss McGregor. Those great green billows rush eagerly from shore to shore, as though freighted with the destinies of a world. Is the sea never still?"

"Very seldom," replied Mr. Cameron, "and yet I have seen it glassy in its stillness."

Soon the rocky coast loomed up in the distance. Suddenly shrill cries were heard overhead, and long winged birds swept over them, and dived into the snowy crests of the waves.

"What beautiful birds!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, they are sea gulls. They seem to love these wild waves."

"And who would not? There is such a sense of freedom and energy about them."

The ship had veered to one side, to seek a quiet harbor, but they could hear the tide beating and pounding against the cliffs, as though dashing them to pieces. The man watched the scene, but more interesting to him than even the wild waves, was the rapt face of the woman beside him, gazing upon this stormy grandeur. The pent up poetry of her nature beamed from her expressive eyes, as she exclaimed: "Oh! those robber waves. They are not content with licking up the tropic sands, and swallowing the merchant ships, with their loads of gold, and sweeping poor mortals down in their cold embrace, but they must storm those icy ramparts, as though daring aught to stand in their way."

"They act as some human beings feel," he replied, but I trust the icy coldness is only external." She raised her eyes inquiringly to his. "Did you ever see frozen waves?" asked one of their company, coming up just then, with a field glass in his hand. "Look through this glass to the north." Looking, they beheld what appeared to be a turbulent sea, frozen as it rolled—rough billows with foamy caps, and dark green hollows between—but still as death.

"And is it really frozen?"

"Yes, slush ice swept up by the waves, and frozen solid."

Soon all was bustle as they entered the harbor. The company went ashore for awhile, looked about the city, and visited the office of the Atlantic Cable. Everything was quiet, except the click, click, of the instruments. The operators were busy and intent on their work, and the quietness seemed oppressive. One of the visitors asked: "Are not the operators allowed to speak?"

"Only on business, and that very quietly," replied the manager in a low tone.

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"Do you allow tobacco or liquor used by the operators?" asked Miss McGregor.

"No, indeed! The cablegrams are often difficult to understand, and they must be transmitted rapidly and accurately. So steady a nerve, and so accurate a sense of hearing are required by the operators that we can not afford to hire any one who is guilty of either of those habits, as observation has shown that both of them affect both the nerves and the sense of hearing."

Miss McGregor started on her return trip to the west, and Mr. Cameron and his company returned to the ship to continue their voyage.

CHAPTER XXII.

BENNIE.

DR. M'GREGOR had been invited to speak before the State Teachers' Association. During an interim in the program the mail was brought and distributed. There were several letters for Miss McGregor, but one, bearing the Washington postmark, seemed to interest her especially. She was not looking for a letter from Washington, yet a queer flutter at her heart showed that it was not entirely unexpected. Before she had time to open it, the next speaker arose. She would not be so

impolite as to read it while he was speaking, and her own address came next, so she laid it aside.

When she arose, after describing the injuries of tobacco to the health, she said: "In early life the brain is sensitive to injury, and this vicious habit stunts and weakens it, and the younger the boy, the greater the injury. I am glad that most of our educators oppose cigarette smoking; they see its ruinous effects." She then quoted the testimonies of many teachers, among them Supt. Hyatt, of Des Moines, who said: "The cigarette dwarfs the intellect, so that the boy who becomes addicted to it has but little chance of success;" and Prof. Lanedon, who said: "There has been but one cigarette smoker graduated from our High School in twenty years, and it took him five years to finish."

"Nor is it cigarettes alone," she went on. "Experienced teachers also observe the dulling effects of tobacco in other forms. The teacher's example, as well as his learning, helps to mould the child's character, and he is paid by the people for that purpose. The teacher's character is more potent than text books. Alas! that some teachers are destroying their influence for good by smoking cigars. Even those fathers who smoke usually prefer that their boys should not learn the habit. I hear that even some college professors belittle themselves by using tobacco. Many a boy is thus led—first to smoke, then down the toboggan slide to ruin. Many another boy who goes from home with clean habits, has his moral ideals lowered, so that he fails to become what he might have been, and his parents feel disappointed, feel that he would better have remained uneducated, and retained a pure conscientious character.

"I was told by an eyewitness that at Harvard, at the alumni reception, pipes were passed around with great ceremony, followed by buckets of tobacco, and that he

was a brave young man, who, with all eyes upon him, could refuse to light his pipe, and join in the customary smoke. Such colleges are a curse to the land. Only a short time ago I heard of a young graduate of Princeton, son of a wealthy father, crazed by tobacco, who wanders round and round a garden, never lost sight of by a guard, ever hunting for a cigar or cigarette.

"Would that all our colleges would set their faces like a flint against liquor and tobacco. Young men could then go out from them with a moral stamina that would make them a power for good.

"Cigarettes tend to empty the schoolhouses, and fill the reformatories. The Truancy Officers' Association issued an appeal to parents to help stop cigarette smoking, because it was the chief cause of truancy and demoralization. There have been seventeen thousand arrests of boys in a year, in Chicago, and the Chief of Police sent notices to all the tobacco stores, warning them of the penalties against selling cigarettes to boys. In the Chicago schools boys and girls were subject to the same physical examination, and every girl passed, but a large number of boys were found to be in a condition that made violent exercise dangerous. Statistics show that ninety-five out of every hundred boys who are not smokers acquire an education, while only six out of every hundred smokers ever pass the second year of the high school. A few decades ago most of the smokers learned the habit when nearly grown, now they learn when mere tots. The public school is the hot-bed of the cigarette evil, therefore it is the place to check the habit. A burden of responsibility rests on teachers. I know how prone they are to shift this burden to the shoulders of the parents. But, in many homes all good teaching is offset by the father's practice, and these children taint those who have been carefully trained. The public school is a

great leveler, and it is easier to level down, than up. But the teachers complain that they are already overworked—that too many studies are crowded into the course—that they have no time for moral teaching. The state educates its children to make them good citizens. Is it ignorance of grammar or geography that makes criminals? No, but ignorance of moral laws, and indulgence in vicious habits that fills our prisons. Nine-tenths of all crimes are caused by the direct, or indirect results of liquor, tobacco, and other narcotics. These drugs paralyze the conscience, and fill our jails, our asylums, and our almshouses. Boys go through school, and go out to smoke, and drink, and steal and swindle. Such education is a failure. Let the teachers call a halt. Cut down the course. Go back, even, if need be, to the ‘three R’s,’ that there may be spare time to teach vital truths. What the child needs is less knowledge, and more moral stamina. He needs the wisdom to know right from wrong—a training which strengthens his self-control and love of righteousness. So strong has the false idea of liberty—the rebellious law-breaking spirit—become in this country, that law is violated with impunity. Teach him reverence for law—for the laws of health, the laws of man, and the laws of God. Teach him to be truthful, pure-minded, honest and temperate. The fundamentals of a true education are, a strong mind, and a strong conscience in a strong body. These first, then build what superstructure you will.

“It is not enough to teach the evils of narcotics in the physiology class in the last year of the course. Long before that most of the smokers have dropped out of school. Begin early to battle against the cigarette, showing what fearful evil it does. Arouse the boys themselves. Appeal to their honor to help save their country from this curse. Organize and enthuse them, and turn

the tide of sentiment. Make them feel that they are brave soldiers fighting in a great cause."

Dr. McGregor had again found a resting place, this time in the home of Mrs. Martin, none other than her old schoolmate, Sallie. Her husband, our old friend, Charley Martin, was a prosperous farmer, living a few miles from Jacksonville. At that time he happened to be away on business, and Sallie was glad of the company of her friend in her loneliness, for her boy Alvin, the oldest of her children, was only twelve.

The two friends had visited all the afternoon, and, of course, Jane had told of her work, and Sallie had proudly stated that she had kept Alvin from learning to smoke, although many of his schoolmates used cigarettes. But, when Alvin came in, at supper time, Jane concluded that he did smoke, and told Sallie so, after he went out, but she could not believe it. A neighbor's boy had come to help Alvin do chores, and, at Jane's suggestion, they went to the barn, and, peeping through a crack, saw the boys, each puffing a cigarette. Jane put a warning finger to her lips, and they returned to the house as quietly as they went; when Sallie asked, indignantly: "Why didn't you let me send that smoking boy home? The idea of his teaching my boy to smoke."

"To have burst upon them with angry reproof would have made matters worse. I think Alvin has smoked before today."

After the chores were finished, Miss McGregor visited with Alvin, telling him of her travels, her children's meetings, and then of various boys who had been injured by smoking. She said to his mother:

"Have you ever told him about Bennie?"

"Yes, I visited Bennie at the asylum, once, and he knew me. There are times when he is almost rational, and, at such times, he remembers things that happened in

his childhood, though he can not learn anything now. And when I came home I told Alvin all about him, and I did not think he would ever use tobacco after such a warning."

"But, mamma, the boys said cigarettes were such little things, they wouldn't hurt anybody. Tell me some more about Bennie." So the two women talked of Bennie's innocent childish ways, and Jane explained how cigarettes were dangerous, and Alvin promised never to touch another.

An hour later, as the two women still sat, visiting, by the fire, they heard a slow tramp, tramp, tramp, around the house. Jane remembered how cowardly Sallie naturally was, and said: "Probably a cow has found a bar down, and has come in. As they listened, the kitchen door opened, and they heard steps inside. Both women rose to their feet.

"Probably your husband has come home sooner than you expected," said Jane.

"Oh, no! It don't sound like Charley's step. It's a tramp," exclaimed Sallie, shrinking behind Jane, who was carrying the lamp. And there stood as ugly and fierce a looking tramp as ever scared lone women.

"Oh! It's Bennie! Got out of the asylum!" cried Sallie. "Bennie, don't you know Sallie?"

Jane set the lamp on the table, but Bennie only answered gruffly, "Want some tobacco! Got any 'baccer?" and started toward Sallie. "I will run for the neighbors," she whispered, dodging back out of the door. The idiot sprang toward her, but instead of following her, turned toward Jane, with his back against the door, repeating more fiercely, "Want some tobaccer! Got any 'baccer?"

Both doors were in the same corner, and Jane, seeing her retreat cut off, tried to conciliate him.

"Good evening, Bennie. Don't you know Jane? Bennie, don't you want to see Sallie? She'll come pretty soon. Do you want Sallie to bring Bennie's kitty?" The rough face relaxed, as he stared vacantly at her, as though her words had stirred some blurred memory. Then the fierce look came back, and he started toward her, demanding: "Give me 'baccer, or I'll kill you!" She backed toward the cupboard, saying: "Where's mother? Does Bennie like mother's doughnuts?" as she kept her eyes fixed on his. Again his face relaxed, with a gleam of intelligence, and at sight of the food, which she placed on the side of the table farthest from the door, he rushed up and began eating greedily, like some starved animal. Bringing more food, she slipped around toward the door, as he ate, keeping her eyes on him. Suddenly a spasm of pain seemed to dart over his face. Her hand was on the door knob behind her. A savage look contorted his features. He yelled fiercely, "Baccer! Give me 'baccer, or I'll kill you!" and hurled a dish at her, which missed her head, as she dodged. With glaring eyes he grabbed a chair—she opened the door—dodged through—shut, and locked it—as he dashed against it, breaking the chair to splinters.

"What's the matter?" called a boyish voice from the head of the stairs.

"Come quick and help me, Alvin!" as she braced herself against the door, lest the lock give way. "A tramp! Help me hold the door."

With yells of rage the madman dashed against the door—crash! "There they come," cried Alvin, as he heard voices outside, a heavy fall, and a scrambling noise.

Entering the outer door the neighbors found the poor creature in a fit on the floor, and they bound him, and took him away.

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The two women and Alvin huddled together, after they left, too much excited to retire at once.

"O mamma, I was awful scared!" said Alvin. "That wasn't Bennie Mallows, was it?"

"Yes, dear, that was poor crazy Bennie."

"But you said he was pretty, and that was the horridest old tramp. His ears were big, most like a mule's, and his head flatted back, and he looked like that old hyena."

To be sure, he was a bonnie laddie once, but chewing tobacco made him crazy, and now he is like a wild animal."

"I'll never smoke another cigarette! See if I do!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE VOICE OF SCIENCE.

MR. BOWEN, the Y.M.C.A. Secretary, had arranged for Dr. McGregor to return and give them an address.

"My friends," she began, "you are starting out, eager and energetic, hopeful of succeeding in life. I come to tell you how tobacco will hinder that success. P. T. Barnum, one of our most successful business men, advised young men: 'Keep your brain free from the fumes of alcohol, and avoid tobacco, as the poison it

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really is. Keep yourself clean, physically and morally. Give your body the care you would to any machine, of which you expect good work.'

"Your athletic trainer in the college informs me that he has already told you how athletes reject tobacco. Does not a habit which weakens the strength, and unsteadies the nerves of athletes, deprive you of the strength and nerve needed in the serious business of life?

"Enterprising dealers filled their pockets, and caused a startling increase in the use of tobacco, by foisting cigarettes on the boys, and the increase in its evil effects are even more startling. Business colleges tell us that only a small per cent of cigarette smokers make any headway in business. Everywhere it is noticed that cigarette smoking boys are, as a rule, pale, dull, stunted in growth; frequently have weak eyes, weak hearts, or dyspepsia, and are usually slow, unreliable, and even deceitful. Gen. Lew Wallace said of the cigarette: 'I consider it the deadliest thing a person can put to his mouth.' Every boy seen smoking cigarettes draws a black mark through his name, for the business man doubts his character. A Chicago boy, who smoked, admitted that he had that day applied in vain for work at ten places, and at every place they asked if he smoked. Slowly, but surely, smokers are being crowded out of the business world. Business men prohibit this vice among employees, because they find cigarette smokers less reliable, mentally and physically, than non-users.

"Mr. Bartlet, of the firm of Hilberd, Spencer & Bartlet, Chicago, said: 'We prohibit cigarette smoking among our employes because we want the use of healthy, not diseased, brains.' I have a list of more than a hundred of the largest business firms, banks, railways and insurance companies, who refuse to employ smokers, for similar reasons.

“Heart disease is rapidly on the increase, and especially among young men. There were over fourteen thousand more deaths from heart disease, in this country in 1900, than in 1890. Ninety per cent of the rejections of those examined for the army during the Cuban war, were for tobacco hearts. Major Houston, in charge of the Navy Yard Barracks, at Washington, stated that one-fifth of all the boys who were examined for admission into the navy, were rejected on account of tobacco hearts.

“Word comes from London that the cigarette is playing havoc with the British army. A large number of raw recruits were sent to Gen. Lytleton, commanding the forces in South Africa, most of whom were smokers. The applicants who were accepted but had not smoked long enough to bring on tobacco heart; but Gen. Lytleton reported that they were nearly ruined by cigarette smoking—that most of them were lazy and slow of thought; that many were troubled with hoarseness, or dyspepsia, headache, or poor memory, or pallor from impaired blood. ‘After months of drilling,’ said he, ‘many of these recruits seem unable to remember the simplest movements of the manual, and no one of them ever displays the slightest resourcefulness in emergencies. And it will take three years to bring them up to the point where they will be capable of doing a day’s work without breaking down.’

“Many of you are blaming all this trouble on the opium said to be in cigarettes, and thinking that there is no harm in cigars. But Hon. C. B. Hubbell, President of the New York Board of Education, said: ‘We hear it said that the cigarette is deadly because it contains opium. I am persuaded that the reasons assigned are not correct. The manufacturer could not afford to put opium in his product, at the price he receives for his

goods. None of the cheaper grades of cigarettes contain opium, or any of its products.'

"Dr. E. M. Hale, emeritus Professor of Materia Medica, Chicago, says: 'It is not only the paper wrapping, nor the other ingredients that are so harmful, but it is the tobacco; in fact, the better the tobacco, the more nicotine it contains, and the greater the poisoning effect.'

"Some of the worst cases of insanity, heart trouble and stunted growth, are among cigarette smokers who roll their own cigarettes out of ordinary smoking tobacco. Why then are they more dangerous than other methods of using this weed? First: because, the fine cut tobacco being smoked so close to the mouth, the poison is all inhaled, while the pipe stem and cigar stump absorb part of the poison. Secondly, being small, boys learn to use them much younger than they do pipes and cigars, and, being cheap, the temptation is great to use a large number, before the user is old enough to have learned self-control. Tobacco used by a growing boy retards the growth, and an English physician says: 'A boy who early smokes is rarely known to make a man of much energy of character.' Thirdly: the chief reason we give in another quotation from Hon. C. B. Hubbell: 'The cigarette is deadly because it breeds the inhaling habit. The cigarette smoker takes a deep inhalation of the smoke, which at once reaches the upper air passages of the lungs; where, almost immediately, are released into his circulation nicotine, the volatile oils, and the deadly carbon monoxide.'"

Calling a boy to the platform, Miss McGregor said: "I have asked Jack to help me show you some experiments." And taking a box of cigarettes from his pocket, the boy lighted one. Miss McGregor produced a handful of handkerchiefs, and had him blow a mouthful of smoke

through each one, and she passed them to the audience, asking them to observe the spot of brown soot. She handed him others telling him to inhale the smoke as usual, and then blow it through the handkerchiefs. When they were passed the smoke could scarcely be detected. "That shows you," said she, "how much soot is lodged in the lungs. Now, Jack, light a cigar, and blow the smoke through these handkerchiefs." He did so, and the stains were even darker than those from the cigarettes, before he inhaled the smoke. "That shows," she went on, "how much worse cigars would injure you than even cigarettes, if you inhaled the smoke."

She then called for Harvey, and explained, as he came on the stand, that he was a boy who had never used tobacco. They noticed the contrast between him and pale Jack, and thought that was her reason for calling him. She told both boys to roll up their sleeves, and taking a slimy leech from a jar, started to put it on Jack's arm. He drew back, saying: "I'm afraid it will hurt." She laid a silver dollar in his hand, with: "It only hurts a trifle, but maybe this will help you bear it." She laid another leech on Harvey's arm, offering him a dollar, but he said, "I don't want any money. I'm not afraid." The speaker remarked: "Surgeons observe that tobacco users lack fortitude under surgical operations."

In a few moments the leech on Jack's arm fell off, and, when Dr. McGregor picked it up, it was dead. But the leech on Harvey's arm hung on till full of blood, and was then put back in the jar, rather lazy, but as lively as any sated leech.

"Just as I expected," she said. "Leeches are killed by the blood of tobacco smokers. A pound of tobacco contains enough poison, if swallowed at once, to kill three hundred men. Every physician has cases of tobacco heart, as well as dyspepsia, and other ailments, among

pipe and cigar smokers, and even among tobacco chewers. Tobacco contains several different poisons. First, from seven to nine per cent of nicotine, which is one of the most poisonous substances known. It is a fluid, and can readily be extracted from tobacco both by chewing and smoking, and to this is due a large part of the injury caused by the habit. Second, nicotianina, a bitter resinous substance, soluble in water, and therefore readily absorbed, but not set free so easily by smoking. It is this substance which largely causes the nausea and vomiting, and which makes tobacco chewers more liable to dyspepsia than smokers. And, yet, filthy and disgusting as is the habit of chewing, it is probably the least harmful method of using the weed; for there are four more poisons, of which the smoker obtains a larger share than the chewer. Third, ammonia, which, being set free by the heat of smoking, causes the mouth and throat to become parched, and is injurious to the lungs and blood. Fourth, empyromatic oil of tobacco, extremely poisonous, which, as it can only be distilled at the boiling point, does not trouble the tobacco chewer. Leeches are not killed by sucking tobacco chewers' blood. Some that were killed by smoker's blood, were found, on examination, to have been poisoned by empyromatic oil. Fifth, carbon-dioxide, a gas set free by the burning tobacco, which smothers the lungs by crowding out the oxygen. Sixth, carbon-monoxide gas, similar to carbon-dioxide gas, only more deadly. It is the cause of death in mines, and in rooms filled with escaped gas."

Taking a knife from the table, the speaker drew it quickly across her fingers, and let the blood drip in a glass. Pouring a little water into it, she held it up before the light, that the audience might see the bright red color, then poured it into a bottle, saying: "Now, Jack, light a cigar, and puff some smoke into the bottle." As

soon as he did so, she corked it, shook it, and held it up in the light. The spectators were startled to see that it was no longer red, but very pale pink. The speaker continued: "This change in color is caused by the presence of the deadly mon-oxide gas. Why will you die if you stop breathing? Why will you die if your heart stops beating? The particles that compose the body are ever wearing out, and must be removed, and replaced by fresh nutrition. As soon as they are worn out, they become not only useless, but poisonous—liable to cause blood poison, unless removed. The digested food enters the blood near the heart, and all the blood goes through the lungs, and then starts on its journey through the arteries, a bright scarlet, but returns through the veins a dark red. The blood, when viewed through a microscope, is a clear fluid, filled with millions of minute disc-shaped corpuscles, some red, some white. Both kinds perform double offices. Both carry nutrition to various parts of the body. The red corpuscles, as they pass through the lungs, absorb oxygen, which they carry through the circulation. As fast as they come to waste tissue, the oxygen is freed, and changes it into waste compounds, which are left floating in the blood. The worn out tissue is replaced by the nutritious substance brought by the corpuscles. The white corpuscles are scavengers, and, as fast as they unload their nutrition, they gather up this waste matter in the blood, and carry it to the lungs or excretory organs. If the lungs are filled with carbon-dioxide, or carbon-monoxide gases, as in a mine, or room, filled with them, the whole body, and especially the brain, smothers for want of oxygen, and death ensues. But, if the lungs are partially filled with these gases, as in smoking, the red corpuscles find a scarcity of oxygen to carry around, and the monoxide, entering the blood, has such an appetite for oxygen, that

it absorbs it from every corpuscle it touches. So the body starves for oxygen, the worn out particles fail to be oxidized, and remain as waste matter in the system, thus breeding disease. The fact that men, working out of doors, breathe more oxygen, is the reason they are able to stand smoking better than indoor laborers. The blood of smokers, when examined with a microscope, shows many of the red corpuscles pale and shriveled, while thousands of them are broken and destroyed, the dead cells floating in the colorless liquid, the blood being more watery, and of a paler color. This causes the paleness of cigarette smokers, because they inhale the smoke, thus retaining much of the gases. But the carbon-monoxide and other gases can enter the blood without being inhaled, for much of them is absorbed through the mucous membrane of the mouth, nose, and throat. Let me show you an experiment to prove this."

Breaking an old pipe, she took some thread from a spool, and rubbed it across the inside of the pipe. Then, taking a lively frog from a box, she deftly drew the thread across the delicate membrane answering for an eyelid. A few spasmodic jerks, and, in less than a minute, the frog fell dead.

"The throats of smokers are usually of a deeper red than those of non-smokers," she continued, "showing slight inflammation; while smokers' sore throat is quite common. This rough appearance is found to extend to the whole mucous membrane, and more delicate serous membrane lining the pulmonary and alimentary canals. Typhoid fever and cholera both attack the serous membranes of the intestines; and it is a fact that these diseases more often prove fatal in the case of tobacco users than others, on account of the inflamed conditions of these membranes. When any poison in the blood can not all be carried off by the excretory organs, nature has an-

other plan. She sets up inflammation of one of these lining membranes, and the poison is thrown out on its surface in the form of mucous. The membranes of the lungs of smokers usually show these spots of inflammation, and they are often dotted with brown specks of nicotine. These inflamed spots and little brown specks are often found on the mucous linings of the stomach, liver, and intestines of tobacco chewers. In cigarette smokers the lung cavities are often partially filled with thick black mucous. In extreme cases the lungs are sometimes shriveled up. Dr. Danburn said: 'I have made thousands of autopsies, and have always observed the horrible condition of the larynx and bronchial tubes of cigarette smokers. The tubes showed coal-black deposits, such as coal-miners show from inhalation of coal dust.'

"Consumption is increasing rapidly. It is not, primarily caused by tobacco, but is an infectious disease, and a tendency to it is often hereditary. But the irritation of the serous membrane of the lungs by the tobacco poison and soot, afford a hotbed for the growth of the germs of tuberculosis.

"It has been argued that the heat of smoking destroyed the nicotine. But Kissling, by a series of experiments in which he burned tobacco, and saved the smoke in tubes, found, in different specimens, from fifty-two to eighty-four per cent of the nicotine in the smoke. As we have seen, some of the other poisons that are liberated by the heat of smoking are nearly as dangerous as nicotine.

"Young men, in order to be successful, need clear brains and steady nerves. The chief effect of tobacco is on the nerves of the brain. How many of you, when fretted or fagged, find a smoke a soothing sedative? But that soothing effect is only a benumbing of brain and nerve."

The speaker then proceeded to show the common experiment of cooking or hardening, the white of an egg by pouring alcohol over it, and explained that the brain and nerves were of similar substance, and could be thus hardened in alcohol or nicotine. "But this is a crude illustration," she went on. "If your blood was so saturated with either poison that the nerves would be thus cooked, you would drop dead. But a similar process is slowly going on in the brain of the drinker, or tobacco user. An eminent German surgeon told his students that they were literally burning up their brains with tobacco."

Hanging a chart on the wall, the speaker continued: "The patient scientist, with his microscope, is revealing the cause of many things we knew, but could not explain. You see here, on this chart, a greatly magnified brain cell, with its multitude of delicate tentacles, branching from a center, like the fine rootlets of a plant,. They are the most fragile of any part of the human body. Every thought, every exertion of the mind, wears out some of these tiny terminal fibres, and the blood hastens to repair them. If the blood is pure, every time one is repaired it is a trifle stronger than before. That is the reason that every time we repeat a thought, or act, it is a little easier for us than it was before—what we call habit. But, if the blood contains narcotic poison, it sears these delicate fibrils, as a hot iron sears your finger. When you injure the skin of your hand, the blood is sent to deposit a coarser substance, and protect the flesh of the hand by a harder skin, that we call a callous. So, for a long time, the blood is sent perseveringly by that mysterious intelligence that we—in our ignorance—call the life force, to repair these delicate tendrils, and protect them from the poison by depositing a coarser substance on the surface, as it does on the hand. It is probably the irritable condition of these injured nervelets—loaded with the blood

sent to repair them—that causes the craving for more of the benumbing narcotic. The nerves seared by alcohol heal more quickly than those seared by tobacco.

“Yes, the recuperative power of the human system is marvelous. But what is that mysterious power we call the life force? When we examine the wonderful mechanism of our organs—the complex network of arteries that carry the nourishment to every part, and the complicated system of nerves—those living telegraph wires—that carry power even to the tiny sheath of muscle that wraps the minutest vein—we are amazed. We pride ourselves on our intellects, on our penetration of thought, our power of will. But the mind wearies, thought ceases, sleep overcomes the will. Who now is guarding the citadel of life? Spite of our boasted intellect, the arch-enemy—Death—could walk in, and lay his finger on the heart—and sense would wake no more. Let us tread softly, for we are on holy ground,—the mystic borderland between life and death. What mysterious power keeps the heart beating, and every function of the internal organs working perfectly, while mind and senses are unconscious with sleep or disease? Is it the omniscient wisdom of our Creator, watching every detail of our being? Or has he delegated that wonderful power to our own immortal spirits? Do they thus keep sleepless vigil over our bodies and brains until they become unfit for the habitation of spirits, and they take their flight? Is there an inner brain in which the spirit dwells—a tireless inner brain that manages every detail of the most complicated machine ever created, without our consciousness? How ignorant we are. How powerless to answer these queries.

“As the blood becomes more saturated with the poison it singes the ends of the fibrils, as fire burns a hair, and this is the result.” As she said this, she hung up a mag-

nified picture of a brain cell, where the ends of the tiny tendrils were, many of them, burned off short, and the rest were gnarled and knotted, much as the green rootlets of a little plant would be, if scorched for a moment with a blaze. "The maimed tentacles of the different cells can no longer touch each other, and the mind finds it difficult to keep up a continuous line of thought—just as your words can not go from one telephone line to another, unless the wires are connected. This accounts for the loss of memory, and slowness of thought of the tobacco user. The nerves of the whole body—though not so easily injured as those of the brain—become more or less seared and thickened in the same manner. The Professor of Drawing in the Annapolis Naval Academy said that he could tell a tobacco user from his inability to draw a clean, straight line; and you probably have noticed the trembling hand of the old whiskey or tobacco sot. The brain-cells at length become so impaired that they can only partially control the muscles, and functions of the internal organs, and diseases result.

The nerve cells of the upper brain, which contains the reasoning and moral powers, are much more delicate and susceptible of injury than the hardier lower part of the brain, which control the vital functions. When the will is thus weakened, and the reasoning powers benumbed, the animal instincts are left uncontrolled, and selfishness and moral depravity result. In many cases the tobacco poison finally destroys so many of the brain cells, that insanity ensues. Or, in the effort of nature to repair damages, the impoverished blood vainly trying to rebuild the burned tendrils, so fills them in with fatty particles, and other coarser substances, that softening of the brain follows, which verges on idocy. Brain workers, who naturally use up brain fibrils rapidly, are least able to stand this destruction of brain tissue. Owing to hereditary

tendencies, the number of brain workers who can use tobacco with impunity is constantly diminishing.

“Where tobacco is not used until manhood, and is then used in moderation, by laboring men with good constitutions, who work out of doors, these extreme effects seldom follow, as the fresh air and vigorous exercise help to excrete much of the poison. But Dr. Dewey well said: ‘No tobacco user ever has the supremest use of his brain.’ And this constant struggle against the poison is a reckless tax on vitality. Post mortem examinations often show the liver and kidneys of tobacco users badly swollen, and smelling strongly of tobacco, in their struggle to eliminate it from the blood. And the little white corpuscles, whose business it is to destroy disease germs in the blood, as well as dead matter, are kept so busy cleaning off the seared surface of the nerves, that they have not time to destroy all the disease germs. So the tobacco user is more liable than others to all diseases.

“The tobacco user imagines that he can study or work better under its stimulus—and it is true that the stupefied nerves no longer feel the weariness, or restlessness that prevented his studying—but tobacco poison actually lessens the activity and rapidity of thought. Dr. Paulson recently performed some experiments with an instrument of great precision, showing that it took one sixteenth of a second for a nerve impulse to travel from one hand to the brain, and back to the other hand. The smoking of fifteen cigarettes so benumbed the nerves, that it took fifteen sixteenths of a second for the nerve impulse to travel from hand to hand. Many other experiments have been made, proving that not the rapidity merely, but the quality of thought was deteriorated by smoking. Prof. Lombard, of the University of Michigan, used a delicate instrument, called an erograph, for measuring muscular power, and found that in from five to ten min-

utes after smoking a cigar, the smoker's muscular power diminished to twenty-five per cent of its previous value. Averaging measures taken at various times between the beginning of the smoke, and the time when its depression wore off, the smoker had lost nearly half of his muscular power during that time.

Dr. Nathan S. Davis, who died not long ago, was not only one of Chicago's oldest and most successful physicians, but one of the most eminent in America, having been known for nearly fifty years as the father of the American Medical Association. He said: 'Some persons who use tobacco, live to extreme old age. How should this fact be regarded? Simply that such person inherited unusual tenacity of life. Tobacco lessens the sensibility of the brain, and diminishes the activity and clearness of mental action. It also diminishes the vital properties of the blood, thus lessening the activity, efficiency and endurance of every function, both mental and physical; and retaining the injurious products of excretion, and the toxic micro-organisms from without. It therefore renders the individual more liable to attacks of disease, and more likely to die when attacked.'

"Now, how does tobacco weaken the heart? In two ways. First: because the blood, being impaired by the poison, fails to give it enough nourishment, and the muscles become flabby. Secondly: it is weakened just as all the muscles are weakened, because the nerves that control them are more or less paralyzed. Physicians often make the statement that tobacco is a sedative, and Dr. Larabee says: 'Even moderate doses of nicotine reduce the action of the heart.' Prof. Edward Smith, of England, in a series of experiments, showed that the pulse of healthful persons rose thirty-eight beats to the minute, during eleven minutes' smoking; and Prof. Broughton says: 'The heartbeat of a boy of twelve is increased fully twer-

ty per cent., with a corresponding irregular action, by smoking one cigarette. This looks like a contradiction, but it is not. The lower brain controls the heart by means of two nerves—the accelerator nerve, which stimulates the heart to action, and the vagus nerve, which regulates its motions. They are like the mainspring and pendulum of a clock—the former keeps it going, and the latter regulates the action. Did you ever take off the pendulum of the clock, and notice how fast it flies, and how much more quickly it runs down? The vagus nerve seems to be more easily paralyzed by tobacco poison than the accelerator nerve, and is always the first to be stupefied. The microscope reveals the fact that the blood-vessels are entwined by minute muscles that help to control the circulation by tightening around the blood-flushed arteries and veins. But these tiny muscles are ramified and controlled by still more minute nerves. The tobacco poison also stupefies these tiny nerves, and the muscles lose their tensility. Then the blood—with all regulators loosened—flies through the arteries—and the man imagines tobacco is stimulating him. But a true heart stimulant sends the blood with strong steady beats, while, in the tobacco user, both irregularity and weakness are shown in the pulsation by the use of the sphygmoscope.” Dr. McGregor then showed a chart containing two notched lines, and explained that they were the lines made by a delicate instrument placed on the pulse. The line made by a healthy pulse had deep notches, alternating regularly with smaller notches, something like the teeth of a crosscut saw. But the mark made by the tobacco user’s pulse was a very irregular wavy line, the indentations being less than a fourth as deep as the other. “In many cases of fever,” said she, “the physician recognizes this rapid running pulse as a symptom of approaching death—showing him that the vagus nerve is

becoming paralyzed—that the pendulum has stopped—that the life machine will soon run down.”

“Later on, the accumulated tobacco poison finally affects the accelerator nerve also, and the heart-beat becomes very irregular, and, some day stops suddenly. Sometimes, owing to the destruction of so many of the little red blood corpuscles, that they do not carry it enough nutrition, the muscles of the heart becomes filled with worn out particles, and particles of fat, and become too weak to work, and the man dies of fatty degeneracy of the heart.

“The local effects, or specific diseases caused by tobacco are never all manifest in one person, but each will be injured in his weakest part. But the weakening of vitality and the powers of endurance occur in every case. However much vitality we may have inherited, it never pays to overdraw our surplus of strength, nor to impair our energy and ambition.

“William Allen White says: ‘In these days of active competition it is the best brain that wins, and the man who knocks out his brains with tobacco, is knocked out of the contest for supremacy in any field of activity. When a young man applies for a job, he is practically renting his brains, and no employer cares to hire a damaged set, when he can get a clean set just as well.’

“Educators of wide observation testify that it is not cigarette smokers alone whose brains are injured by the habit, but tobacco users also. Dr. Seaver, of Yale College, said that in the ten years since he began observations, not a single young man who used tobacco has graduated at the head of his class, and about one-third of the tobacco users dropped out before finishing the course. At Harvard not a single tobacco user has graduated at the head of his class for fifty years.

“The ablest business men will soon put a ban on the

cigar, as they have on the cigarette. This is not a matter of sentiment, but of shrewd business sense. They can not afford to risk business which involves millions in the hands of those who benumb their mental or moral faculties with narcotics. So great is the competition in business today that only the cleanest minds—the keenest perceptions—can win the race. The young men who use neither liquor or tobacco will be the successful business men of the future. The day is coming when the tippler and tobacco user will be relegated to the coal-mine or the railroad ditch.

“You may imagine yourselves resolute enough to smoke in moderation, and hardy enough to stand the strain. But is it right to set the example before boys of weaker wills and weaker constitutions? So long as business men smoke cigars, boys will smoke cigarettes. Do you realize the crime and trouble for which you will be held responsible? Judges tell us that ninety-five per cent. of boy criminals are cigarette smokers. Dr. Broughton, one of the physicians at the Keeley Cure, said that sixty per cent. of the men under forty who were treated for the opium or cocaine habit, were led to it by cigarette smoking. And Dr. Keely says that nearly every person brought for the cure of drunkenness was led to it by tobacco, and that, if a patient afterwards returns to the smoking habit, he is sure also to return to the drink habit.

“One of the latest victims of cigarettes is a twenty-year-old student of the Indiana Manual Training School. He was a physical giant, who did not begin smoking until he was nearly grown. Now he lies strapped to his bed, a helpless maniac. Over yonder, in Martinsville, Indiana, lay Fred Speer, in the agonies of death. His young wife, standing by, with her child in her arms, was almost prostrate with grief. He had led almost a model life—the cigarette being his one fault, but that was costing him

his life. Between his labored breaths, he gasped: 'Oh! I wish I could throw open all the windows, and call in all the boys who are smoking cigarettes, and warn them against it.'

Dare you be responsible for such conditions? Our young men still love their country. They proved it in Cuba and the Philippines. But these stealthy foes that are gnawing out the hearts and brains of young America, are more terrible than cruel Spaniard, or treacherous savage. Let every young man who loves his country show himself a hero. If he have no fears for himself, let him conquer his selfish habit, and help to save others from these twin enemies—liquor and tobacco."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

SENATOR CAMERON opened his morning mail, scanning it eagerly. Newspapers and official letters were hastily pushed aside, until he picked up a letter addressed in a lady's handwriting. He opened it hurriedly, and, as he read, his face expressed first pleasure, then doubt, perplexity, and disappointment. And here is the letter:

"My Esteemed Friend: I must confess that a touch of comfort came to me when I knew that you loved me.

No woman can help being gladdened by the knowledge that she is lovable, and inspires love in some human heart. I am grateful for your appreciative letter. I fully value the great honor you have done me, in thus offering me the richest gift ever received by woman—a good man's love. But I am sorry to disappoint you,—to tell you that I can not accept your offer. I am wedded to the work that I think God has called me to do for humanity. I was always self-reliant, and years ago I could not bear the thought of giving up my identity, or the sole right to my own thoughts and actions. When the importance of my life work grew upon me, it overshadowed all else, and I tried to put behind me all other ambitious aspirations, all thoughts of my own happiness or comfort, and devote my whole life to the task of ridding my country of the twin curses of drunkenness and narcotism, which are blighting so many lives. Some must needs sacrifice all else, and give their undivided strength to these reforms. But I have sometimes grown weary and discouraged, and envied my friends their homes. When we stood that day on the deck, and, in the peril of that tottering iceberg, I looked into your eyes, I felt what I now know. That hour was my one glimpse into the joy that gladdens many a happy home. But when we said farewell, and I went on my lone journey, and watched the St. Lawrence binding its seething waters with girders of ice; I too, resolutely crowded my tumultuous feelings back, and bound them down with bolts of duty. I laid the memory of those few hours away in my heart, as we lay away mementoes of the dead—only to be taken out to cheer days of gloom. Do not think that I was trifling with you. I enjoyed your society, but I was so engrossed in my own plans, I did not dream of love, until the sea revealed us to ourselves. The thought of a happy life in your beautiful home made my heart throb

with a strange homesickness. But this happiness is not for me. The world is too full of sin and sorrow for me to spare time to rest here. The misery that I see, draws my heart out continually. The purpose of my life must be fulfilled. If it is a soldier's duty to lay down his life that his government may be preserved, it certainly is my duty, when I see these terrible sins eating the very life out of the nation, to sacrifice my present happiness, and devote my life to its rescue. Yet, do not think I am unhappy. I love my work, and am content. I think some women can love a cause as well as they can a human being. I think I am one of those. Some women yearn to be loved and cared for; others yearn for somebody to "do for." I think I am one of the latter class, and must satisfy my yearning, by "doing for" the helpless victims of sin. I have worried lest you be disappointed, and hoped that, with you, it was only a passing fancy, a pleasant little episode in your busy life. If you were poor and homeless and lonely, I might feel that my duty pointed that way. But you are rich in wealth and home and friends. Your sister and daughter will make a pleasant home life for you. Do not worry about me. I shall ever keep busy and interested in my work. If I should ever become helpless, I trust God will provide some one to care for me a little while. And, in the life beyond, perhaps our Father will let me rest, and enjoy to its fullest sweetness, the love that passeth understanding. May God bless and strengthen you. Your sincere friend,

JANE M'GREGOR.

Throwing the letter down, he walked nervously to the window and back, several times, then picked it up, and read it again. This time he seemed better pleased. As he leaned back in his chair, his cogitations ran something after this wise: "Pity is akin to love, they say. Well,

I'll teach her that there are wants and troubles deeper and bitterer than poverty or sickness. She certainly does love me, more perhaps than she herself realizes. But she is one of those women with whom duty is paramount to everything else. Like the martyrs of old, she would give up everything for what she thought was her duty. She does not think her own happiness or enjoyment ought to be considered in the least—nor mine, either, for that matter. She thinks because I am rich, and have plenty of friends, I need no pity. Oh! If she only knew a man's heart! She hasn't sounded the depths of love yet. But what wouldn't she do or suffer for a man, when once her heart is stirred to its depths. I ought to have given her more time to learn her own heart. I will teach her that duty lies right here. What an influence she might have as a senator's wife. How much good she could do, here in the capital of the nation. What a help I could be to her in her reform work. I suppose she thinks this is the end. But I can not give her up, after such a glimpse into her heart. Congress will adjourn early this year, and then—" So saying, he put the letter in a private drawer, and turned to his morning mail.

Among the gentlemen with whom the Senator dined, at the hotel, that evening, was a Congressman from Kentucky, who seemed greatly interested in thoroughbred animals. He urged our friend and several other gentlemen to go around with him, that evening, to a dog show then being held in the city. The pavilion was thronged with people. Dogs there were, many and various. Sen. Cameron, who had paid no attention to things of this sort, was surprised at his own ignorance, when he heard men talk fluently of the merits of breeds, the pedigrees of prize winners, and the proper care and training during growth. The Senator remarked about the cleanliness of the show-room, and was answered:

"If we want fine dogs, we must see that they are not injured by any unfavorable influences."

As he passed out, it occurred to him that he had seldom seen so many men together without noticing tobacco smoke. Glancing back, he saw a large sign that he had overlooked as he went in, which read: "Smoking not allowed, it hurts the dogs," and he wondered if dogs were more important than boys.

And where was the good woman who had been the object of Sen. Cameron's solicitude? That morning found her reading a newspaper in the home of a friend who was entertaining her at the time of her lecture in that place. Suddenly she gave an exclamation that startled her friend.

"Is it possible! A horrible murder! A son kills his mother! The murdered woman's name is that of one of my old schoolmates."

"Is it possible? That is terrible!"

"Yes, listen," and she read: "This morning the people of North Third street were startled by a young girl running out of one of the buildings in her night robes, screaming 'Murder! Murder!' A policeman ran in, followed by a crowd, and found a dying woman on the floor weltering in her own blood, caused by wounds and bruises on the head. Her son was found, hiding in a closet, still clutching the stick of wood with which he had just beaten his mother to death. The young man was arrested, and the coroner's inquest will be held at three o'clock this afternoon. The dead woman's name is Mrs. Llossie Carson, that of the son is Henry Leonard Carson."

"That is a horrible affair! But I do not know the family."

"I wonder is it really my schoolmate? She was left a widow with two children. I must hunt them up."

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION

Miss McGregor found the house, just as the people were gathering for the inquest. She scanned the face of the dead woman, which was thin and haggard. Trouble had drawn down the once pretty mouth until it was unrecognizable. The peachbloom complexion was now sallow, the yellow hair—always in curls—was streaked with gray, disheveled, and clotted with blood, but it still waved about the forehead, and the nose, a little sharper, had the same delicate outline. Yes, it was Flossie. Several women entered, leading a crying girl. A glance at her pretty face, now red with weeping, almost startled Jane by its strong resemblance to Henry Carson. She made herself known to the girl, and, with kindly sympathy, learned something of her history. At her grandfather's death, it was found that his money had been lost in unfortunate investments. Her mother had taken in sewing, and her brother had found work, and they had gotten along very well until her brother lost his place because he smoked cigarettes, and could not be trusted. "And," said she, "he has grown so cross that he has made us miserable, and for days, he has smoked all the time, even getting up in the night to smoke. I was awakened by mother's screams this morning"—and the poor girl exclaimed, between her sobs: "Oh! I think he has gone crazy!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A CONSCIENTIOUS DRUGGIST.

NOW we find Jane McGregor in Chicago, in the elegant home of our old friend George Winthrop.

During her visit, that afternoon, with Minnie and her mother, Jane praised their beautiful flowers.

"Yes," said Mrs. Heath, "Minnie loves to tend her plants. Even when she was sick, she used to lie there and plan what sick or needy person, or what lonely or tempted soul might be helped by a few flowers."

"And I always tie them with the white ribbon, and slip in a helpful text-card," Minnie added, "so the W. C. T. U. will receive the thanks."

"I am so glad you keep up your interest in the temperance work, and especially in the Loyal Legions."

"I hardly see how I could have lived through my loneliness without this work. For a long time I could not go out, but I had the union meet with me, and it brightened my days to lie here and plan work for the well people to do. I especially enjoy the work among the children, and there is so much need of it here in the city. The cigarettes are ruining the school-children. Some of the girls, even, are learning to smoke."

"Yes," said Mrs. Heath, "It is terrible to see how soon they show the bad effects. We were coming home one evening, when we passed three pale, stunted little fellows, smoking cigarettes. When we asked where they went to school, one of them replied: 'We don't go to school.

We just play hookie when we do go, 'cause we have to smoke all the time."

"'Why! How often do you smoke?" I asked

"'Bout every five minutes. But, lady, we wants to stop, if we only could. Can't you give us some medicine so we can stop?' We took their addresses, and visited them. We found that one had heart trouble, and fell down in the street, or anywhere; another had lung trouble; and the third 'got crazy' as he called it. We put them under a physician's care, but he says they are past saving."

"And yet the laws against selling tobacco to children are violated with impunity. It is little short of murder."

When their conversation had returned to personal matters, Mrs. Heath said that Prof. King was in a college in the city, and that she had met him and his wife.

"And is Laura still dignified and haughty?" asked Jane.

"She is not haughty, but is dignified and affable, when at herself. One day I was in a store, when I observed a lady at another counter, who appeared familiar, but I could not place her. Her face looked strangely old, and her eyes glassy, and she was so nervous that I thought she must be sick. When the clerk left her, she glanced stealthily around, but, as I was behind a pile of goods, she did not see me. Taking something from her pocket-book, she shoved up her sleeve, and I caught the flash of what looked like a tiny dagger. I was startled, but she put it back, and took her goods, and passed out."

"A morphine syringe, no doubt," said Jane.

"So I concluded, for I had read of such things. As she passed me, I was astonished to recognize our old friend, Mrs. Laura King. Afterwards we met her and Prof. King at a social. She was glad to meet us, and ap-

peared vivacious, and her eyes shone brightly. She called later, and seemed unnaturally talkative."

"Doubtless she was under the influence of the drug."

"I called often, hoping to win her confidence. One day, when I found her unusually nervous, I ventured to ask if she used any narcotic. She denied it at once, as if offended. Then I told her what I had seen, and begged her to confide in me. She confessed that she had taken patent medicines for neuralgia, until they had lost their power, and then, unknown to her husband, she resorted to morphine, and that she was miserable whenever she tried to do without it. I told her the danger, unless she had courage to give it up, and she promised to begin at once. A few weeks later, her daughter sent for me, because her mother was sick. She met me at the door, telling me that her mother was out of her head, and that her father and the family physician were both out of town. Giving her the address of a physician, I hurried to her mother. With eyes as wild as ever stared from a lunatic's cell, Laura lay on her bed, watching me furtively, as I entered.

"I am sorry to see you sick," I said gently, but she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mrs. Heath, I am so glad you have come to help me! Have pity on a poor bereaved mother. My boy! My poor boy! Oh, I loved him so! He was my first-born, you know, and he is dead. Oh! why don't they find him? Why don't they bring him to me?"

"It is a mistake about his being dead. We will telephone for him," I replied.

"Oh, no. He's drowned, and they can't find him. I saw him in the bottom of the creek, with the fishes eating him, and the slimy snakes coiling round his neck. Oh, Mrs. Heath, make them take him out!" and her hands clinched mine, as in a vice, and her eyes shone

with a terrible pathos. I tried to sooth her, but suddenly she cried out: 'Oh, my little girls! My little girls! Somebody's murdering them! Run, run!' I went to the door, and coming back, told her they were all right. But she cried out fiercely: 'You lie! Just hear them scream. Oh, those awful screams! Run, run!' I went out and brought the children in, but she cried: 'Those are not my children; those are dead children. What do you mean, pulling dead children out of the grave? Take them away.' Taking the children on my lap, I soon had them talking, and said to her, 'They are you own little girls; don't you see, now, Laura?'

"'Yes, I see, they are all right, now,' she replied, 'but where is my husband?'—with an awful accusing emphasis on the question. 'He went on a trip, but will return this evening.' 'Don't tell me that,' she hissed. 'He is dead. I saw the doctor shoot him. I will never see him alive again. Oh, Mrs. Heath!' she wailed, 'you don't know what trouble is. He has been lying down there in the cellar four days all bloody, and the rats crawling over him. Why don't they take him out?' Presently she called for a drink, and when I returned with it, I caught the gleam of her morphine needle, as she was hiding it under her pillow. I made an excuse to turn her, and slipped it out, just as I heard the doctor coming. She watched him like a cat, and would not let him touch her. He beckoned me to follow him, saying: 'I find no disease except nervous debility. Do you know her habits?' I handed him the morphine needle.

"Just as I thought," said he. "We will have a serious time."

"After he left she whispered, 'That man came here to kill me, but I watched him too closely.' When the children came in again, she whispered, 'Where are we? You all look like dead people, so ghastly and green.'

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"When Prof. King returned, it was decided to provide a trained nurse to watch her, and break her of the habit by degrees. Her sufferings were terrible, and, watch her closely as they could, the doctor thought she often got more, in some way, than they allowed her, and, a few weeks ago, they took her to a sanitarium."

"A sad story," commented Jane. "And there are hundreds of such cases, and thousands more who are fast nearing that hopeless stage where no dose is strong enough to ease their agonies, without causing death. There is no bondage so terrible as that of a morphine fiend. I recall a sad case, that of a brilliant and conscientious physician. He had a large practice, and would not decline any of it, and night after night he was kept up without sleep. At last his brain reached that excitable stage when sleep seemed impossible—and he took morphine. He knew the danger, and promised himself it should only be a few times, until the rush was over. But the rush continued, and again and again he resorted to morphine to secure sleep, thinking each time must be the last. Ere he knew it, he was a slave. When he realized his helpless condition, he confided his sad secret to a brother physician, and was taken to a sanitarium for treatment. It was too late. He died in a few weeks."

"As with tobacco, so with opium, the most sensitive nervous organizations fall the easiest victims."

Jane was glad to meet her old schoolmate, George Winthrop, on his return from business, and they all enjoyed the evening together. At length their conversation turned to the cigarette evil, and the anti-cigarette work among the children, and Jane asked:

"How many Anti-Cigarette Leagues have you in the city?"

"I don't know," replied George. "There are large

Leagues in the schools, which usually have girl's auxiliaries; then we have Leagues in nearly every large business house. It is the testimony of the business men that the boys become much more reliable where they belong to them. Every boy in our store belongs. They meet once a week, at the noon hour; and the songs, recitations and talks are quite enthusiastic. They work among the boys on the street in their leisure time, distributing literature, and trying to get them to sign the anti-cigarette pledge. Friends sometimes provide a special treat for the League meetings, a speech, a chalk talk, stereoptican views, or a lunch."

"You are doing a grand work, and I hope to learn much while here."

When their talk had drifted to personal matters, George was saying: "When I set up business, I sold neither liquor, bitters, nor tobacco. After I had learned some things about patent medicines, I poured a lot of them in the ditch. People said I would fail, but I enlarged my business along legitimate lines, and I have succeeded."

"To be sure!" said Jane, "people trust a man who stands by his principles. You did what every Christian ought to do, in refusing to sell what injures others, at the risk of losing money. Temperance people learned long ago that bitters were only disguised liquors, but it is hard to teach them that many other patent medicines are as dangerous. But I happen to know, from people who live near the factories, that make some of the popular catarrh remedies, that barrels of alcohol are hauled there every day."

"Worse than that! It is usually raw spirits. They get it over here at Peoria by the car load. Cubeb berries are usually the only real medicine in those catarrhal

remedies, and there isn't more than a nickel's worth in a bottlefull."

"Our Woman's Temperance Union has been having liquor drugged medicines tested and exposed for ten years, but narcotic drugs seem to be the wolves in sheep's clothing lately. What is your experience?"

"I never sold opium, morphine, chloral nor cocaine without a physician's prescription, and of late years, I include soothing syrups, pain-killers, nervines, headache medicines, and several other remedies in the list."

"Two-thirds of the patent medicines contain either alcohol or narcotics, and those soothing syrups out-herod Herod in the murder of babes," commented Jane.

"Yes, and one of the most extensively advertised cough syrups contains one-eighth of a grain of morphine to every ounce of syrup. Many headache powders and neuralgia cures contain either morphine, cocaine, cola leaf, or some of the drugs that are known to depress the heart; yet most druggists sell them without a word of warning."

"To be sure! I have known cases where heart trouble and death were caused by some patent medicine taken for a trifling ailment, and other cases where the user became either insane, or a drug fiend."

"There is an astonishing demand for these nostrums, judging from the amount the proprietors spend for advertising. Drs. Pierce and Hood each spend seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and Scott's Emulsion, and Lydia Pinkham each three hundred and fifty thousand, and others at the same rate."

"And none but physicians and druggists know how many of these nostrum dupes finally become opium, chloral or cocaine fiends. Have you any idea how many drug fiends there are in the country?"

"Druggists estimate variously, from six hundred thousand to a million."

"It's awful!" said Minnie, "what wicked things people will do for money?"

"Yes," answered George, "men will do anything for money. They put their flaming advertisements everywhere. The Tobacco Trust equals the patent medicine men. It spends a million dollars a year advertising—seventy-five thousand dollars for one brand of cigarettes."

"A million dollars!" exclaimed Minnie. "I don't wonder, though, when I think of the prizes they offer. Little boys see how many cigarettes they can smoke, and save the coupons to get anything a boy likes, from a whistle to a gun or watch."

"That is what men call business, is it?" asked Jane.

"Yes, that is our American idea of business," replied George. "J. B. Duke spent four millions advertising his 'Battle Ax,' and it brought him twelve millions. For ten years the rival tobacco companies boomed business with an energy worthy of a better cause. But at last Duke cornered them all, and brought them to terms. Then he competed with the English trade in South Africa, by shipping to all the stations, and giving a gold watch to every trader who handled his goods. He tried the same plan in England, with premiums ten times as large, until he compelled the English dealers to come to terms, and they consolidated, forming the British and American Tobacco Company, with a capital of thirty million dollars, and Duke at its head."

"Quite a Napoleon in his way," commented Jane.

"Yes, in greed and heartlessness," replied Mrs. Heath.

"I wonder if Duke's own boys use tobacco?" asked Minnie.

"I do not know," answered George, "but they say that

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Durham, another big tobacco dealer, won't let his boys touch it. I saw the latest revenue returns the other day, about tobacco, and laid it up. Taking the paper from his desk he read various figures, among them these items: Americans made and sold last year nearly eleven billion cigarettes, and a third of a billion pounds of chewing and smoking tobacco. They smoked over six billion cigars, and the dealers paid fifty-one million dollars tobacco revenue into the national treasury, besides paying large sums for party campaign purposes, to prevent anti-tobacco legislation."

"Yes, the government is virtually in partnership with both the liquor and tobacco trusts," exclaimed Jane.

"In one state," added George, "the attorney for a large liquor firm was bold enough to say, when they were trying to pass an anti-cigarette bill: 'You folks keeps your hands off the cigarettes. We must not let anything interfere with this cigarette business. It helps our business. If we can get the boys to smoke cigarettes while they are little, they will be our customers when they are grown, and we've got to have customers.'"

"When Gates, the steel millionaire was here," said Mrs. Heath, "he said to Miss Gaston: 'What can you do against the men who are making millions in the tobacco business? The dividends are increasing at the rate of from five to ten per cent annually. I know this, because I own some of the stock.' It seems almost hopeless when unscrupulous men unite like a band of robbers to ruin the children."

"Yes, but, if we can only arouse the mothers to the danger, with God's help, we will show these money-kings that mother love can fight, like a tigress for her whelps," replied Jane.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BURDEN OF GUILT.

THE court was in session. A large crowd had assembled to see and hear the trial of Leonard Carson, for the murder of his mother. Jane McGregor had so arranged her appointments that she could be present, and Mrs. Heath had accompanied her.

The witnesses had all been examined, and the prosecuting attorney had summed up the evidence, which, he said, proved clearly that the son had, in a fit of sullen rage at his mother, for denying him money, brutally beaten her to death.

The attorney for the defense did not deny that the accused committed the murder, but plead that the defendant was not criminally responsible, that he was, at the time he committed the crime, a cigarette fiend. "A tobacco fiend," continued he, "is to all intents and purposes an insane man, and not responsible for acts committed while under the influence of that narcotic. The expert testimony given, cited and quoted by the witness, Dr. Burns, proves my statement. Let me repeat it: 'Dr. Charleton Simeon, the eminent specialist, says: 'My investigations teach me that thousands of young men and boys are dragged by the cigarette habit into insanity and crime. The stomach—the mainspring of our vitality—is the first slave of the habit. Then the heart refuses to pump the virulent blood but slowly through the arteries. The brain becomes sluggish. The will becomes impaired. The mind is full of wild fancies, the

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heart full of strange desires. The actions are not guided by the will. Normal deeds vanish, and theft, murder, and other horrible crimes result.'

"Dr. A. L. Gray, of Chicago, a prominent specialist in nervous diseases, said of Tolstoi's 'Ethics of Tobacco': 'Tolstoi ascribes a demoralizing influence to tobacco, but I do not think he goes far enough. He cites many instances of crimes committed after the criminal had smoked a cigar, or cigarette, but his explanation is that they smoked to give them nerve. I say they might not have been murderers if they had not used tobacco. Understand me; I do not say a man will kill somebody because he uses tobacco, but I do say that ninety-nine out of a hundred murderers use tobacco.'

"The Superintendent of the Texas Insane Asylum said: 'Tobacco puts more people in the asylum than whisky.'

"The officers of Chicago observed that the enforcement of the anti-cigarette law reduced the number of boys adjudged insane.'

"The physicians of the Iowa Insane Asylum stated that two hundred of the inmates were crazed by cigarettes. Dr. Burns, himself, states: 'I can point you to many individual cases of insanity from this cause; the best known being that of Cassius Beldon of New York. It was found at his trial, that he came of a family that had no taint of insanity, that he drank no liquor, and, in this case, he was not even a cigarette fiend. His sister testified that he began both chewing and smoking tobacco when very young, and that the habit grew on him, until he smoked cigars almost incessantly. He became irritable and demented, but was pronounced harmless. For several days before committing his crime, he had smoked constantly, lighting one cigar from the stump of another. Suddenly he became frenzied, rushed into the rooms of

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the Board of Trade, flourished his revolver wildly, and shot into the crowd, killing three persons before he could be seized.' " The lawyer then cited the evidence of the physicians as to the irresponsibility of the prisoner. He stated that the boy had learned the habit, without knowing its evils. "Then," said he, "followed loss of will power, broken health, shattered nerves—and finally that terrible delirium, when the mind runs riot with the delusions of a madman. Savage animals and demons of hell seemed lurking in every corner. When he struck his mother down, he knew not that it was his mother, but imagined her a ferocious wild beast, crouching for attack. He was found hiding in a closet, and begged those who found him to protect him. When he came to his senses, he could only remember it as one of many horrid dreams. You say that he shows no insanity now. He has been deprived of his cigarettes since his arrest, and has been under the care of a physician. But you have only to look at his pallid skin, his sunken eyes, his tremulous limbs—to know that he will never again be the same bright, healthy boy." The prisoner, who had, all this time, sat with his head bowed on his arms, now raised it, exclaiming: "Heaven knows I did not mean to kill her! I did not know it was mother! I can't understand how that awful fear came over me. Oh! Save me! I can't die. I'm afraid of hell." His sister, who was weeping violently, begged to be allowed to go to him. On being refused, she burst into such a hysterical fit of sobbing, that the officer was obliged to take her from the room. Mrs. Heath went with her, but Dr. McGregor remained.

"Gentlemen of the jury," continued the lawyer, "this young man is the victim of custom. It is considered a manly habit to treat and be treated. The prisoner's father yielded to this custom,—and fell, a victim of

strong drink. The son inherited from him a weak will, and an excitable, nervous physique. It is considered a manly habit to smoke tobacco. So thought this son, but, with his heritage of irresolution and diseased nerves, it was destruction. He is more sinned against than sinning. Be careful that you do not complete his ruin by dooming him to sudden death. Long life can never be his, it is too late for that now, but perhaps, if he is spared a few more years, he may redeem his soul from everlasting death. Gentlemen of the jury, when you appear before the tribunal of an omnipotent judge, I hope you may not be among those who are adjudged by omniscient wisdom as guilty accessories to this heinous crime—in that you have helped to uphold a custom which has led this young man to his doom.”

The prosecuting attorney, in making his closing address to the jury, claimed that the evidence was not sufficient to prove insanity. After replying to other arguments, and citing and quoting legal opinions, he said: “Granting that a cigarette or a cigar, like a glass of liquor, does, for the time being, throw a man into a brazen and delirious state of mind, making him capable of committing a horrible crime—it is his own fault. He knows that it will have that effect on his brain, and undoubtedly takes it because he knows he could not muster courage for the crime without it. Men know—or ought to know, in this intelligent age—that both liquor and tobacco tend to make men brutal; and are liable to so effect their minds as to make them liable to commit crimes. It is very common for men who wish to commit murder, but who shrink from the horror of the crime, to drink liquor before performing the terrible act. But it is not so well known that tobacco is often used for the same purpose. One of the specialists quoted by the attorney for the defense, states that men do use tobacco for that

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purpose. Here is Tolstoi's work, to which he refers, and here is one of the incidents told to prove that men do smoke to harden themselves to commit crime: 'A porter killed his mistress, a French lady, who had immense wealth in diamonds and jewelry stored in an antique cabinet. The key she kept always under her pillow. This porter—who was rarely seen without his pipe—was influenced by cupidity, but lacked the courage to destroy his employer. Night after night, with a dagger in his hand, he ascended to the lady's chamber, and watched her regular breathing,—but each time his heart failed him. At last, one night, he went into an ante-chamber, smoked a cigarette—turned to the sleeping victim—drove the dagger into her heart—drew it out—wiped it with a handkerchief, and then burned the handkerchief. These facts were all confessed by himself when he was arrested and charged with the crime.' Only a short time ago, Samuel G. Stoddard of Chicago, got up at five o'clock, smoked a cigar to deaden his conscience, and then fired a bullet into the heart of his sleeping wife.

"Should such murderers, therefore, be held guiltless? By no means. The man who, knowingly forms such habits, and knowingly puts himself into a condition favorable for committing crime, is guilty of that crime. He is guilty, even though, at the moment of committing it, he may have his mind benumbed to the horror of the deed by the liquor, cigarette, or cigar that he has used for that purpose. Shall such criminals go unpunished? By no means—lest every man who is tempted to commit a crime, smoke a cigar to harden his heart—and be turned loose on the community." The attorney then proceeded with other points to the close of his argument, and the case went to the jury.

In his charge to the jury, the judge said: "If the

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entire evidence, in this cause raises a reasonable doubt as to the sanity of the accused, at the time of the commission of the crime, he is entitled to an acquittal.

"If you find from the evidence, that the mind of the defendant, at the time of the commission of the crime, was so far destroyed by a long-continued habit of cigarette smoking as to render him mentally incompetent to form an intent to do the act charged in the indictment, then he is entitled to an acquittal. But, if you believe from the evidence that the prisoner smoked cigarettes for the purpose of hardening his heart to the horrors of his crime, or, if you are convinced that he performed the act by which deceased came to her death in full consciousness of his act, you will return a verdict of guilty."

The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty.

In his closing remarks, the judge said: "I ask why, in the name of justice, does this government, which claims to protect the lives and liberties of its subjects, allow poisons sold, which bereave men of reason, and make even good, kindhearted men capable of committing such horrid crimes? And why, above all things, are such poisons allowed to be sold to mere boys, who are utterly ignorant of their demoralizing effects? In this land every man is responsible for the laws. Who, in the eyes of the Supreme Judge of Heaven and earth, is guilty of this murder? Surely, not this frenzied boy, whose deluded hand struck the blow, but rather the nation which allowed the poison sold that crazed his brain."

CHAPTER XXVII.

BENEATH THE EVERGREENS.

JANE and Nellie had been attending a convention, and Nellie had received a telegram from her husband stating that one of the old students was to be buried the next day, and Jane had decided to return with her. They reached the depot to find the train late. Women talked, babies fretted, and men walked the floor, and one lighted a cigar. A lady exclaimed, "This smoke is making me sick. I think we have a right to fresh air."

"I dislike smoke myself," spoke up a quiet looking man, "and I think, too, that we have the right to fresh air. From the looks of that banner, I judge the next generation will be less selfish and filthy."

"Yes," replied Miss McGregor, who was carrying a banner, that had been used in drilling the children at the convention, bearing the motto: "No liquor nor tobacco for us;" "we are trying to train the children right."

"When I was a boy," continued the gentleman, "it was common for men to teach boys to use tobacco; but let a business man see his hands doing that now, and they are likely to lose their jobs. My work is drilling for coal, and other formations, and it is dangerous business. Every once in a while something breaks, and the machinery flies loose, but I always keep as cool-headed as I am now, and know which way to jump, or what to do; but the men get excited, and jump right into danger. I tell

them, sometimes, that if they had never touched liquor or tobacco, they could keep as cool-headed as I do."

"I did not learn to use tobacco when I was young," remarked another man, "but when I went into politics, I was continually thrown into company with men who smoked, and unpleasantly nauseated. Our office in the courthouse was often blue with smoke, and I was obliged to learn to smoke in self-defense."

Just then the whistle sounded, and there was a rush to the train, and Jane set her banner up in the car. It was not long till she heard a man behind her say: "Those ladies must have been at a temperance convention, look at their banner, Brown."

"It is time something was done, the way cigarettes are ruining the boys."

"You cannot realize the effects of the tobacco habit unless you see it in parts of the South. I tried to sell books down there, and it seemed to me it would take at least four generations to bring those people up to the average American," said another gentleman.

"In what way are they inferior?" asked Brown.

"They are not idiotic, but you meet hundreds of people in the road who look at you with a vacant stare, destitute of intelligence. The climate is healthful, but the older people are swarthy and pale, and aged and wrinkled beyond their years. A woman of thirty-five looks to be fifty, and a woman of fifty is a wrinkled old hag. I never saw such vacant dried up wrinkled old faces as some of them are. They are religious in their way, but illiterate. Less than three-fourths of them can read, and they spend twelve times as much for tobacco as for schools. The men have hardly energy enough to make a living, and the women sit around their stick fireplaces and chew snuff, and spit their fires out, and leave their houses unkempt and dirty."

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"That is the station where we change cars," exclaimed Nellie, and they hurriedly gathered up their baggage, to get off. The agent at the little station was scarcely more than a boy, and, as he took a cob pipe from his mouth to answer their questions, Jane noticed how his hand trembled. Just then a man entered with a freight bill, saying: "You didn't add this right. See, here's your mistake," he added, as the boy again figured it incorrectly.

"Thank you, I'm full of mistakes lately, but don't report me, please."

"What's the matter with you, you look sick."

"It's cigarettes. I made mistakes, and they told me I had to quit smoking them, or I'd lose my job. I'm trying to steady my nerves with this old pipe, 'cause they are worse since I quit."

"Too bad. I'll help you keep your books straight till you get over this."

Jane just had time to add a word of advice about replacing the pipe with treatment for his nervous weakness, when their train pulled up, and they boarded it and reached Eudora in time for the funeral.

After the defeat of the college crew through the fault of Cyrus Linville, he had finished his studies in a lawyer's office, and had been admitted to the bar. He had not renounced tobacco, even after his college experience. He married Irene, and practiced law in a western state. His talents and eloquence soon won success, and he had built a beautiful home, and had supplied his family with comforts and luxuries. He had tried to smoke moderately, but, as his practice and perplexities increased, the number of his cigars had increased also. His memory became treacherous, causing him to lose several cases, and his business was declining. He was working on an

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important case, which, could he have won it, would not only have brought a large fee, but would have restored his waning prestige. He worked on the case with unusual energy, stimulating his flagging brain by constant smoking, and felt assured of success. But he had not proceeded far with his plea when he began to blunder. He forgot facts, mixed dates, and confused arguments. After the judge had charged the jury, he remembered that he had left out the most convincing part of his speech. He lost the case, and went home, nearly sick over his defeat. For several days his wife observed that he acted strangely. One day, as he lay on the sofa, he referred to the cat as "that monkey," and asked her what that peacock was doing in her chair. She thought he referred, jocosely, to her bright-colored wrapper. But he showed fear of her dress, and, when the cat jumped on the sofa, he cried out, as though frightened, "Put that grinning monkey out!" She sent for the doctor, who called a counsel, and it was decided that he had softening of the brain, caused by excessive smoking; and it was determined to take away his cigars, by degrees, at first, and put him under treatment. As he seemed perfectly harmless, his wife and daughter took turns in watching with him and giving him his medicine. The latter part of the night his wife, seeing that he was asleep lay down by him, and slept also. When she awoke the sun was shining, and her husband was gone. She looked into the sitting room and saw, by the cigar stumps on the floor, that he had been smoking. Stepping to the bathroom door, she saw him in the bathtub. Horrors! The blood gushed from a gash in his throat—his razor was clinched in his hand. Her unearthly scream brought her daughter to her side. At the woful sight, scream after scream also burst from her frenzied lips. Help came quickly to the two stricken women; but there was

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no help for the poor man who had shed his own blood. What strange hallucination had led him to commit the horrid deed, no man knows, and no one ever will know but the all-seeing Father, who knows all the secrets of the human heart.

The casket was taken back to their childhood's home, and buried beside his friends, in the graveyard at Eudora.

As Irene passed out between the evergreens, her eyes fell on the old familiar Seminary, among the walnut trees. There came back to her a vivid recollection of their old debate, and Jane's closing words: "They sow to the wind, they shall reap the whirlwind."

After a brief visit, the bereaved and unhappy woman returned to her desolate home.

What a blessing, or what a curse, is memory. Who can comprehend it? Above and beyond all fleshly powers of body or brain, it holds in its immortal keeping every thought, every event, from beginning to end of life. How thoughts of the past will spring up uncalled. How the memories of wrongs we have committed, or opportunities for good we have omitted, trouble our old age. In the long dark nights, how they drive sleep from our eyes. How we seem to hear the voices of our loved ones, and recollections of words and deeds of ours that have caused them pain and sorrow—or something we might have done to make them happy—come back, and bring us bitter tears. We seem to hear their moans of pain in the silence. The staring eyes, and rigid lips of death, and gruesome visions of the charnel-house, obtrude themselves, and we shrink back from them in terror. The sin and miseries that have come to others by our bad example, haunt us like specters. There is no sorrow like remorse—no grieving like the grieving for lost opportunities—no words so wournful as the sad refrain: "It might have been." But memory does not

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end with life. It is the earnest of immortality. Even as life's dreams troop past the spiritual gaze of the drowning—so, when we stand before the great white throne, will it again recall the scenes of our earthly life. Thankful, indeed, may we be, if there is no act of ours to cause eternal remorse. But our eyes will be opened, and we will then see—what we could not see here—the never-ending effects of our careless words and deeds. I fear we will cry out for the rocks and hills to fall on us, and hide us from a just judge.

Blessed, thrice blessed, shall we then be, if the blood of Christ shall have blotted our sins from the book of His remembrance. Christ died to save us from punishment, but the consequences of our sins will go on forever.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAST NAIL.

GOING back to the previous autumn, we find Mrs. Zina Darnell—our old friend Zina Green—visiting her sister Martha. Martha's boys, John and Tommy, had taken Jimmie Darnell to town with them. When they returned, John ran in with: "Oh, ma! Jimmie smokes cigarettes."

"He don't! does he?" exclaimed Zina.

"But he does. Pa gave us some money for candy, and he bought cigarettes with his, and he's smoking now."

"You didn't smoke, did you?" burst out his mother.

"No, you guess I didn't ! But he's trying to teach Tommy."

Both mothers ran to the barn, and saw with their own eyes.

"Oh dear ! Jimmie's been lying to me," sighed Zina. But irate Martha heaved no sighs. She gave both boys a spanking. That ended it with Tommy. Not so with Jimmie. He had been smoking too long. He had brought cigarettes with him, and had been smoking secretly until they were gone. It was with a sore heart that his mother took him to her room, and talked to him about his untruthfulness, and the bad habit he was forming, and he promised to quit. But the next day he slipped off into the orchard and smoked again, for he had been cunning enough to hide some cigarettes before Aunt Martha had searched his pockets. Several weeks after their return home, his mother again found him smoking, and gave him another talk, but it was like talking to the wind. When the Anti-Cigarette League started she got the boys to coax him to join, and he really did try to quit. But the weak gnawing feeling was more than he could stand, and he began again.

One night Zina was awakened by hearing Jimmie moaning, and, when she came, he said: "Mamma, my side hurts so." Then she busied around, and did all she could to help him, but he grew worse, and Dr. Hawley was sent for. When he came, Jimmie was coughing, and spitting up something thick and black.

"My boy," he said, "you have been smoking cigarettes, and your lungs are all stopped up with that black poison smoke dust."

"But you can stop this pain, can't you? It hurts so."

"Yes, I'll try to stop it."

"What do you think of him, Doctor?" asked Zina, following him out to the gate.

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"Those fiendish cigarettes have nearly used him up, but we will do the best we can. Give the medicine regularly."

Poor Zina! Jimmie was her last child, the only one she had to love. She wiped the tears from her eyes, and went back, smiling, to her boy—kissed him lovingly, and told him to bear the pain bravely, until the medicine could cure it.

"Mamma," said he, "there are some cigarettes in my pocket. Throw them in the fire. I am afraid I might be tempted to smoke one."

All day Zina worked over her sick boy, but the pain steadily grew worse, and, try as hard as he could to be brave, he could not keep back the moans. Every once in a while he cried out:

"It is so long! Won't the doctor ever come?" He came at last, and sat there a long time. A neighbor had come in to sit with Jimmie, and again Zina followed him out.

"I fear we can not save him," he answered her eyes' questioning.

"Oh, Doctor, don't say there is no hope!"

"There is hope as long as there is life. There is one chance in ten that we can save him, and we'll work on that chance, but his system is so full of poison that the medicine has no effect."

A consultation was held, and all the physicians agreed that it was an undoubted case of tobacco poisoning.

Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Nellie Felton, and other kind neighbors, helped Zina care for him, and all was done that could be done, but nothing would bring relief. The cough grew worse, the mucous that he coughed up being black as tar.

"Oh, mamma, can't you stop this pain?" Jimmie plead.

"Why don't you do something to help me?" and it seemed as though his constant moaning would break her heart. And, when the doctor came, she begged him to give something to ease the pain, if only for a little while.

"No," said the doctor, "nothing will have any effect on his poison soaked blood, unless we give doses large enough to end life."

So, for long days, and longer nights, the pain grew more unbearable.

It was the still hour before day. Zina sat beside her suffering boy. He had ceased to groan and cry out, because every audible sound increased the pain—but his flushed face, strained eyes, and labored breathing told how much he suffered. His mother held his hand lovingly, thankful that his mind no longer wandered. She had to stoop to catch his faint whisper.

"What is it, pet? Do you know mamma now?" He nodded assent.

"Can't I get well?"

"I hope so, but I am afraid. Oh, you must get well. I can't do without you, pet. I wish I could do something to help you."

"Oh, mamma, why didn't you make me quit smoking," he whispered, "so I would not have to die?"

"Why, Jimmie, I did try. If I only could have saved you from this pain, my poor boy;" and tears rolled down the mother's cheeks.

"But you didn't try hard enough. Why didn't you shut me up? Why didn't you keep me from starting?"

"Oh! How I wish I had," she sobbed. "But we can't help it now. Don't try to talk, it hurts you."

"But I must talk," he whispered hoarsely. "I might die, and I must tell you. I lied to you—I said I hadn't smoked many, and I had smoked lots. I stole money to buy them. Oh! I'm such a bad boy."

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"Don't talk any more, it hurts you so. It was the old cigarettes made you do it. Mamma loves her boy, and he's going to get well, and be her own good boy again."

"Mamma, send word— and the whispers came brokenly, "to the boys—never to smoke—any more. Tell them—how awfully I suffered. Pray for me, mamma," and the mother's voice went up in earnest pleadings for her boy. Soon the hurried breathing broke into moans, and the agonizing cough could no longer be held back. The wild delirium returned, and between his moans he begged, in pitiful hoarse whispers, to be saved from the monsters that were clutching him, until the poor mother sobbed in helpless sympathy.

It was heart-rending, at the last, to hear his struggles for breath. When the last fluttering breath was gone, Zina still kept rubbing his hands, and begging her friends to do something to revive him. Suddenly she looked up and saw them all in tears, and exclaimed: "Oh! He isn't gone, is he?"

"Yes, dear, he has gone where there is no more suffering."

"Oh! My pet! My baby boy! I can't give you up! I can't spare you! I can't live without you," and she sank, sobbing, on her knees beside him.

"There, dear, I know how hard it is, but we can not help him any more," said Anuty Clark, taking her in her arms, and, leading her into another room she soothed and petted her, until her paroxysm of grief calmed down.

"Oh!" she moaned, "I have just lived for Jimmie all these years. How can I go on living without him? It will be so lonely with nobody to love, nobody to do for. I can't stand it! How can I work, with nobody to work for?" and her sobbing broke out afresh.

The night seemed so long. She could see her boy's suffering face—his hollow eyes—hear his piteous moans,

THE LAST NAIL

and her self-reproaches drove sleep away. Why had she not watched him more closely? Why had she not shut him up, or sent him to the reform school, or done something to keep that dreadful habit from killing him? How could she have been so blind? How could she live without him?

The night seemed long, also, to the watchers, keeping lonely vigil. They could no longer hear Zina sobbing, and spoke softly, for fear of waking her.

"Poor little Jimmie," said Mrs. Nellie Felton, laying back the sheet from the thin white face, "he is losing that look of pain, and becoming more natural. It seems almost wicked to say it, but I feel as if death was a blessed relief from his agonies. Poor boy, he has driven the last nail in his coffin."

Her companion glanced up with a startled look of inquiry.

"You know," continued Nellie, "some one said that every cigarette a boy smoked, he was driving a nail in his own coffin."

"Yes, and I should think when they know of his painful death, it would break every boy in town of smoking."

"Not as long as they see men smoking. I wish every tobacco user in town could have witnessed his sufferings, and been made to feel responsible for causing them. I am glad I don't have to stand in their shoes when the judgment day comes," answered Nellie, solemnly.

"Just then Aunty Clark entered, remarking: "Zina has at last cried herself to sleep."

"Poor Zina, how lonely she will be," said Nellie.

"Yes, I know full well how desolate the long months will be, and how everything about the home will remind her of her boy, and start the tears afresh."

"And just to think," exclaimed Nellie, "that there are hundreds of such sad mothers, bereaved by cigarettes."

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At the convention Rev. Caldwell, of Chicago, said he had buried more cigarette victims in ten years, than he had of the victims of strong drink in his whole ministry of thirty-five years. What if that was my boy lying under that sheet!"

"And there is no telling when it will be, if the spread of this fearful habit is not checked. But we are all so selfish and indifferent to the sorrow of some other boy's mother."

"God helping me, I am going to work harder than ever against this evil," was Nellie's earnest reply.

"If every woman in the land would enter the crusade against it, they could soon rid the country of this blighting curse."

THE END.

ADDENDUM.

The story of Jane McGregor is a rosary of facts strung on a thread of fiction. Many of these incidents came under my own observation; others are from the personal experience of friends.

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